The Land we live in



London; Charles Knight.

THE

LAND WE LIVE IN.

A

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OF THE

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FROM BISHOPGATE.

The Great Park.

The changes which take place in the mere face of a country subjected to rapid improvements, even during the short period between the boyhood and the mature age of an individual, were never more strikingly exemplified than in that beautiful district into which we are about to conduct our readers. In the year 1813 an Act of Parliament was passed for the Inclosure of Windsor Forest. This was perhaps one of the largest inclosures that was ever effected under the power of one Act. There is a survey of this forest by Norden, taken in 1607, which makes its circuit seventy-seven miles and a half. This great extent was somewhat diminished in later years; for in a subsequent map by Rocque the circuit is given as fifty-six miles. At the time of the inclosure it comprised the whole of eleven parishes, and parts of six other parishes. The portion which was previously inclosed, and known as Windsor Great Park, was of small extent compared with the whole range of the Forest. The area of the Park was less than four thousand acres, of which two thousand acres were under cultivation; while the open, uninclosed Forest amounted to twenty-four thousand acres. With a few exceptions, such as part of the irreclaimable tract of Bagshot Heath, the whole face of this country is now utterly changed.

It appears to us that, until a comparatively modern period, the proud keep of Windsor stood in solitary magnificence, with this vast extent of hunting-ground lying for miles before it, extending from the south bank of the Thames. There were then no distinctions of park or forest. The great oaks grew up to the Castle walls, and stretched away till they reached the sandy deserts of Surrey, and the chalk hills beyond the Kennet. But we must not consider that Windsor Forest, even three or four centuries ago, was nothing but heath and woodland. In all such districts, in spite of feudal domination, whether of king or noble, man has asserted his claim that the earth should yield him sustenance: the more fertile spots have been inclosed; solitary farms have grown into villages, and villages into towns. This was the character of the Windsor Forest which Pope described:—

> "Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
> Here earth and water seem to strive again;
> Not, chaos-like, together crush'd and bruised,
> But, as the world, harmoniously confused;
> Where order in variety we see,
> And where, though all things differ, all agree.
> Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
> And part admit and part exclude the day;
> As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
> Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
> There, interspersed in lawns and open glades,
> Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades,
> Here in full light the russet plains extend;
> There, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
> E'en the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
> And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
> That, crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
> Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn."

The poet of Windsor Forest goes on to describe the condition of this district under the Norman kings. There is no great precision in his descriptions; for they are founded upon the traditions of the depopulation of large tracts by the Conqueror for the formation of the New Forest:—

> "Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
> A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
> To savage beasts and savage laws a prey,
> And kings more furious and severe than they;
> Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
> The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods.
> * * * * *
> The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains,
> From men their cities, and from gods their fanes:
> The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
> The hollow winds through naked temples roar;
> Round broken columns clasping ivy twined;
> O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind;
> The fox, obscene, to gaping tombs retires,
> And savage howlings fill the sacred quires."

This, whether applied to the New Forest or to Windsor Forest, is, to a certain extent, poetical exaggeration. The New Forest was an ancient woody tract, known as Ytene, long before the time of the Conqueror; and so was Windsor Forest, which was the property of Queen Emma, the mother of Edward the Confessor. In both cases we have no doubt that the severity of the Forest laws introduced by the Norman kings produced a considerable depopulation, and very general suffering. Voltaire, who has ridiculed the notion of the New Forest being depopulated, seems to consider that the process of forest-making was that of planting new timber over waste districts. The process was probably exactly the reverse. Trees were cut down to make chases; and if the hind's cottage or the yeoman's homestead stood in the way, their little patches of cultivation were necessarily sacrificed to the all-absorbing passion of the Norman hunters.

Froissart has a slight notice of the Forest of Windsor in the time of Edward the Third. After the Battle of Poictiers, the captive king of France was brought to England. "Anon after, the French king was removed from the Savoy to the Castle of Windsor, and all his household, and went a hunting and a hawking thereabout at his pleasure, and the lord Philip, his son, with him: and all the other prisoners abode still at London, and went to see the king at their pleasure, and were received all only on their faiths." In a well-known poem of Lord Surrey, one of the last victims of Henry the Eighth, he describes his early residence at Windsor "in lust and joy," and looks back with fond recollection upon "the large green courts," "the meads,"

and "the secret groves." He describes, too, the scenes over which we are wandering;—

> "The wild forest, the clothed holts with green;
> With reins availed, and swiftly-breathed horse,
> With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
> Where we did chase the fearful hart of force."

There is a distinction here drawn between "the wild forest" and the "holts," or wooded hills, clothed with verdure. The line describes both the grand and the beautiful of forest scenery. Gilpin, in his 'Forest Scenery,' says: "The word forest immediately suggests the idea of a continued uninterrupted tract of woody country. But forests in general are much more varied. They consist, indeed, of tracts of woody country: but these tracts are, at the same time, intermixed with patches of pasturage, which commonly bear the same proportion to the woods of the forest which lawns do to the clumps of a park. These intermingled scenes of wood and pasturage are again divided from other intermixtures of the same kind by wide heaths, which are sometimes bounded by a naked line of horizon, but more frequently skirted with wood." Shakspere, who was evidently well acquainted with the localities of Windsor, makes a distinction scarcely amounting to a difference between the Park and the Forest. Falstaff says to Ford, "Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's Oak, and you shall see wonders." That was the Park close to the Castle; for the merry crew "couch in the Castle ditch till they see the light of the Fairies." But the Park is spoken of as a part of the Forest:—

> "There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
> Sometime a keeper *here in Windsor Forest*,
> Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
> Walk round about an oak."

In our notes to the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' we have translated some notices of Windsor in 1592, from a book written in the old German language, describing the travels in England of a Duke of Wirtemburg. It would appear from this description that there were many parks. The secretary of the Duke, who is the author of these travels, recals to his master some of the pleasant memories of this visit to Windsor:—

"Her Majesty appointed an elderly respectable English nobleman to attend upon your Princely Grace, and required and ordered the same not only to show to your Princely Grace the splendidly beautiful and royal castle of Windsor, but also to make the residence pleasant and merry with shooting and hunting the numerous herds of game; for it is well known that the aforesaid place, Windsor, has upwards of sixty parks adjoining each other, full of fallow-deer and other game, of all sorts of colours, which may be driven from one park (all being inclosed with hedges) to another, and thus one can enjoy a splendid and royal sport.

"The hunters (deer or park-keepers), who live in separate but excellent houses, as had been appointed, made excellent sport for your Princely Grace. In the first park your Princely Grace shot a fallow-deer through the thigh, and it was soon after captured by the dogs. In the next you hunted a stag for a long time over a broad and pleasant plain, with a pack of remarkably good hounds; your Princely Grace first shot it with an English cross-bow, and the hounds at length outwearied and captured it.

"In the third you noosed a stag, but somewhat too quickly, for he was caught too soon, and almost before he came right out upon the plain.

"These three deer were sent to Windsor, and were presented to your Princely Grace: one of these was done justice to in the apartments of Monsieur de Beauvais, the French ambassador."

Windsor, as a royal residence, was subject to alternations of favour and neglect. Pope, contrasting the depopulation ascribed to the Norman kings, with the subsequent encouragement of industry, says:

> "Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects' cries,
> Nor saw displeased the peaceful cottage rise."

In Windsor Forest, we apprehend, "the peaceful cottage" sprung up when the monarch's eyes were turned in another direction. It is impossible to look at the topography of such a district without seeing that a vast number of occupiers without legitimate titles had, from generation to generation, squatted upon the land. In the town of Windsor itself, during the early part of the last century, houses were built without molestation in the very Castle-ditch. When George the Third first went to reside at Windsor, the most miserable tenements were standing right under the walls of the Castle up to the very palace-gate. The officer known as the Black Rod had some patronage in this matter, and these dens of filth were called after his name. In the same way, during the lapse of four or five centuries, individual and manorial proprietors came to share with the Crown the right over its royal forest; and in the reign of Anne the connection between the Castle and its forestal domain was made by the avenue now known as the Long Walk, which was then inclosed, and compensation given to the town for so much of the loss of its common fields. The Great Park was gradually separated from the larger district known as Windsor Forest; but in many points this was an imaginary separation. After the Battle of Culloden, Duke William of Cumberland had the office of Ranger of the Park bestowed upon him; and in the immediate neighbourhood of the Ranger's Lodge, since called Cumberland Lodge, he planted the barren hills, and turned the swampy levels into a vast artificial lake. George the Third had different notions of the uses of a park. He ploughed up all the land that was most capable of culture; and there carried forward those systems of experimental husbandry which won for him the honourable name of "Farmer George." George the Fourth neither planted nor farmed; but he spent two hundred thousand pounds upon a thatched cottage near his great uncle's Lodge, which cottage was swept away as a nuisance in the succeeding reign. During the last quarter of a century, the great principle of utility has

been asserting its irresistible claims to this large district. The Crown obtained a fourth of the uninclosed land which was allotted by the Inclosure Act, and some six thousand acres have been thus added to the former bounds of Windsor Great Park. The office of Woods and Forests has not let these lands lie neglected. Vast plantations have been formed of oak and fir; plains, where a large army might have manœuvred thirty years ago, are covered with hundreds of thousands of vigorous saplings; heaths, where a few straggling hawthorns used to be the landmark of the traveller, are now one sea of pine. Satisfactory as this may be as an accession to the national riches, we cannot help lamenting that utility went about its work in such a roughshod fashion. Earth-works, which unquestionably showed where the Roman had encamped, have been planted over or levelled. Old giants of the wood, beautiful and almost sublime in their decay, have been ruthlessly cut down. Many an old tree, with a thirty-foot girth, into whose hollow we have crept from the passing shower, and thought of the Norman hunters, is gone. We will not say with the querulous old man in Crabbe,—

> " Here's nothing left of ancient pride,
> Of what was grand, of what was gay :
> But all is changed, is lost, is sold—"

It is not so. There was some rash innovation some twenty or thirty years ago; but we see that it is repented of. Some of the old oaks are now duly honoured, and have pleasant grassy spots cleared around them, so that the crowd of youngsters, with their slight and shivering stems, may keep at a respectful distance from their venerable progenitors. There are pleasant walks, too, among these new plantations; and, what is pleasanter than even the pleasant walks themselves, the rude voice of authority does not scare the wanderer as in the days of " the first gentleman of Europe." There was a time when we might have said of Windsor Park and Forest,—

> " I know each lane, and every alley green,
> Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
> And every bosky bourn from side to side,
> My daily walks, and ancient neighbourhood."

It is different now. There is much that is changed,—and we are changed too. But, after all, let man plant here, or cut down there, it takes more than one generation to destroy the prominent features of a country.

> " The lengthen'd night elapsed, the morning shines
> Serene, in all her dewy beauties bright,
> Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply tinged
> With a peculiar blue! the ethereal arch
> How swell'd immense; amid whose azure throned
> The radiant sun, how gay! how calm below
> The gilded earth!"

This is *true* description. The poet of the 'Seasons' does not always look on nature with an accurate eye. He often misses those minute points which all common observers pass over, but which are never to be forgotten when Poetry makes them her own. For a broad picture, however, like this of " the last autumnal day," Thomson has few superiors. Such a day—two days, indeed, of such infinite splendour were bestowed upon us this year, as we rambled through paths dear to memory and unknown by-ways of Windsor Forest.

We shall never be slow to acknowledge our obligations to railways. Our fate forbids us to abide amidst the sweet influences of woods and streams and mountains; but out of the din of the populous city we can be carried, in one short hour, into the heart of the most solitary places. It matters little on what iron road we seek our unfrequent pleasures. A very slight effort, a trifling expense, place us in the quiet glades of Penshurst, or under the beechen hills of Marlow,—by the flat banks of the Lea, or the chalky hollows of the Mole. We are now to approach Windsor by an unfamiliar route. We seek the South-western Railway; we alight at Farnborough;—a short drive brings us to the high Portsmouth road; and we may plunge into solitudes that, in their irreclaimable sterility, have vindicated their right to perpetual loneliness. The Roman drove his road through them; his military camp was here, as a military college is here now; but his cities of London and Silchester, between which this wild region stretched, contested no divided empire here with the fox and the falcon.

By rough paths—now running through close fir plantations, now scarcely traceable in the thick heath,—at one time mounting a hilly ridge, at another diving into a marsh, green with a few osiers,—puzzled with an almost endless choice of roads, that, like the passages of the old manor-house of Gray's 'Long Story,' lead to nothing,—we at last come to one long straight road, differing little from the modern pathways across this wilderness in its general aspect. This is 'The Devil's Highway' of Saxon wonderment—the Roman road from Pontes to Calleva. We have described this road in another publication (Old England, vol. i. p. 38). " In 1837 a plan was exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries, reduced from a survey made, in 1835, by students of the senior department of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, of a portion of the Roman road from London to Bath. The survey commences close by Staines; at which place, near the pillar which marks the extent of the jurisdiction of the city of London, the line of road is held to have crossed the Thames. Below Staines, opposite to Laleham, there are the remains of encampments; and these, again, are in the immediate neighbourhood of the ford at which Cæsar crossed the Thames. All the country here about, then, is full of associations with the conquerors of the world; and thus, when the 'contemplative man' is throwing his fly or watching his float in the gentle waters between Staines and Walton, he may here find a local theme upon which his reveries may fruitfully rest. The more active pedestrian may follow this Roman road, thus recently mapped out, through populous places and wild solitudes, into a country little traversed in modern

times; but, like all unhacknied ways, full of interest to the lover of nature. The course of the road leads over the east end of the beautiful table-land known as Englefield Green; then through the yard of the well-known Wheatsheaf Inn, at Virginia Water; and, crossing the artificial lake, ascends the hill, close by the tower called the Belvidere. In Windsor Park the line is for some time lost; but it is extremely well defined at a point near the Sunning Hill road, where vast quantities of Roman pottery and bricks have been discovered. It continues towards Bagshot, where, at a place called Duke's Hill, its westerly direction suddenly terminates, and it proceeds considerably to the northward. Here, in 1783, many fragments of Roman pottery were discovered. The Roman road ascends the plain of Easthampstead, sending out a lateral branch which runs close to well-known places within the ancient limits of Windsor Forest, called Wickham Bushes and Cæsar's Camp." This is the point which we have now reached. We are in search of Cæsar's Camp. We have a vague dream of childhood, that here we once saw a great modern camp—a tented field, where large masses of soldiery were spread over this sandy waste, amidst long lines of sheds, where riotous merriment was full and frequent, and the shrill fife and echoing bugle sounded to quarters, and the evening gun boomed over the level heath. The face of the country is now wholly changed. Cæsar's Camp was thus described in 1784:—

"At the extremity of a long range of hills is situated a large camp, known by the name of Cæsar's Camp, which is but slightly noticed by Doctor Stukely, nor is any particular mention made of it in any account I have hitherto seen. It is in a hollow, which has a thick layer of coarse gravel all round it, and seems to have been made to contain rain-water. At not half a mile from the camp stand a vast number of thorn bushes, some of a very large size (known by the name of Wickham Bushes), bearing on their ragged branches and large contorted stems, evident marks of extreme age, yet, in all probability, these are but the successors of a race long since extinct. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood have a tradition that here formerly stood a town, but that Julius Cæsar, whom they magnify to a giant (for stories lose nothing by telling), with his associates, laying the country waste, the poor inhabitants were obliged to fly, and seek an asylum in the valley beneath. The name, the place, the appearance, altogether leading me to believe there was some foundation for the report, I resolved to search more narrowly into the probability of it, and, taking a labourer with me, proceeded to dig in different parts of the spot known by the name of the Bushes. The first place we chose for this purpose afforded an almost incredible quantity, as well as variety, of kinds of pottery, shards of brick and tile, which the form evidently bespoke Roman, with masses of cinders not dissimilar to those of a forge. In the course of several repeated visits, I at last met with a regular but coarse brick floor, at the depth of eighteen inches beneath the surface. On the natural soil was placed a layer of flints, then a layer of sand, and on this the brick floor was laid. One whole brick, with an amazing variety of small pieces of pottery, I collected and carried home; some ornamented with net-work, some with neat borders, some ribbed horizontally; in short, almost as many kinds as specimens. I am confident that one man's labour brought to light, in two days, as many as three or four common wheelbarrow-loads. I have made trials in at least twenty separate spots, and though few are equally fertile in remains with the first, yet scarce one attempt failed to produce something in support of the tradition of its having been formerly a station: indeed, the subsequent discoveries which have been made put the matter beyond doubt. I omitted to mention that the camp is not of any regular form, but answers the shape of the hill, and may contain between thirty and forty acres. It bears north by east from the Bushes."—*Archæologia*, vol. vii., p. 202.

This is a very imperfect description of this remarkable camp; but the description can scarcely now be amended. The whole hill is planted over. We were wandering about, searching for the camp "which answers the shape of the hill." A pretty cottage, beautifully situated on a gentle eminence, sent forth its yelping dogs, and then its flaxen-headed children. The woodman followed—for it was the woodman's snug abode. "Where is Cæsar's Camp?"—"This is Cæsar's Camp." And then we scrambled into the fosse behind the dwelling—a sheltered garden. Our woodman thought that the ditch inclosed about thirty acres. The whole interior is now one large fir clump. The very sides of the fosse are planted. The "giant" Julius Cæsar, and "his associates," have left many traces upon our land, which time and barbarism have laboured in vain wholly to eradicate. But it was an ingenious device of the inclosure surveyors of this century, to destroy one of the most remarkable works of a dim antiquity, not by levelling mounds and filling up ditches, but by veiling all with the monotonous pine, that has already obliterated all peculiarity of form and surface.

A commanding position is this Cæsar's Camp. It is a central elevation in that desolate sea of sand known as Bagshot Heath and Easthampstead Plain. Few are the spots that have been reclaimed for cultivation in this waste. Man abides on the borders of the profitless tract, as he might dwell on the banks of some great lake. We have walked for two hours without meeting a human being. Not a rabbit, even, has peeped out of its burrow to show that these wilds have some support for animal life. The rook and the wood-pigeon have their nest on the edge of the sand, where plenty clusters round the human habitation. Thither are we wending our way. We are soon in a smiling village, with its English neatness and comfort —Easthampstead. Elijah Fenton, some say, was born here. The fame of his share in the translation of Homer is swallowed up in the greater name of

Pope, who, in the same way, is the presiding genius of these localities :—

> "Enough for me that to the listening swains,
> First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains."

But Pope's friend, Sir William Trumbull, the young poet's patron, if we may so call him, lived here. Binfield is a mile or two onward.

Little is left of Pope at Binfield. Would it were otherwise! His is a great memory ; and one would delight to find it embalmed in local associations. The unpretending house of his father, where the young poet educated himself, is to all intents gone. He called it

> "My paternal cell—
> A little house, with trees a row,
> And, like its master, very low."

A mansion now stands on its site. Pride wanted large chambers, and all the appliances of modern luxury; so the paternal cell was pulled down or metamorphosed. His study, they say, remains. It is a housekeeper's room. In a grove of beeches, about half a mile from the house, was a tree inscribed, "Here Pope sang." The tree is gone. About 1825, the stump was standing, all the upper part of the trunk having been torn down by a storm. Even that is swept from the earth. It is well for those who are the world's best friends—those who deal with what is universal and imperishable—that their memories live in something more enduring than these frail relics of their earthly whereabout. But it is no part of a genial philosophy to despise such things. Pope's father bought the little property at Binfield when the precocious boy was six years old. Here the young poet wrote his 'Pastorals,' his 'Windsor Forest,' his 'Temple of Fame,' his 'Essay on Criticism,' his 'Rape of the Lock,' and commenced his translation of the 'Iliad.' Here all the really high poetry of his nature was called out by study and reflection. "I took to reading by myself," he says, "for which I had a very great eagerness and enthusiasm. I followed everywhere, as my fancy led me, and was like a boy gathering flowers in the fields and woods, just as they fell in his way." We thoroughly agree with Byron, that it is a poor miserable peevishness of modern times, to see no poetry in Pope—to regard him only as a moralist in verse. His mind was saturated with a love of nature and natural things—held in subjection, indeed, by the wonderful acuteness of his reasoning faculties — but running over with imagery,—ay, and with tenderness and passion. Byron tried him by the most severe of all tests—his own self-love : "I took Moore's Poems, and my own, and some others, and went over them, side by side with Pope's; and I was really astonished (I ought not to have been so) and mortified, at the ineffable distance, in point of sense, harmony, effect, and even imagination, passion, and invention, between the little Queen Anne's man and us of the Lower Empire." Byron goes a little too far when he says, "He is the moral poet of all civilization; and as such, let us hope that he will one day be the national poet of mankind." This universality can never belong to Pope. Admirable as he is, there is much in him, and that of the raciest, which is local and temporary—which requires explanation. Even his grand fourth book of the Dunciad—the very perfection of the loftiest satire—cannot be understood wholly without a running commentary. But these drawbacks from his present and future popular acceptance, which in his own age were actual merits, do not in the least impair his character as one of the greatest of our poets. Here, then, in this pretty village of Binfield, was the mind of this illustrious man formed. Here he cultivated his taste for solitude—here he ran over with the deepest affection to his parents—here he won for himself, a mere boy, the friendship and the love of some of the most eminent men of his age—here he cherished that honest feeling of independence, which made him satisfied with his books and his garden, and refuse a pension, because he could see in it nothing but the additional trouble of a coach. But especially here did he acquire that love of Nature which, although not ostensibly set forth as the staple of his poetry, was interwoven even with his satires and ethics. Byron truly says, "Pope had seen all of Nature that England alone can supply. He was bred in Windsor Forest, and amidst the beautiful scenery of Eton. He lived familiarly and frequently at the country seats of Bathurst, Cobham, Burlington, Peterborough, Digby, and Bolingbroke, amongst whose seats was to be numbered Stowe. He made his own little 'five acres' a model to princes and to the first of our artists who imitated nature." In another place he says, "Pope was the principal inventor of that boast of the English, landscape gardening. He divides this honour with Milton." That his physical defects did not prevent him enjoying the scenery amidst which he lived, is manifest from his works: "It is true that Pope was infirm and deformed; but he could walk and he could ride (he rode from Oxford to London at a stretch), and he had an exquisite eye." That Pope loved the scenes in which his boyish years and those of early manhood were passed, we cannot doubt. When he had left them for Twickenham, he talks with an affectation of philosophy which ill conceals the pain accompanying the removal. He writes to Blount—"Though the change of my scene of life, from Windsor Forest to the side of the Thames, be one of the grand eras of my days, and may be called a notable period in so inconsiderable a history, yet you can scarce imagine any hero passing from one stage of life to another with so much tranquillity, so easy a transition, and so laudable a behaviour." But during the transition, when he was living in his friend Jervas's London house, he made a visit to Oxford, passing through the old scenes, and he thus dwells upon them : "Nothing could have more of that melancholy which once used to please me, than my last day's journey; for, after having passed through my favourite woods in the forest, with a thousand reveries of past pleasures, I rode over hanging hills," &c. Well! His house is gone; the tree under which he sate is fallen; but the

"favourite woods in the forest" are with us still; and amidst these will we cherish his remembrance. Even in the sanded parlour of the old inn, in the dullest of all dull towns, Wokingham, will his memory dwell with us; for we can picture the bright eyes of the little immortal lighting up in uncontrollable merriment, as Swift and Gay and Arbuthnot and himself capped verses in honour of the pretty barmaid of the 'Rose.' We think we see his hand in,—

"Were Virgil alive with his Phyllis,
And writing another eclogue,
Both his Phyllis and fair Amaryllis
He'd give up for sweet Molly Mog."

It is a pretty walk by what is called the Forest Road from Binfield to Sunning-hill. Ascot Heath is the only unchanged part of this locality. Wild commons are converted into fir plantations; the country is more profitable, but far less picturesque than a quarter of a century ago. Sunning-hill is a charming village—or rather a series of hamlets, with the labourer's cottage scattered over a large irregular surface amidst the smart villa and the lofty mansion. 'The Wells' is a quiet, happy place for a day's sojourn. It was a fashionable resort in the times when there was great faith in the medical virtues of water, provided it was sufficiently disagreeable to taste and smell; and Sunning-hill Wells had then its public breakfasts, and its Odes to Hygeia. No one now praises the water;—the *air* is perfection.

From Sunning-hill it is a short walk to Windsor Great Park,—where, in truth, we shall first begin to find the woods in which Pope delighted to wander. Let us be stirring early, to have a peep at the heronry, which is near this locality, before we commence our day's regular perambulation. We remember this heronry as one of the wonders of our boyhood; and when we have seen the noble fisher on a summer's eve, steadily flying on high, flapping its heavy wing homeward, we knew where that home was in the tall tree-tops near Sandpit-gate. Here they are still—a new generation, perhaps; but to our eyes the same that we used to watch with delighted curiosity. Mr. Jesse, in his 'Country Life,' has very prettily described this spot, and its tenants:—"I shall always reflect with pleasure on some interesting rides I had this spring with an intelligent friend and naturalist, in the more retired parts of Windsor Great Park and Forest. The gentle rains had invigorated the earth—everything had just burst into freshness and beauty—the birds sang their joyous notes—the cuckoo was heard in every direction — the green woodpecker uttered its wild cry, and the herons were making gyrations over our heads, as we rode under the trees on which their nests were forming. We there contemplated an enormous beech-tree (and there are very many in this fine park), spreading its widely-extended branches, which were clothed with their early and glittering leaves, while the sight of some sturdy old oak pollards, covered with ivy, from which,

'The stock-dove only through the forest coos
Mournfully hoarse;'—

verdant hollies, and here and there a wild cherry-tree, with its silvery blossoms, added to the charm of the scenery. Sometimes a rabbit, a hare, or a pheasant, would run for shelter amongst the fern—a herd of deer might be seen reposing in some sequestered dell, or a group of cattle indolently standing in the shallow water of a pond. Such was the spot we were engaged in contemplating with that delight which a lover of nature alone can experience, (it was near the Sandpit-gate,) when our attention was called to the hoarse croaking of a pair of ravens, who were apparently endeavouring to take possession of one of the nests of the herons that build on the tops of the trees, which in this part of the park far exceed in height any I have yet met with. The heron defended its nest with great courage, uttering shrill and distressed cries; and after the battle had lasted some length of time, the ravens were beaten off.

"This heronry is a noble appendage to the Park; and any monarch might well be proud of it, as well as of the trees on which the nests are built. As I am not aware of there being more than eleven or twelve heronries left in this country, it is to be hoped that every care will be taken of the one referred to. Severe penalties were formerly imposed on any person killing a heron; and I believe that the laws enacting them have not been repealed. At present, we find herons amongst the trophies nailed by keepers upon some stunted oak-tree, in the midst of magpies, jays, owls, and polecats, although the damage they do to fish-ponds is comparatively trifling, feeding, as they chiefly do, upon frogs, snails, water-rats, and small eels. In the breeding season, when they have to provide for their ravenous young, they may attack the larger sort of fish; but the interest which must always be attached to this royal bird, connected as it is with the chivalry and ancient sports of this country, ought to be sufficient to protect it from wanton destruction, independently of its own wild and picturesque character."

But now we are coming to scenes more known and frequented than the solitary heronry. We return to Sunning-hill, and then on to Black Nest, where we enter the precincts of Virginia Water.

Shenstone has said, with great truth, "The works of a person that builds begin immediately to decay; while those of him who plants begin directly to improve. In this, planting promises a more lasting pleasure than building." Shenstone's own Leasowes is a striking example of the truth of his maxim. His temples and urns are gone to ruin; his sapling oaks and beeches have grown into magnificent trees. It is the same at Virginia Water. In 1746, Duke William of Cumberland was rewarded, for his services at Culloden, by the rangership of Windsor Great Park, and the official residence since known as Cumberland Lodge. Not far from this residence was a wild, swampy district, whose waters drained into a basin of considerable dimensions, and then flowed on to the

Thames at Chertsey. The Duke wanted occupation in this his solitude. Tradition says that some of his amusements were not of the most creditable kind, and that a paltry Chinese temple, which still stands at the head of the lake, was not wholly dedicated to "Contemplation, heavenly maid!" The royal "butcher," however, was not entirely sensual or cruel. His vices were, probably, as much exaggerated by political hostility and popular scandal as his personal appearance. He was a large, unwieldy man. Horace Walpole, who calls him 'Nolkejumskoi,' describes his visit to Strawberry Hill, by saying, "I should have figured him like Gulliver cutting down some of the largest oaks in Windsor Forest, to make joint-stools in order to straddle over the battlements, and peep in at the windows of Lilliput." We would think pleasantly of the memory of Duke William of Cumberland; for this beautiful Virginia Water was unquestionably his creation. He had the merit of seeing the genius of Paul Sandby, whom he patronized as a draughtsman when Sandby was a mere boy. Sandby was the landscape-gardener of Virginia Water. He had large materials to deal with, and he used them with a bold and masterly hand. The name of the place was an ambitious one. The little lake and the gentle fir-clad banks have no real associations with the boundless forests where the first adventurers of the Anglo-Saxon stock carried the power of civilization. We receive the name simply as expressive of silence and solitude, amidst woods and waters. If we surrender ourselves to the genial influences of nature, we may find as deep enjoyment on the margin of this artificial lake and the "alleys green" of these woods, as the wandering traveller experiences on the banks of the Potomac, or in the passes of the Appalachian hills.

"Great princes have great playthings." We recollect Virginia Water before George IV. and William IV. here amused themselves with little playthings. That Chinese fishing-temple, which the genius of incongruity stuck up here in the very prettiest nook of this water, is out of place in these solitudes. The baby brig which the Sailor King built to guard this miniature sea, is another inharmonious toy. And last of all, the ruins! Grecian capitals on Egyptian shafts; the spoils of the Nile and the Ilyssus huddled together in a forced companionship! *Real* ruins, removed from the sites to which they belong, are the worst species of exotics. The tale which they tell of their old grandeur is quite out of harmony with their modern appropriation. We can look with an antiquarian pleasure upon a capital in a cabinet; but a shaft or two perched up in a modern pleasure-ground produce a ludicrous struggle between the feeling of the true and the artificial, and a sort of pitiable scorn of the petty vanity of the living, which snatches the ruins of the dead from the hallowed spot where time or the barbarian had crumbled them into nothingness, to administer to a sense of what is pretty and *merely* picturesque. A *real* ruin is a solemn thing, when it stands upon the site where it has defied the elements for centuries in its pomp and glory; but a mock ruin—a fiction of plaster and paint,—or a collection of fragments brought over sea, to be joined together in something like an imitation of their awful decay, are baubles.

After all, we may dislike the Chinese temple and the mock ruins, because they have been set up here since the holiday days of our youth, when Virginia Water appeared to us the very perfection of romantic scenery. In those days we used to enter these precincts at Bishopgate. We were accustomed to wander down a long and close plantation of pines, where the



VIRGINIA WATER.

rabbit run across with scarcely a fear of man. A more wild and open country succeeded; and we then followed the path, through many a "bosky bourn," till we arrived at a rustic bridge, which crossed the lake at a narrow neck, where the little stream was gradually lost amongst the underwood. A scene of almost unrivalled beauty here burst upon the view. For nearly a mile, a verdant walk led along, amidst the choicest evergreens, by the side of a magnificent breadth of water. The opposite shore was rich with the heather bloom; and plantations of the most graceful trees—the beech, the ash, and the weeping-birch ("the lady of the woods")—broke the line of the wide lake, and carried the imagination on, in the belief that some mighty river lay beyond that screening wood. The cascade was at length reached: we are now approaching this cascade by the south bank of the lake, instead of from the north. A walk of a quarter of a mile from the ruins brings us to this wonder of our boyhood. How small it looks, after a twenty years' absence! Is it the same? Has not its scale been contracted? Is not the volume of water diminished? Surely the fall was much higher! Old Cobbett has explained all this in words of strong common sense, which read like poetry:—"After living within a few hundreds of yards of Westminster Hall, and the Abbey Church, and the Bridge, and looking from my own windows into St. James's Park, all other buildings and spots appear mean and insignificant. I went to-day to see the house I formerly occupied. How small! It is always thus: the words *large* and *small* are carried about with us in our minds, and we forget real dimensions. The idea, such as it was received, remains during our absence from the object. When I returned to England, in 1800, after an absence from the country parts of it of sixteen years, the trees, the hedges, even the parks and woods, seemed so small! It made me laugh to hear little gutters, that I could jump over, called rivers! The Thames was but a 'creek!' But when, in about a month after my arrival in London, I went to Farnham, the place of my birth, what was my surprise! Everything was become so pitiably small!"

Perhaps if we were to stay for a few months in the neighbourhood of Paul Sandby's pet cascade, and visit it daily, we might come once more to think it a truly noble object, and worthy to be lauded in better verse than we bestowed upon it in the days of our young inexperience:—

A wild and solemn scene in the green woods—
A close and shaded scene—where the quick water
Wakes its own musical voice, unvex'd by man.
It is a quiet, heart-entrancing tone,
A mellow sound; in which, amidst the leaps
Of the white sparkling foam, a constant roll
Swells like the deep flow of the organ's peal.
Unwearied minstrelsy! thou art not dull;
But in the noon-tide glow 'twere sweet to dream,
Hush'd by thy murmuring song; and hear in thee
Gushes of choral hymns, the slumbering airs
Of music indistinct, such as the wind
Breathes on its own lute with a balmy kiss.
Faint image of the loud and mighty falls
That headlong tumble down unfathom'd steeps,
And lift, amidst the hills eternally,
A voice more dreary than the whirlwind's roar,
I love thee not the less, that thou hast come
Fresh from the hand of art, a gentle thing,
A pleasant tranquil thing such as in groves.
Where a soft glimmering light for ever lies,
May mingle with the breeze and the blithe song
Of evening nightingales. Yet thou art not
A crude unripen'd bauble: for the sun,
And dew, and frost, have long conversed with thee,
Till thy brown rocky stones are crumbling and hoar,
While the moss clings to them, as if they grew
Here with the hills. The graceful willows droop
Beautiful o'er thee, and the weeping birch
Is listening to thy voice. Fair at thy feet
The acacia blooms; the uncropp'd turf is fresh
With spongy moss, 'mid knots of rank thick grass,
And straggling fern, and frequent dewy nooks
Where the bright harebell gleams like a precious gem.
Deep by thy side there is a rocky cave,
Piled up as if in sport, where the high sun
Not often looks through its thick doming boughs.
Here the close lichen, and the delicate heath,
And yellow pellitory, have singled out
Green vegetative spots, where they may creep,
Blooming amidst the dark and dripping walls.
Hollowly here the gushing water sounds,
With a mysterious voice; and one might pause
Upon its echoes till it seem'd a noise
Of fathomless wilds where man had never walk'd.

Thy song is varied with the varying clime,
Unceasing fall! When autumn rains have fill'd
Thy parent lake, thou pipest clear and strong,
Yet with no harsh voice; but when winter raves,
Thou hast a shout of power, while thy loud swell
Sings through the stripp'd trees with the eddying wind:
In summer, thou art still as the south gale,
And thy low murmur creeps upon the ears
With a monotonous hum, most like the buzz
Of honey-seeking bees. Yet never mute
Is thy subduing voice;—and never leafless
Are the thick firs that tower above thy height
In manifold hues. Thou art the abode of life
Through changeful seasons; fragrance and sweet sound,
Dwell with thee ever. May'st thou endure as long
As the green woods and the transparent lake!—
Thou art a work of man that Nature loves,
And she will cherish thee.

The pretty little inn, the 'Wheatsheaf,' on the high road from Egham to Bagshot, has access to the grounds of Virginia Water. The days of rigid exclusion passed away when William IV. came to the throne. Nearly opposite the inn is a considerable eminence, on the summit of which was a lofty clock-tower, built by William of Cumberland At the time of the Forest Inclosure, the hill and its ruined clock-tower were sold to some lucky individual, who turned the barren spot to small profitable account till he mounted a large telescope which commanded the lake. Profane eyes could then look upon the gay boats that flitted over the water, where a lesser Cleopatra might say—

"My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I 'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha! you 're caught."

This was not to be looked upon by the vulgar, though out of ear-shot; so the tower became again the royal property, at the cost of a few paltry thousands. Passing round the west of the hill, we may wander in a wild country towards Chertsey:

"There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue."

But our course is to Cooper's Hill, to which a walk of a mile or so, across Englefield Green, will conduct us. However the prospect here may be exceeded by scenes of wider extent or more striking grandeur, certainly the *locale* of the earliest descriptive poem of our language is calculated to produce the warmest feelings of admiration, both for its actual beauty and its unrivalled associations. From an elevation of several hundred feet you look down upon a narrow fertile valley, through which the Thames winds with surpassing loveliness. Who does not recollect the charming lines with which Denham describes the "silver river?"—

"Oh! could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

Immediately at your feet is the plain of Runnemede, where the contest between John and the Barons was decided; and in the centre of the river is the little fishing island, where tradition says that Magna Charta was signed. At the extremity of the valley is Windsor Castle, rising up in all the pomp of its massive towers. We must recollect the scene as Windsor *was*. Whatever Sir Jeffrey Wyattville may have done for its internal improvement, and for its adaptation to the purposes of a modern residence without sacrificing all its character of antiquity, we fear that he has destroyed its picturesque effect in the distant landscape. Its old characteristic feature was that of a series of turrets rising above the general elevation. By raising the intermediate roofs, without giving a proportionate height to the towers, the whole line has become square and unbroken. This was, perhaps, an unavoidable fault; but it is a fault.

Denham, in his famous poem, "contracts the space" that lies between Cooper's Hill and the great themes of his song. St. Paul's sometimes is looming through the distance—the Paul's of Wren,—

"Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings."

The epithet is one of the no-meaning commonplaces for which a courtly poet may be forgiven, especially when he can so justly philosophise upon what lies beneath the "sacred pile:"

"Under his proud survey the city lies,
And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise;
Where state and wealth, the business and the crowd,
Seems at this distance but a darker cloud:
And is to him who rightly things esteems
No other, in effect, but what it seems;
Where, with like haste, through several ways they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone."

From London he turns to Windsor, at the western extremity of the valley. Its "majestic towers" are here associated with the "noble names" of heroes and of kings,

"to whom
It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb."

Saint Anne's hill lies before him,

"whose top of late
A chapel crown'd, till, in the common fate,
The adjoining abbey fell."

This was the Abbey of Chertsey. Of the abbey no trace is left; but the memory of Cowley is fresh. The chapel on the hill is gone, but the traveller stops to look upon the quiet cottage where Charles Fox found a happiness which pleasure or ambition could not give. The poet,

"descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames along the wanton valleys strays;
Thames, the most loved of all the ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs;
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity!"

It would appear from Denham's description of the woods that overhang the plain between the hill and the river, and of the royal huntings here beheld, that the Forest stretched uninterruptedly to the edge of this table-land. From the chase he makes a rapid transition to the great historical event of the locality:

"This, a more innocent and happy chase
Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
Fair Liberty, pursued, and meant a prey
To lawless power, here turn'd, and stood at bay."

Runnemede—or Runingmede, as the Charter has it,—was, according to Matthew of Westminster, a place where treaties concerning the peace of the kingdom had been often made. The name distinctly signifies a place of council. *Rune-med* is an Anglo-Saxon compound, meaning the Council Meadow. We can never forget that Council Meadow, for it entered into our first visions of liberty. Runnemede was our Marathon. Very beautiful is that narrow slip of meadow on the edge of the Thames, with gentle hills bounding it for a mile or so. It is a valley of fertility. Is this a fitting place to be the cradle of English freedom? Ought we not, to make our associations harmonious, to have something bolder and sterner than this quiet mead, and that still water, with its island cottage? Poetry tells us that "rocky ramparts" are

"The rough abodes of want and liberty."

But the liberty of England was nurtured in her pros-

perity. The Great Charter, which says, "No freeman, or merchant, or villain, shall be unreasonably fined for a small offence,—the first shall not be deprived of his tenement, the second of his merchandise, the third of his implements of husbandry," exhibited a state far more advanced than that of the "want and liberty" of the poet, where the iron race of the mountain cliffs

> "Insult the plenty of the vales below"

Runnemede *is* a fitting place for the cradle of English liberty. Denham somewhat tamely speaks of the plain at his feet:

> "Here was that Charter seal'd, wherein the Crown
> All marks of arbitrary power lays down;
> Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
> The happier style of king and subject bear;
> Happy when both to the same centre move,
> When kings give liberty, and subjects love."

Our liberty was not so won. It was wrested from kings, and not given by them; and the love we bestow upon those who are the central point of our liberty is the homage of reason to security. That security has made the Thames "the world's exchange;" that security has raised up the great city which lies "like a mist" beyond Cooper's Hill; that security has caused the towers of Windsor to rise up in new splendour, instead of crumbling into ruin, like many a stronghold of feudal oppression. Our prosperity is the child of our free institutions; and the child has gone forward, strengthening and succouring the parent. Yet the iron men who won this charter of liberties dreamt not of the day when a greater power than their own—the power of the merchants and the villains—would rise up to keep what they had sworn to win upon the altar of St. Edmundsbury. The Fitz-Walter, and De Roos, and De Clare, and De Percy, and De Mandeville, and De Vescy, and De Mowbray, and De Montacute, and De Beauchamp—those great progenitors of our English nobility—compelled the despot to put his seal to the Charter of Runnemede. But another order of men, whom they of the pointed shield and the mascled armour would have despised as slaves, have kept, and will keep, God willing, what they won on the 15th of June, in the year of grace 1215. The thing has rooted into our English earth like the Ankerwyke Yew on the opposite bank of the Thames, which is still vigorous, though held to be older than the great day of Runnemede.

Returning from the narrow road which leads from Englefield Green to the brow of Cooper's Hill, we pass westward on to Bishopgate Heath—a land of villas. Here dwelt a greater poet than he who aspired to flow like the Thames—the wild and mysterious boy—the premature philosopher—the lover of humanity, who was gradually throwing off the heavy weight of the unintelligible world, to abide in hope and peace, when death gave its own tranquillity. Percy Bysshe Shelley has associated these woodland solitudes with his personal history. Mrs. Shelley records that, "In the summer of 1815, after a tour along the southern coast of Devonshire, and a visit to Clifton, he rented a house on Bishopgate Heath, on the borders of Windsor Forest, where he enjoyed several months of comparative health and tranquil happiness. The later summer months were warm and dry. Accompanied by a few friends, he visited the source of the Thames, making the voyage in a wherry from Windsor to Cricklade. His beautiful stanzas in the churchyard of Lechlade were written on that occasion. 'Alastor' was composed on his return. He spent his days under the oak-shades of Windsor Great Park, and the mag-



VIEW FROM COOPER'S HILL.

nificent woodland was a fitting study to inspire the various descriptions of forest scenery we find in the poem." Let us take a passage of this poem, and compare it with the reality about us:—

"More dark
And dark the shades accumulate—the oak
Expanding its immense and knotty arms,
Embraces the light beech. The pyramids
Of the tall cedar overarching, frame
Most solemn domes within, and far below,
Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,
The ash and the acacia floating hang,
Tremulous and pale. Like restless serpents, cloth'd
In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,
Starr'd with ten thousand blossoms, flow around
The gray trunks; and, as gamesome infants' eyes,
With gentle meanings and most innocent wiles
Fold their beams round the hearts of those that love,
These twine their tendrils with the wedded boughs,
Uniting their close union; the woven leaves
Make net-work of the dark blue light of day,
And the night's noon-tide clearness, mutable
As shapes in the weird clouds. Soft mossy bowers
Beneath these canopies extend their swells,
Fragrant with perfum'd herbs, and eyed with blooms
Minute, yet beautiful. One darkest glen
Sends from its woods of musk-rose twined with jasmine,
A soul-dissolving odour, to invite,
To some more lovely mystery. Through the dell
Silence and Twilight here, twin sisters, keep
Their noonday watch, and sail among the shades,
Like vaporous shapes, half-seen; beyond, a well,
Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave,
Images all the woven boughs above,
And each depending leaf, and every speck
Of azure sky, darting between their chasms;
Nor aught else in the liquid mirror laves
Its portraiture, but some inconstant star
Between one foliaged lattice twinkling fair,
Or painted bird, sleeping beneath the moon,
Or gorgeous insect, floating motionless,
Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings
Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon."

In the woods between Bishopgate Heath and Windsor much of this gorgeous description may be realized. There are thickets which the sun's rays scarcely pierce; deep dells, where the seldom-startled deer browses in safety; glades, where the distant castle is seen in apparent continuity, as if there were no middle ground between the breadths of foliage and the old gray towers; sunny lawns, where one may dream through a summer's afternoon, beneath the shadowy beech, and hear no sound but that indescribable buzz with which every lover of the woods is familiar. Here have we lingered in happy days, when there was no remorse in apparent idleness; for the mind was educating itself without books, or thinking only of books as materials for romance. History itself was then the most brilliant of romances; and the "distant prospect" of Windsor had historical associations enough to satisfy the most imaginative. Every nook of the old castle, untouched by modern improvement, was then familiar to us We used to speculate upon the condition of the old regal fortress under the Norman kings, and compare it with its successive growth in more peaceful eras. That ancient tower on the west, close by Saint George's Chapel—was that the enduring monument of the remote period before Edward III. built a new Castle? Assuredly it was. The "proud keep" then existed not, nor the great quadrangle. But where the ecclesiastical portion of the vast pile now stands was a compact fortress, standing up boldly over the low grounds which the Thames watered. Survey closely that fine old tower,—Cæsar's tower,—whose base is in the paltry street that deforms the Castle;—explore its groined crypt,—peep through its massive walls,—and doubt not that this is a work in which Stephen might have defied his queenly rival, and John his indomitable barons. We used to picture the meanest of the great Norman kings—the crafty John—hiding here tremblingly from the enforcers of the great Charter, and giving them the meeting at Runnemede after weeks of evasive fear. We knew not then, as after-records have shown, that John was going about as freely through the land, as if the barons were armed for his protection instead of his enforcement. Hume tells us, that, after he had signed the great Charter, he became sullen and dejected, and remained in deep seclusion in the Isle of Wight, conversing only with fishermen and sailors, and meditating plans of revenge. This was indeed dramatic. Mr. Hardy unfolds the Patent Rolls in the Tower of London, and we learn from the most unquestionable authority, the attestations to the royal letters, that, previously to the sealing of Magna Charta, from the 1st to the 3rd of June, the king was at Windsor; that from the 4th to the 9th, he was at Odiham, Winchester, and Merton; that he then returned to Windsor, where he continued till the 15th, when he met the barons at Runnemede; and that he was passing from Windsor to Runnemede every day, till the 26th of the same month; after which, he was running from place to place, in the Midland Counties, with a celerity that looks like the days of royal progresses in railroads, instead of the times when kings rode in cumbrous waggons. Well! There goes one bit of historical romance; but, after all, the real facts are as romantic, and certainly as instructive. It was the quiet strength of the many that won the Charter. The king's body was free; but the moral constraint was everywhere around him. There is a vivid description of the day of Runnemede which is in accordance with these soberer views, and yet a picture for romance:

"The barons and knights wore their chain armour, with their visors down, and with their pages carrying their shields; the bishops and abbots wore their pontifical dresses, and were attended by their acolytes and cross-bearers; the king wore his royal robes and his golden crown: the costume of the piece was varied, splendid, and exceedingly picturesque. In this respect there is scarcely a better period in our history than the reign of King John. The locality was in many respects different from what it now is: the parks and

villas, for the most part the abodes of untitled traders, had then no existence, and the country was no doubt in a great measure wild and unenclosed. But, besides Windsor and Staines, there were several townships in the vicinage, and no doubt a good many farms and homesteads already stood on the rich alluvial soil. The heights of Windsor and Cooper's Hill broke the monotony of the champaign, and in the distance the eye could rest upon the chalk hills of Buckinghamshire; while, nearer at hand, were other stupendous forests besides the royal one of Windsor. As London had poured forth its troops of sympathizing citizens, and as the commonalty, almost to a man, not only sympathized in the great cause, but were also ready to fight for it, there could have been no lack of spectators. We may conceive that the river was well sprinkled with barges and boats, and that every overhanging hill, or jutting promontory, or coigne of vantage, was covered with beholders—with men, women, and children—with mothers holding their infants in their arms, and anticipating a happier existence to their progeny, and to their children's children, from the effects of this day's great work. The scene would not have been called forth, if the great body of the nation had been incapable of these aspirations." *

Another age succeeds. The Anglo-Norman kings gather all their chivalry for the madness of conquest. The huge old Round Tower—the low Tower, which looked like a stunted giant before its massiveness was destroyed by its additional height—that was the symbol of the days of Edward III. William of Wykeham has done his work; the old western fortress has become a college for ecclesiastics; the king has planted his standard on the crown of the hill. Now we have dreams of the Round Table; of tournaments and feasts; throngs of knights; the battle-fields of Cressy and Poictiers; captive kings. We were very fond of the Round Tower: it was a trophy of national glory. The charm is gone. It tells of false ambition; of dishonest conquests; of national hatreds then fomented, which five centuries have not obliterated. Is there any association really interesting in this epoch of Windsor's glory? We think there is. There is something more than pageantry and fighting in Froissart's story of Edward III. and the Countess of Salisbury, viewed in connection with the Order of the Garter. How well the old chronicler tells of the unhallowed love of the king, and the constancy of the noble lady, when she welcomed him in the castle that she had been bravely defending against her enemies! "As soon as the lady knew of the king's coming, she set open the gates, and came out so richly beseen, that every man marvelled of her beauty, and could not cease to regard her nobleness with her great beauty, and the gracious words and countenance she made. When she came to the king, she kneeled down to the earth, thanking him of his succours, and so led him into the castle, to make him cheer and honour, as she that could right do it. Every man regarded her marvellously; the king himself could not withhold his regarding of her, for he thought that he never saw before so noble nor so fair a lady: he was stricken therewith to the heart, with a sparkle of fine love that endured long after; he thought no lady in the world so worthy to be loved as she. Thus they entered into the castle hand-in-hand; the lady led him first into the hall, and after into the chamber, nobly apparelled. The king regarded so the lady, that she was abashed. At last he went to a window to rest, and so fell in a great study. The lady went about to make cheer to the lords and knights that were there, and commanded to dress the hall for dinner. When she had all devised and commanded, then she came to the king with a merry cheer, who was then in a great study, and she said, 'Dear sir, why do ye study so for? Your grace not displeased, it appertaineth not to you so to do; rather ye should make good cheer and be joyful, seeing ye have chased away your enemies, who durst not abide you: let other men study for the remnant.' Then the king said, 'Ah, dear lady, know for truth that since I entered into the castle there is a study come into my mind, so that I cannot choose but to muse, nor I cannot tell what shall fall thereof: put it out of my heart I cannot.' 'Ah, sir,' quoth the lady, 'ye ought always to make good cheer to comfort therewith your people. God hath aided you so in your business, and hath given you so great graces, that ye be the most doubted (feared) and honoured prince in all Christendom; and if the King of Scots have done you any despite or damage, ye may well amend it when it shall please you, as ye have done divers times er (ere) this. Sir, leave your musing, and come into the hall, if it please you; your dinner is all ready.' 'Ah, fair lady,' quoth the king, 'other things lieth at my heart that ye know not of: but surely the sweet behaving, the perfect wisdom, the good grace, nobleness, and excellent beauty that I see in you, hath so surprised my heart, that I cannot but love you, and without your love I am but dead.' Then the lady said, 'Ah! right noble prince, for God's sake mock nor tempt me not. I cannot believe that it is true that ye say, or that so noble a prince as ye be would think to dishonour me, and my lord my husband, who is so valiant a knight, and hath done your grace so good service, and as yet lieth in prison for your quarrel. Certainly, sir; ye should in this case have but a small praise, and nothing the better thereby. I had never, as yet, such a thought in my heart, nor, I trust in God, never shall have for no man living. If I had any such intention, your grace ought not only to blame me, but also to punish my body, yea, and by true justice to be dismembered.' Herewith the lady departed from the king, and went into the hall to haste the dinner. When she returned again to the king, and brought some of his knights with her, and said, 'Sir, if it please you to come into the hall, your knights abideth for you to wash; ye have been too long fasting.' Then the king went into the hall, and washed,

* The British Valhalla, No. X. By C. M'Farlane ('Penny Magazine.')



STATUE OF GEORGE III. AT SNOW HILL.

and sat down among his lords, and the lady also. The king ate little; he sat still musing, and, as he durst, he cast his eyes upon the lady. Of his sadness his knights had marvel, for he was not accustomed so to be; some thought it was because the Scots were escaped from him. All that day the king tarried there, and wist not what to do: sometime he imagined that truth and honour defended him to set his heart in such a case, to dishonour such a lady and such a knight as her husband was, who had always well and truly served him; on the other part, love so constrained him, that the power thereof surmounted honour and truth. Thus the king debated to himself all that day and all that night: in the morning he arose, and dislodged all his host, and drew after the Scots to chase them out of his realm. Then he took leave of the lady, saying, 'My dear lady, to God I commend you till I return again, requiring you to advise you otherwise than ye have said to me.' 'Noble prince,' quoth the lady, 'God, the Father glorious, be your conduct, and put you out of all villain thoughts. Sir, I am, and ever shall be, ready to do you pure service, to your honour and to mine.' Therewith the king departed all abashed."

If we carry on the legend to the belief that the king subdued his passions, and afterwards met the noble woman in all honour and courtesy, we may understand the motto of the garter—"Evil be to him that evil thinks."

Yes! this was the legend of the old chronicler that was connected in our minds with the Institution of the Order of the Garter—a legend of virtue subduing passion, and therefore not unfit to be associated with the honour and self-denial of chivalry. Touching was it to read that the "fresh beauty and goodly demeanour" of the lady of Salisbury was ever in Edward's remembrance; but that at a great feast in London, "all ladies and damsels were freshly beseen, according to their degrees, except Alice, Countess of Salisbury, for she went as simply as she might, to the intent that the king should not set his regards on her." Brave Alice! thou wert worthy to have an order of knighthood, to do homage to thy faith!—and so we will believe in "the notion of the Lady's Garter," although denounced as "a vain and idle romance." Still we are bound to look at the reverse of the medal. There is a manuscript at Windsor, written in Latin during the reign of Henry VIII., called 'The Black Book of the Order of the Garter,' which contains many grandiloquent passages, from which we may cull another story:—"The cause of creating this Order at first seems to be this, that true nobility, after long and many labours, might not complain of its being deprived, through envy, of the honour it had deserved; and that the sprightlier and less governable youth might not be without a bright example in virtuous performances, which are renowned, glorious, and lasting. Nor is Windsor improperly set apart for the worthy possession and glory of this honour: a place upon every account extremely proper, whether you consider either the nature or art of the place. Nature has drawn a compass round it, no less convenient for its defence, than beautiful to the eye. The mount of a good height, and of hard chalk, so that a foundation may be securely laid there; the river Thames flowing beneath it, abundantly enriched and beautified with shady groves, fruitful fields, and meadows. Wherefore our sovereigns adding equal art thereto, built a tower thereon, so famous and truly royal, that (if our own countrymen or even foreigners themselves may be believed) neither this part of the globe, nor even all Christendom, can show the like." From the description of Windsor the historian of the Black Book passes to King Arthur's Round Table, and his twenty-eight knights; and then rests upon Richard of the Lion-heart as the inventor of the Garter: "When he lay with his army against Cyprus and Acon, and was wearied with the length of the siege, which was carried on with a great deal of difficulty and danger, the Holy Spirit inspiring him (as 'tis thought) by means of an apparition of St. George, it came into his mind to put on the legs of some select knights a leather, with a buckle, being what they had then in readiness; by which, being mindful of their future glory, they might be stirred up to behave themselves bravely and valiantly, so as to obtain the victory, after the manner of the Romans, among whom that diversity of crowns, with which, for various causes, soldiers were presented and honoured, that, as it were, by these incitements, their sluggishness being drove away, the bravery of their mind and stoutness of heart might be raised, and show itself with great lustre. * * * Our glorious Richard seems also to have made use of the like counsels when he tied this leathern garter on the legs of his knights, to excite their already forward minds to perfect the work they had taken in hand, and prevent their being despoiled of this so great glory: the leathern garter which was then bestowed being to be succeeded by a richer and more splendid ensign of honour. In remembrance of which thing, after he had obtained many victories, when he returned into his country after a long absence, he intended to found, establish, and perfect that illustrious Order of St George, on whose guardian protection the English so much rely: what he did not go through with, Edward accomplished, — that third Edward, in all kind of piety, bravery, and conduct truly great and supreme."

When Edward III. held the great feast of St. George at Windsor, "there was a noble company of earls, barons, ladies and damsels, knights and squires, and great triumph, justing, and tournays." The court of his unhappy grandson, Richard II., is ominous of his fate:

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey."

Froissart thus describes the last pageants of "the skipping king" at Windsor: "King Richard caused

a joust to be cried and published throughout his realm, to Scotland, to be at Windsor, of forty knights and forty squires, against all comers, and they to be apparelled in green with a white falcon, and the queen to be there, well accompanied with ladies and damsels. This feast was thus holden, the queen being there in great nobleness; but there were but few lords or noblemen, for more than two parts of the lords and knights, and other of the realm of England, had the king in such hatred, what for the banishing of the Earl of Derby and the injuries that he had done to his children, and for the death of the Duke of Gloucester, who was slain in the castle of Calais, and for the death of the Earl of Arundel, who was beheaded at London: the kindred of these lords came not to this feast, nor but few other.'

That was a bright hour when Washington Irving's delightful paper in the 'Sketch-Book,' 'A Royal Poet,' first fell in our way. Then was opened to us the exquisite romance of James I. of Scotland and Lady Jane Beaufort; and we would picture the young victim of state intrigues, mewed up in Windsor during a captivity of nineteen years, solacing his imprisonment, first, with all liberal studies, and, secondly, with the bright hopes of an earnest love. We would fix upon some window of the old Round Tower, and ask whether it was from that spot that he looked out upon the world as he describes in the 'King's Quhair.'

"Bewailing in my chamber thus alone,
Despaired of all joy and remedy,
For-tired of my thought, and woe-begone
And to the window gan I walk in hye*
To see the world and folk that went forby †."

We would look over the low wall into the pretty garden in the moat of the Tower, and ask was this the "garden fair," sanctified by love and genius?

"Now was there made, fast by the Toure's wall
A garden fair, and on the corners set
Ane herber green, with wandes long and small
Railed about, and so with trees set
Was all the place, and hawthorne hedges knet‡.'

Was it here that he saw,

"walking under the tower
Full secretly, new coming her to pleyne §,
The fairest or the freshest younge flower
That ever I saw, methought, before that hour."

Washington Irving then carried us away with his enthusiasm:—"It was the recollection of this romantic tale of former times, and of the golden little poem which had its birthplace in this tower, that made me visit the old pile with more than common interest. The suit of armour hanging up in the hall, richly gilt and embellished, as if to figure in the tournay, brought the image of the gallant and romantic prince vividly before my imagination. I paced the deserted chambers where he had composed his poem; I leaned upon the window, and endeavoured to persuade myself it was the very one where he had been visited by his vision; I looked out upon the spot where he had first seen the Lady Jane. It was the same genial and joyous month; the birds were again vying with each other in strains of liquid melody; everything was bursting into vegetation, and budding forth the tender promise of the year. Time—which delights to obliterate the sterner memorials of human pride—seems to have passed lightly over this little scene of poetry and love, and to have withheld his desolating hand. Several centuries are gone by, yet the garden still flourishes at the foot of the tower. It occupies what was once the moat of the keep; and though some parts have been separated by dividing walls, yet others have still their arbours and shaded walks, as in the days of James; and the whole is sheltered, blooming, and retired."

Alas! our age of ultra-poetical faith is gone! In the days when "the purple testament of civil war" was unrolled in England, would the moat of the keep,—the stronghold of Windsor,—be converted into a garden? The story of the 'King's Quhair' will not, however, be impaired by a mere error of locality. There were other towers within the old walls of Windsor, and other nooks where there might be a "fair garden." Jane Beaufort deserved the immortality which her lover has bestowed upon her. He carried her to a throne; and when treason cut short his career of honour and usefulness, she threw herself between her lord and the assassin, a worthy grand-daughter of "time-honoured Lancaster."

We may quit this first period of the old chivalric history of Windsor, without any strong desire to linger amongst the memories of its early kings. The luxurious Edward IV. and the crafty Henry VII. held here their occasional courts; and here they built, and left some mark behind them. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, has bequeathed us something of Windsor that will endure as well as material monuments. He tells us what the life of Windsor was some years before the axe of the tyrant cut short his career of knighthood and of poetry. His poem, to which we have already alluded, is a genuine picture of a remarkable time long past. But we cannot longer indulge our antiquarian dreams. We must pursue our way to the Windsor of 1847.

Returning to the entrance of the Park at Bishopgate, and proceeding on the ridge of the hill towards the termination of the Long Walk, we have a succession of varied and extensive views. As the road winds, the Castle and the surrounding country are presented to us with slight but interesting changes of distance and foreground. We leave the site of the Royal Cottage to the left of the high road—a beautiful secluded spot, which, offering no prospect, and shut out by trees, suited the jealous privacy of the successor of George III. What a contrast! The good old king, as it will long be the habit to call him, lived ever in the eye of his subjects. There was as little parade as can well be imagined in all the movements of George

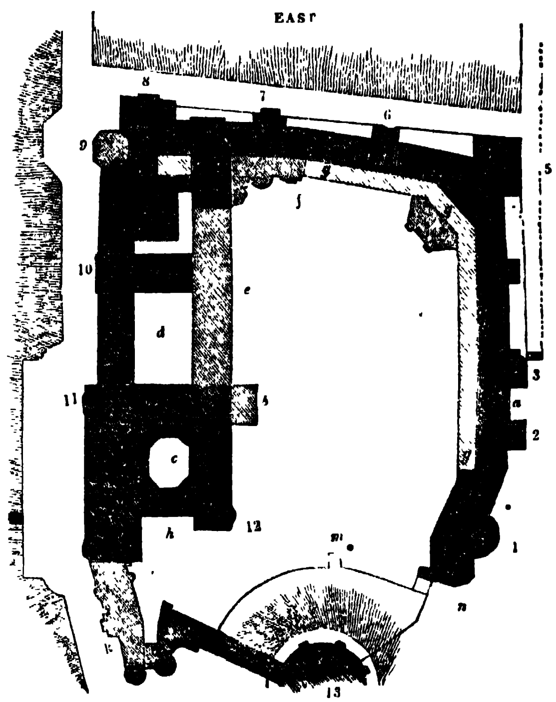
* Haste. † Past. ‡ Knit.
§ Play—recreate herself.



THE CASTLE, FROM THE PATH TO DATCHET.

III. and his family at Windsor; and, (except, as Fanny Burney has told us, gentlemen were never allowed to sit down in the royal presence, and ladies stood as far off as they could, so that sovereignty might have elbow-room, and never spoke but when they were spoken to,) there was infinitely more state at such places as Stowe and Alnwick than in the Lodge at Windsor. Here, we have reached Westmacott's statue of the first Brunswick King who was bred and born in England. What questions would he ask, could he see himself in his Roman toga? Still it is a fine statue, and the ideal prevails throughout. An equestrian figure, twenty-six feet in height, raised upon a rocky pedestal of the same elevation, and placed upon a considerable hill, is no common object. But to a stranger, the statue is an inconsiderable thing, when he looks from its site down the magnificent avenue which now leads direct to the Castle-gates, at a distance of more than three miles. It is, indeed, a wondrous approach to a noble pile. Five-and-twenty years ago, the avenue was without an object. Shabby houses interposed between its commencement at Windsor and the Castle; now it leads direct to the gateway called after George IV., and thence to the grand entrance of the state apartments. We cannot but remember what an incongruous thing Windsor was before the vast improvements of the Castle were undertaken: and perhaps this is the proper place to give a brief account of the principal changes which have been effected. Excepting beauty of situation, the Castle had nothing whatever to recommend it as a residence. The whole of the east and south sides, the portions actually inhabited, were singularly inconvenient in every respect,—rambling, and also exceedingly confined, in plan, with very small rooms, and those for the most part thoroughfare rooms; there being no other communication than some narrow passages got out from them on the sides towards the quadrangle; so that, in point of accommodation, the whole was a mere "makeshift," inadequate to that required for a private gentleman's establishment. Hence it was found indispensably necessary to erect (1778—82) a separate building for the actual occupation of the royal family. This, which was called the Queen's Lodge, was merely a large plain house on the south side of the Castle, near the site occupied by the present stables, and was taken down in 1823. About the same time George IV. announced his intention of taking up his abode within the Castle, and converting it into a suitable residence for himself and his successors. Accordingly a grant of £300,000 was readily voted by Parliament, in April, 1824, for the projected improvements, since, so far from being thought extravagant, the scheme was a popular one. The architect selected was Mr. Jeffry Wyatt. The first stone of 'King George IV.'s Gateway' (forming the principal entrance into the quadrangle on the south side, in a direct line with the Long Walk) was laid by the king, August 12th, 1824, on which occasion the architect received the royal authority for altering his name to that of Wyatville; and on the king's taking possession of the private apartments, which were completed by the end of 1828, he received the further distinction of knighthood.

The annexed block plan will show the general external plan of the Castle, and the relative position and magnitude of the buildings and towers composing it; and it also shows to what extent the Castle has been enlarged by the addition of the parts cut in a lighter tint than the rest.



1, Edward III.'s Tower; 2, Lancaster Tower; 3, York Tower; 4, South Turret; 5, Victoria Tower; 6, Clarence Tower; 7, Chester Tower—state drawing room; 8, Prince of Wales's Tower—state dining-room; 9, Brunswick Tower, octagon, 38 feet diameter externally, height 100 feet; 10, Cornwall Tower—ball-room, 90 x 32 feet; 11, George IV.'s Tower; 12, King John's Tower; 13, Keep—not a perfect circle, 102 feet in greatest diameter, 93 in smallest; height, 80 feet from the top of the mound; Watch-tower, 25 more; entire height from level of Quadrangle, 148 feet.

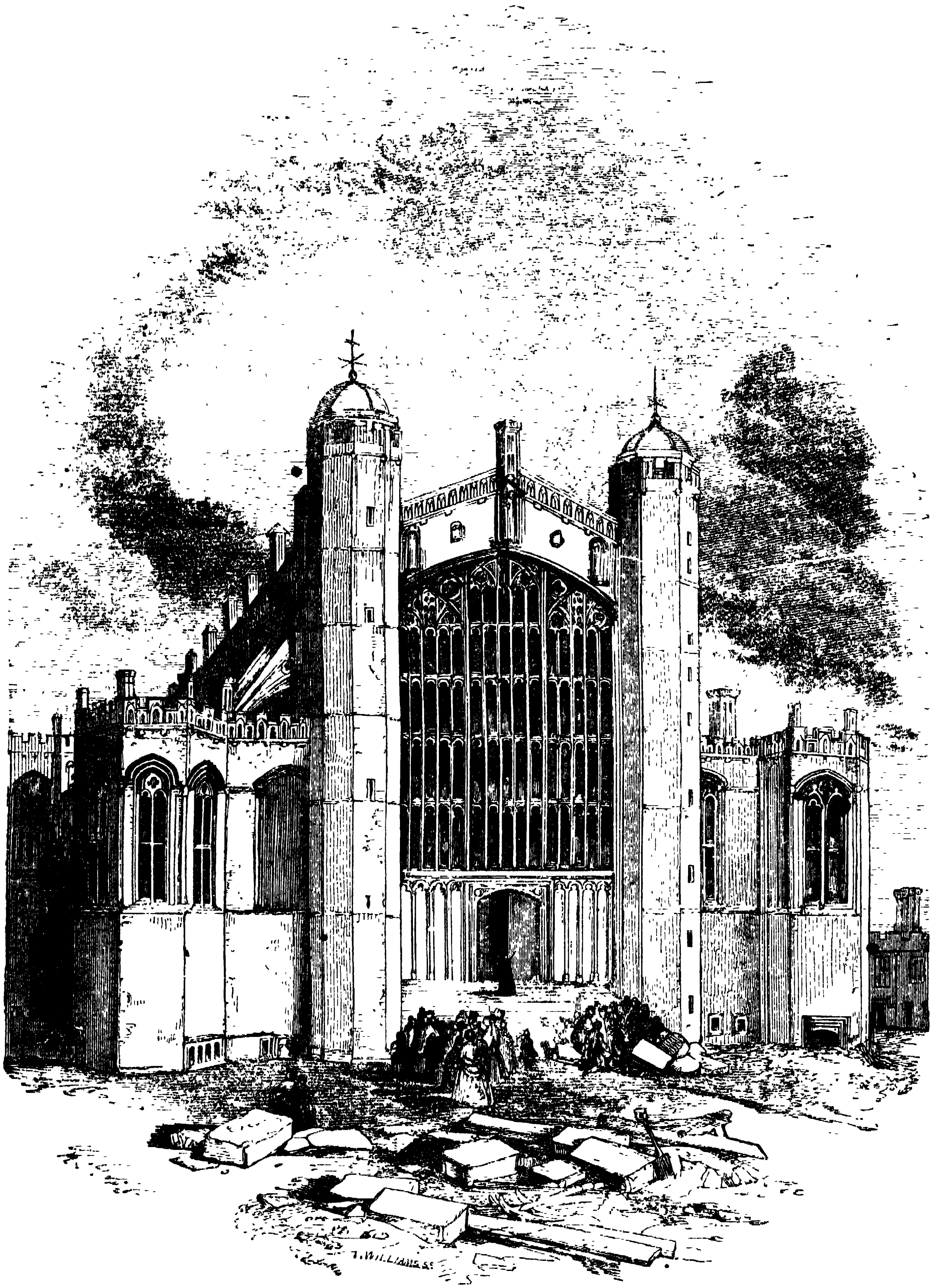
a, George IV.'s Gateway, directly facing the Long Walk; *b*, state entrance, with vestibule continued through to North Terrace; *c*, state staircase, occupying site of Brick Court, 50 x 36 feet; *d*, Waterloo Gallery, on site of Horn Court, 95 x 46 feet; *e*, St. George's Hall, 180 x 32 feet; *f*, visitors' entrance; *g*, *g*, *g*, grand corridor; *h*, entrance for public to state apartments; *i*, Henry VII.'s Building; *k*, Queen Elizabeth's Gallery; *l*, Norman Towers and Gateway; *m*, statue of Charles II.; *n*, St. George's Gateway.

It will be perceived that such enlargement has been made principally within the quadrangle, on the exterior facing the North Terrace, to which the Brunswick Tower has been added; and by converting what were two open courts in that northern mass of building, viz., Brick Court and Horn Court, into the State Staircase and the Waterloo Gallery. Some general communication along the whole extent of the private apartments was indispensable, unless that part of the

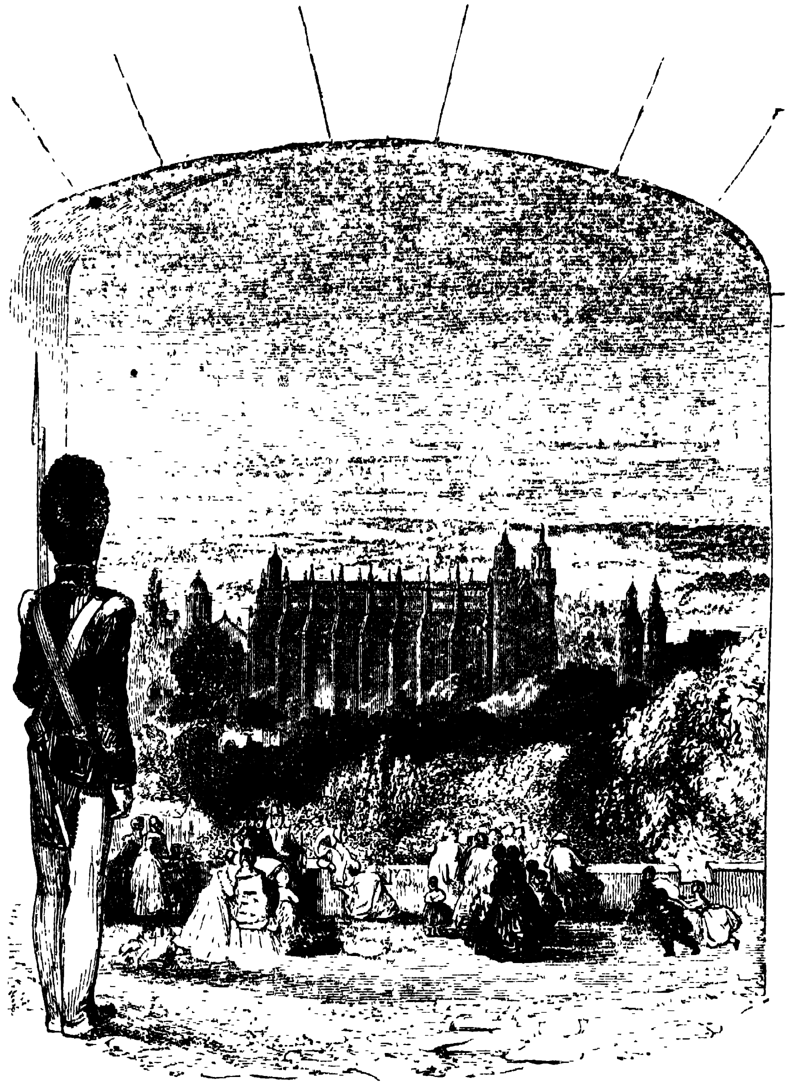
Castle was to remain as incommodious and as impracticable as ever, with no other real improvement than that of enlarging some of the rooms, by throwing two or three of them together, but without gaining any corresponding increase of breadth. There was no practicable alternative, except to provide such communication by encroaching upon the quadrangle, and erecting a corridor on the east and south sides. The present corridor is about fifteen feet wide, and as many high; and in its full extent, from the Visitors' Staircase and Ante-room at the north end, to its termination near Edward III.'s Tower, is 450 feet, but not in a direct line, which is perhaps an advantage. That branch of it which runs north and south has eight windows on its west; the other, fourteen on its north side; and between these two divisions the corridor takes a bend, passing, as it were, behind what is called the Oak or Wainscot Breakfast-room, which is built over the porch that forms the Royal Entrance. One side of this room forms a spacious bay, whose windows, like those of the corridor, command a fine view of the whole Quadrangle and Keep. Though subordinate in purpose, all this part of the interior possesses a good deal of effect and many contrived points, many circumstances unfavourable in themselves having been turned to good account. As to the corridor itself, it does, in fact, answer a twofold purpose; since, besides being what its name imports, it serves also as an indoor promenade and lounge, and is richly stored with pictures and other works of art: but still it looks expressly intended for what it is—a corridor so adorned, rather than a gallery made use of as a corridor. On the south side the corridor communicates, through intermediate lobbies, with the private rooms appropriated to visitors, which form distinct apartments of three or four rooms each, with their separate private staircases, &c. On the east side, from the Victoria Tower inclusive to midway between the Clarence and Chester Towers, are the Royal Private Apartments, to which succeed what may be called the Private State Rooms, viz., Library, or First Drawing-room, State Drawing-room (Chester Tower), Saloon, State Dining-room (Prince of Wales's Tower). All these last-mentioned rooms have very spacious oriels and bays (that of the Great Drawing-room is not less than 24 feet wide, and 23 deep), which, while they contribute to great variety of form within, constitute the principal and richest features of the east front of the Castle. Beyond the State Dining-room there is an octagon-room, 28 feet in diameter, commanding a view in one direction along the North Terrace. All this part of the Castle is not to be viewed, except by very special permission, and then, of course, only partially. Although fewer changes, upon the whole, have been made in the northern range of the edifice, some highly important ones have taken place. Beginning with the State Entrance, to which a spacious projecting carriage porch has been added, the lower vestibule, which used to be nearly occupied by the Gothic staircase erected by James Wyatt, has been cleared, so as to afford a fine architectural vista quite through to the North Terrace, from which there is an entrance through George IV.'s Tower; and a new state staircase has been formed within what was a confined inner court. This is admirably well planned for effect, for the staircase itself shows all the more strikingly, by coming suddenly into view, when its greater spaciousness and loftiness (70 feet from the floor to the top of the lantern) forms an imposing contrast to the lengthened perspective of the vestibule. Another improvement consequent upon the alteration of the staircase is the obtaining an upper state vestibule in connection with the Guard Room, which last has been extended by being carried out over the porch of the State Entrance. Thus a continuous and varied grand line of approach is formed to St. George's Hall, which was before hardly accessible from the staircase, otherwise than by passing through the rooms of the north front, owing to the intervention of the Royal Chapel at the west end of the hall. By that chapel being added to the hall, a decided improvement has been produced: the latter has been extended to 180 feet—nearly double its former length; and it forms a fine climax in the general arrangement. The Waterloo Gallery, which is an entirely new feature in this part of the plan, contributes in no small degree to give not only greater variety, but an appearance of much greater extent than formerly to this portion of the Castle; while, owing to its being well lighted from above, it contrasts pleasingly with the other rooms, and serves to bring into one group with itself and the hall two of the most spacious of them, viz., the Throne-room and the Ball-room. The architect appears also to have been happy in his arrangement of Queen Elizabeth's Gallery, which, together with the adjoining room in Henry VII.'s Building, has been fitted up as a library.

Until renovated and remodelled by Sir Jeffry Wyatville, the exterior had very little of either architectural character or dignity, or even of picturesqueness, except that arising from situation; whereas now it is marked by many bold features and well-defined masses, and presents a series of parts, all varied, yet more or less interesting. Even where the principal masses remain the same, the general outline, before feeble and insipid, has been greatly improved: somewhat greater height than formerly has been given to most of the buildings by deep embattled parapets, and in some of them by machicolations also. Some of the towers have been carried up higher, and others added: among these last are the Lancaster and York, flanking George IV.'s Gateway, and distinctly marking that as the principal portal of the Castle; also the Brunswick Tower, which, owing to its difference of form and greater mass, adds very much to the architectural effect of the north-east angle. But the most striking improvement of the kind was that of carrying up the Round Tower 90 feet higher, exclusive of the Watch Tower on its summit, which makes the height in that part 25 feet more.

It was generally understood that the Castle was to



WEST END OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.



VIEW THROUGH THE GATE ON THE NORTH TERRACE.

be re-instated, as far as it consistently could be, in what was, or what might be supposed to have been, its original character. No question, therefore, was started as to style. Still, the style of a genuine feudal castle and fortress is fitter at the present day for a prison than a palace; it has accordingly been more or less softened down, in some parts so much that its character is almost neutralized; while where it has been most preserved it looks rather too stern and uncouth. There is also very much that is open to animadversion with respect to details, and the strange intermixture in several parts of the earliest and latest styles of Gothic. However, though sober criticism cannot pronounce Windsor Castle to be by any means a complete and perfectly-studied production of architecture, it is still a noble one, and such as to justify all but the unqualified praise bestowed upon it.

After the first grant of £300,000, others were successively made, and the total expenditure down to the end of the reign of William IV. amounted to £771,000. There has since been a grant of £70,000 for new stables, which form an extensive range of buildings, only 400 feet from the Castle, on its south side, and to the west of the Long Walk: they extend upwards of 600 feet, and include a riding-house, nearly 200 feet in length by 68 in breadth.

Having arrived at the Windsor end of the Long Walk, let us turn a little, before we proceed to the Castle. About a quarter of a mile on the road to Frogmore is a wicket-gate, by which we enter the foot-path to Datchet. We are in the Home Park. This path, a few years ago, offered a delightful walk, with a noble view of the south and east sides of the Castle. The path is now sunk, so that a high bank shuts out the Castle altogether, except for a few yards near the little gate. From that spot our view is taken. The enclosure is now sacred to the privacy of the Court. We remember when the Castle was almost uninhabited, and every part of the Home Park was our free play-ground. The path to Datchet passed immediately under the South Terrace, between the Castle and the Lodge where George III. and his family lived; and this path, crossing the Upper Park, abruptly descended to the Lower, at a picturesque spot called

Dodd's Hill. From the Castle several paths diverged in a south-easterly direction towards the dairy at Frogmore; and one of these went close by a little dell, in which long rank grass and fern, and low thorns, grew in great profusion. When the newly-discovered world of Shakspere first opened on our boyish vision, we saw in this little dell the identical spot where Anne Page and her troop of fairies "couched in a pit hard by Herne's Oak, with obscured lights:" for here, tradition said, was the site of Herne's Oak. Tradition had variations in its song. The oak was standing—the oak was cut down. It is unnecessary here to go into that controversy. There is an oak close by the spot we are now describing, which Mr. Jesse affirms to be Herne's Oak. It is of little consequence now whether the oak were cut down by order of George III., or whether the blasted trunk which still stands in the avenue, be Shakspere's tree: it is of small import now—for the whole locality is changed. The path to Datchet was made through this spot some thirty years ago; subsequently, the romantic little dell was filled up with the rubbish of the Castle in the time of George IV.; and now a trim flower-garden stands in the place of the old pit and its ancient thorns. We are glad to know that this path to Datchet is to be wholly shut up. We admit, without hesitation, that the Queen and her family have the fullest right to the privacy which the humblest citizen desires; but we think it was a very questionable experiment to convert a free path into a sunken ditch. It is proposed that the road to Old Windsor by Frogmore shall be shut up, and cross the Long Walk some half mile from the town. Frogmore, and the Long Walk, and the Crown properties lying between them, will then be the natural and proper domain of the Castle. The road to Datchet will be carried across the Lower Park, beneath the North Terrace. We shall then, we trust, have an undisturbed view of the Castle; and we may still cherish our Shaksperian associations; for this part of the Park was formerly known as "Datchet Mead;" and there, "among the whitsters," was Falstaff "slighted into the river," where "the shore was shelvy and shallow."

Let us pass up the High-street of Windsor to the point where four streets unite—the old site of a market-cross. The whole south front of the Castle is now before us, and the general effect is truly imposing. Through a gateway with two towers, erected by Henry VIII., we enter the Lower Quadrangle. Saint George's Chapel—that exquisite gem of our florid architecture—is immediately before us. To the west of the gateway we see that improvement has been at work. A row of houses, known as the lower foundation for the Military Knights, has been pulled down. What is to replace these houses is not quite apparent. If a terrace, it is unfortunate that the houses in the town perk up their garrets and chimneys, and shut out the noble view of the green hills of the Great Park. We can scarcely expect that the whole of this quarter of the town should be removed. It is some satisfaction to behold the paltry tenements that stood on the edge of the ditch of the old Western fortress being gradually cleared away; and we may hope to see a new town arise, at no very distant day, more in harmony with the Castle—at any rate, less obstructive and deforming. When Swift visited Windsor in the reign of Anne, he wrote: "Windsor is a delicious situation, but the town is scoundrel." (*Journal to Stella.*) But not only was the town "scoundrel," but within the Castle-walls were many wretched deformities, some of which still remain. Look at that miserable lath-and-plaster gateway, close under the little projecting chapel at the south-west angle of Saint George's. Ought that to remain another hour?' The paltry tenements at the north-west have been recently pulled down; and the effect is marvellous. Our engraving is now a real unobstructed view. A year ago such a view would have been imaginary.

The interior of Saint George's Chapel has been recently the object of judicious improvement, arising out of the more accurate taste of our day in minute points of ecclesiastical architecture. When, some seventy or eighty years ago, George III. rescued this chapel from the neglect of a century, it is remarkable how much was effected in harmony with the general character of the building. The organ-screen, for example, which was then erected, though defective in some particulars, is not incongruous. Of the painted windows then produced in the historical style, we are scarcely competent to speak: they were amongst the wonders of our boyhood; and although we may doubt their strict propriety, we should not patiently endure their destruction to make way for modern imitative ornaments of stained glass—saints, kings, and bishops, row upon row. The west window has recently been thoroughly refitted. It was formed, at the great reparation of the Chapel, out of glass collected from various parts of the building. Much, however, of the old glass was carried off; some may still be found in the fine Church of Saint Cross, at Winchester. This window is now made perfect and secure. The changes in the choir are also most judicious; and the clustered columns, cleansed of their atrocious whitewash, are now as fresh as when they came from under the tool of the sculptor. Pleasant is it to know that this wonderful building is duly appreciated; that no miserable penury will condemn it to neglect such as it experienced through the greater part of the eighteenth century; that no modern finery deforms its ancient beauty; that whatever is done is in the spirit of a judicious reverence for what is permanent in the past.

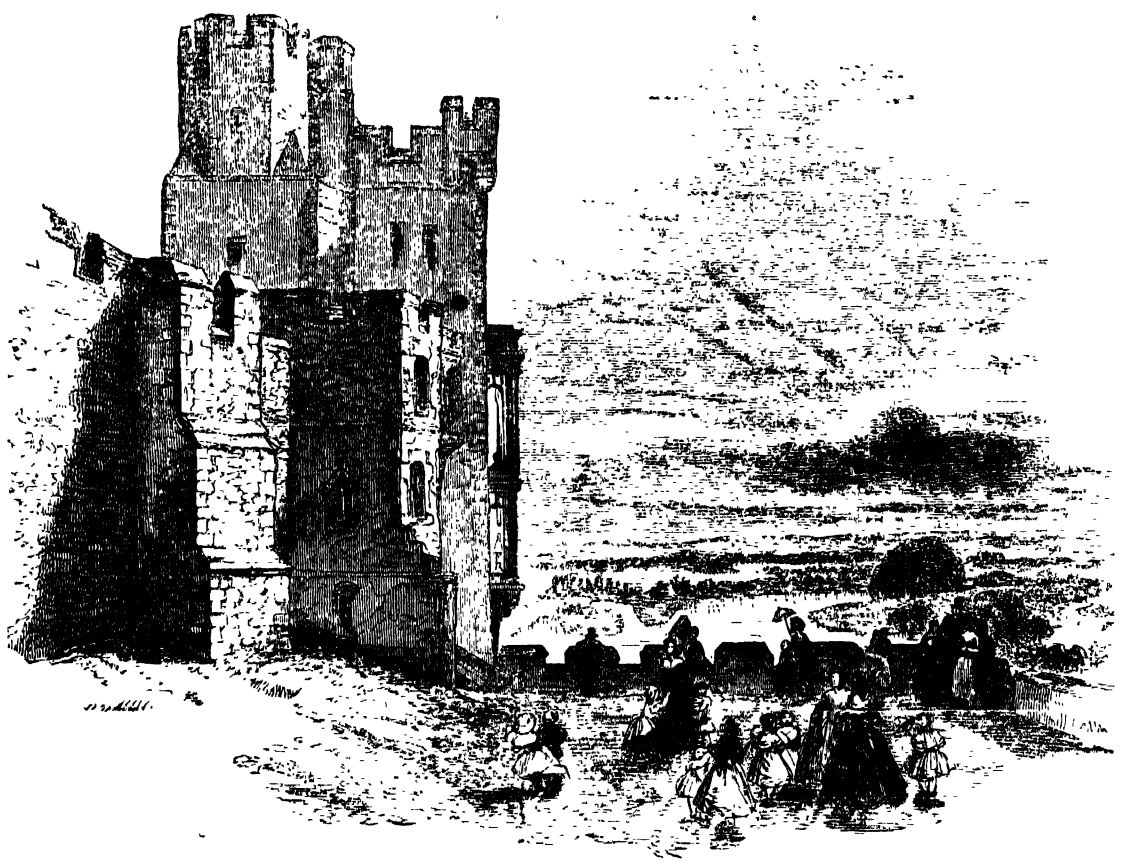
To the east of St. George's Chapel is the Royal Dormitory—a building erected by Wolsey for his own tomb; desecrated and neglected for more than a century, and then applied to the purpose of a mausoleum by George III. The interior has been completely repaired only within a few years. The royal tombs were long beneath a floor of rubbish. We pass on, and look down into the garden in the moat of the Round Tower, out of which the mound rises, with the great keep towering up in the old feudal grandeur. In

the low wall of the Terrace opposite the moated garden is an arch through which we see Eton and the distant country. The effect is magical.

To form some adequate notion of the vastness of the Castle itself, we ought to look down upon its roofs from the leads of the Round Tower. The interior of the Tower is not now exhibited. The panorama of the country around Windsor is very remarkable, from its extent and variety. But these bird's-eye prospects are anything but picturesque.

The State Apartments! It is a matter of congratulation that these are now shown without payment. Tickets must, however, be procured either at London or Windsor before the stranger is admitted. This may be well; for those who make a journey to Windsor for the purpose of seeing the Castle will not think much of calling at a London printseller's for a ticket. But if a stranger arriving from London without a ticket should apply at the proper office at Windsor, he would be refused; if he come from any other region than the metropolis, he is admitted. Surely this is an absurd and mischievous regulation, of which foreigners especially have a right to complain. Better was the old shilling fee for all comers than such perplexing rules, which can have no object but the partial exclusion, perhaps, of those who, being the greatest strangers, and therefore the most anxious to be gratified, are shut out by a natural inadvertence. However, when the ticket is presented, there is that politeness from the attendants which well befits the atmosphere of a palace. The visitor inscribes his name in a book;—he is shown his proper entrance; he is waited upon by a man of some intelligence, not to hurry him along, nor to disgust by his ignorant jargon, but to name the objects of curiosity, quietly and unobtrusively. How different are those objects now from those of a quarter of a century ago! Then were to be seen the State beds, whose faded hangings had been carefully preserved from periods when silk and velvet were the exclusive possessions of the high born; chairs of ebony, whose weight compelled the sitter to remain in the place of the seat; and tables of silver, fine to look upon, but worthless to use. Then we cast up our eyes, through many an interminable length of King's Presence Chambers, and King's Audience Chambers, and Queen's Presence Chambers, and Queen's Audience Chambers, and State Bed-rooms, and Guard-rooms, and Ball-rooms, and Banqueting-rooms,—upon ceiling after ceiling, where Charles II. and his queen were humbly invited to their banquets by Jupiter and Neptune, and Mercury and Bacchus. Truly his Majesty was a fit companion for the scoundrels of the Mythology! But there were better things than these to be seen—ay, better things than even king Charles's Beauties, which are now banished, to make the Londoners, who go in thousands to Hampton Court, wonder that such bold meretricious hussies could ever be called "Beauties." There were the 'Misers' of Quentin Matsys;—the 'Cleopatra' and 'Venus' of Guido (now in the National Gallery); the 'Titian and Aretin' of Titian; the 'Silence' of Annibal Caracci. The State Apartments now shown are few in number. They consist of 'The Queen's Audience Chamber,' with one of Verrio's ceilings, and magnificent hangings of Gobelin tapestry: and 'The Queen's Presence Chamber,' with a similar ceiling, and a continuation of the same tapestry—the story of Queen Esther and Mordecai. The Vandyke Room is alone worth a pilgrimage to Windsor. The noble portraits which fill this room used to be scattered about the Castle. Brought together, they not only show us the greatness of the painter, but they fill the mind with the memory of that unhappy prince, whose fate seemed written in his pensive face—he, to whom Windsor was the last prison ere he walked to the scaffold out of the window of Whitehall. Here is one of the three grand pictures of Charles I., with his equerry, D'Epernon—of which the Middle Temple Hall and Warwick Castle can also boast. Here is the celebrated head, in three points of view, painted for Bernini the sculptor; several portraits of Queen Henrietta; and that noble composition of Charles's children, with their great mastiff. What a head, too, is that of Vandyke, by himself! Shall any one look at these pictures, and doubt whether Portrait be a high department of Art? We proceed through what is called 'the State Ante-room' to 'the Grand Staircase,' and so to 'the Grand Vestibule,' and 'the Waterloo Chamber.' The Staircase, the Vestibule, and the Waterloo-room, are amongst the most conspicuous of Sir Jeffry Wyatville's improvements, and have been already mentioned in the general notice of these improvements. Of Sir Thomas Lawrence's collection of portraits in the Waterloo Chamber it would be easier to speak in terms of enthusiasm if we had not so recently been gazing upon the noble groups by Vandyke. With some striking exceptions, the portraits of Lawrence want solidity and grandeur. There are few heroic heads amongst them. Pius VII. is, perhaps, the finest of the series; George Canning, the most disappointing, because unlike him in "the social hour." However, it was a fine idea to bring together the portraits of the men who were more or less agents in the pacification of Europe, after the final defeat of the arch-impostor of the Revolution; and no one living in the time of Lawrence could have carried out the plan with any approach to his success. From the Waterloo-room we go to 'the Ball-room,' glittering with burnished gold, and bright with 'Gobelin tapestry,' and thence to 'Saint George's Hall'—an oblong room, 200 feet in length. This is the great Banqueting-room, when the sovereign holds high festival The 'Guard Chamber' closes the apartments upon which the crowd may look—with shield, and banner, and complete mail. The pedestal of Nelson's bust, formed out of a block of the mainmast of 'The Victory,' is worth all the swords and pikes which gleam on these walls.

In the days before George III. occupied the Castle, the State Apartments exhibited to the public were of



VIEW FROM THE WEST END OF NORTH TERRACE.

much greater extent than the present suite. They ranged from the gallery called after Queen Elizabeth, at the west of the Upper Quadrangle, to St. George's Hall on the east; and included most of the rooms looking on the North Terrace and into the Great Square. No doubt these apartments were the actual dwelling-rooms of former sovereigns. The want of passages, by which each room could have an independent approach, was not regarded in the old days of cumbrous state. It was not only in some of the larger rooms—perhaps in her own Gallery—that Elizabeth listened to the 'Merry Wives of Windsor;' but in some of the smaller chambers the learned queen sate translating Horace's 'Art of Poetry;' and anon descended by a private staircase to pace with stately step the Northern Terrace which she had raised. Here James I. fidgeted about in his trunk-hose, and solaced the hot evenings of the dog-days of 1621 with the learned slang of Ben Jonson's masque of 'The Gipsies Metamorphosed,' and looked knowingly about him as the new language, which contained such words as "gentry coves" and "rum morts," required explanation. It is pleasant to think that these chambers once rang with the delicious lyric of the same masque:—

"To the old, long life and treasure;
To the young, all health and pleasure;
To the fair, their face
With eternal grace,
And the soul to be loved at leisure.

"To the witty, all clear mirrors;
To the foolish, their dark errors
To the loving sprite
A secure delight;
To the jealous, his own false terrors."

Here walked his successor, in solitary gloom; great in misfortune—a loveable man when danger surrounded him on every side—a true king when a fated prisoner. Here the uncrowned mighty one who struck him down, kept state with his 'Ironsides.' The restored Stuart here brought his French tastes in building, and turned the old fortress-palace into an incongruous Versailles. Anne here spent her summer months — sometimes "hunting in a chaise with one horse, which she drives herself, and drives furiously, like Jehu,"—and sometimes, according to the same authority, the Dean of St. Patrick, having a drawing-room, "but so few company that the queen sent for us into the bed-chamber, where we made our bows, and stood about twenty of us round the room, while she looked at us round, with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute said about three words to some that were nearest her, and then she was told dinner was ready, and went out." The first two Georges left Windsor to decay. The third had the good taste to know where an English king should have his chief palace; but the Castle was deemed uninhabitable for a growing family: so the king lived for years in a whitewashed house at the foot of his palace,



CRANBOURN.

and only used the Castle on great occasions,—always except for morning prayers in the Private Chapel. About 1801 the king and his family migrated to the Castle; and the lath and plaster of Sir William Chambers was abandoned to the equerries and chance visitors of the Court. A few years of excitement, such as the spirit of the country lighted up in the heart of the brave old man when invasion was talked of, and the Castle became to George III. a prison, under the most painful circumstances that can attend the loss of liberty. After his death Windsor Castle was remodelled. Here, in these splendid chambers, have two kings held their state, and here twice has the lesson been taught, that

> "The glories of our blood and state
> Are shadows, not substantial things."

The Court routine of Windsor is now hallowed by duty. It is not for us to attempt to unveil the inner life of a Queen and a Mother.

Those who really desire to see Windsor, and to have its beauties impressed upon their memories, should not be content with a few hours at the Castle, and a few hours in the Parks—a whirl of trains and flys. It is not our purpose to make a Guide-book. We seek to interest the reader rather than the tourist. But if the tourist will listen to us, we would say, spend two summer or autumn days "under the greenwood tree," and one, at least, in Windsor itself. To Eton and its surrounding associations, another day should be given; and that we reserve for a succeeding paper. This glorious view from the North Terrace—how can it be comprehended in half an hour? The river is glowing under the setting sun; one flood of light bathes all the West, and the distant hills of Berkshire and Oxfordshire mingle their gold with the golden sky. Come here in the gray morning, and the Thames shall creep like a silver thread through the green plain, sending up its vaporous wreaths to mingle with the blue mists of the distance. Once more seek those woods, which look so cool and solemn in the soft early light.

There is another road to the Great Park running parallel with the Long Walk. About a mile from the town we reach the Park Gate, and we are free to wander by grassy alleys or shady avenues. For two miles or so, we will now prefer to keep the high road. There are fine old elms and oaks around as soon as we enter the Park. But we are approaching a spot where the oaks seem thicker and older, and the paths look devious and untrodden. The path on the right leads to Cranbourn. In ten minutes after you quit the road, you are in the most picturesque part of the old Forest. No woodman has been here to hew down the old gnarled trunks;—no planter has raised up an intrusive population of unhonoured saplings. In this quiet valley there is unwonted company—a flock of milk-white Cashmere goats, feeding as comfortably in the fern as if they were growing shawls in their own sunny land. The trees are standing thicker and thicker—a sort of avenue is before us, such as led up to old

mansions, with its "obsolete prolixity." We continue along it, and stand before an octagon tower—it seems uninhabited. It is all that remains of Cranbourn. And what is Cranbourn to us? It was the mansion of Lord Ranelagh, in Queen Anne's time; and it had many royal and noble tenants between the days of Anne and the time when the last tenant, the courtly architect, Mr. Nash, built this tower—and then the great house was swept away. But one dwelt here for a short time in her sunny youth, who is still dear to a nation's memory—the Princess Charlotte. She has shed a lustrous association over this exquisite spot. And so Cranbourn is something to us. But, what a glorious landscape bursts upon us from the ridge on which this octagon tower stands! Never was the art of landscape-gardening carried to greater perfection. It cannot be accident that brings the neighbouring hill of Saint Leonard's through that vista, with its bold woods and sunny lawns. It cannot be accident that has excluded the shabby houses that lie about the Castle, and made the giant pile rise beyond the middle distance, a self-supported monarch of the woods. This is art—perhaps the most difficult of arts.

We pass from Cranbourn into a road that runs in a westerly direction, and connects the road from Windsor to Ascot with the road from Windsor to Winkfield. This connecting road is now planted on each side. It was formerly a wild forest district, leading to Winkfield Plain—a field where armies might manœuvre. We once witnessed a mimic war in this district. Upon the passing of the Forest Inclosure Act, some of the inhabitants of the disafforested parishes entertained the belief that the outlying deer were common property, and began to shoot them accordingly. The law would have given a slow redress; so the wiser measure was adopted of hemming in the deer by a large body of cavalry; and as the circle was gradually narrowed, they were at last driven into the secure confines of the Great Park. Southern England, perhaps, never saw such a hunting as this of Cranbourn Woods. Fortunately, there was no Douglas ready to do battle with the Percy of that day, so that this was not "a woful hunting." We cross the Winkfield Road, and pass by a lodge into the opposite wood. About a quarter of a mile from the gate a green walk invites us to its cool shades under the October sun. Every step that we advance leads us to some new beauty. Fine old beeches are mingled with young underwood; but there is nothing formal or obtrusive in the new planting. Grace has not been wholly sacrificed to utility. There is not a cloud in the blue sky. The autumnal atmosphere is so exquisitely pure, that every form appears in sharp relief, and every colour, harmonious as it may be, preserves its identity. The shadows upon the gray trunks of the broad beech are positive ebon; and it almost requires the touch to be satisfied that they are not substantial. The brightest green of the underwood mingles with the deep brown of the fern. A peculiar fungus, white, and polished as ivory, glitters upon many a sturdy giant of the woods, as if he had clothed himself with pendant ornaments in honour of such a sky. But the grassy path suddenly spreads into a little amphitheatre; and in the midst a most remarkable oak stands alone,—an oak of wondrous height,—an oak without a branch till the trunk has run up some fifty feet. The tree is evidently an honoured one. Stay! There is an inscription upon a brass plate:

QUEEN
VICTORIA'S
TREE.

We were not prepared for this. Worthy, indeed, is the tree to be associated with the name of 'Victoria.' It belongs to no dim antiquity; it is in its prime. Decay will not touch it, perhaps, for centuries. Yet it is no mere growth of yesterday. It is not simply picturesque; it is the representative not only of beauty but of usefulness. Shall we say that it is a symbol of a constitutional monarchy?

From Queen Victoria's tree, a walk for two miles—a winding walk by the side of a steep ravine—presents some of the most beautiful forest scenery that England can offer. Our artists hunt for the lost Sherwood; or wander, not always without disappointment, through the New Forest. But here are some of the most delightful combinations that the pencil can demand. We know the weakness of words to picture such scenes; and we leave the pencil to do its proper work. After crossing the ravine several times by bridges, which are so happily constructed as to aid the natural beauties of the walk, we arrive at a garden in the wilderness—a cottage which a poet might covet in his search for peace. It is a woodman's cottage. 'Queen Charlotte's Oak' is near this cottage; for it has been a custom of our queens, from the time of Anne, to associate their names with some oak of Windsor Forest. Well, there is something that will outlast even oaks:

> "the actions of the just
> Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust."

We must leave these pleasant places. A gate below the Woodman's Cottage leads into a high-road, by which we may return to Windsor. But commend us to a stroll by the Thames. We can cross to the north bank by the ferry at Surly Hall; and then three miles of the silver stream, and a new prospect of the Castle at every turn of the banks,—with, perhaps, a boat-race of Etonians, such as our frontispiece exhibits, and the westering sun lighting up every window of the great pile,—such a walk may fill up our third day, and send us home to labour with renewed hearts, and memories filled with images of pleasure.



QUEEN VICTORIA'S TREE.



OXFORD.

OXFORD is, indisputably, the most beautiful city in England. It contains a far larger and richer display of medieval and academic architecture than any other; and it yields to none in picturesque variety. And as it is the most beautiful, we doubt whether it be not also, at any rate to Englishmen, the most generally interesting of English cities. Indeed, apart from its attractions in point of taste, the place could hardly fail to be regarded with more than common interest, wherein so many of our greatest men laid the foundation of their greatness in that "culture and manurance of the mind," as Bacon terms it, which not alone prepared them to produce such abundant fruit in their season, but by its "forcible though unseen operation," conduced more than anything else to the formation and completion of their whole moral and mental character; wherein so many are being educated of those on whom the future virtue, and, therefore, honour of our country will depend; and that so abounds with recollections and associations which appeal to our loftiest feelings, and are connected with so much that is important in our history. Few who think of its fame, and recollect its associations, and recognize the dignity of its position, can approach it for the first time without some (it may be vague) excitement of feeling; and assuredly, none who do so approach it are disappointed. When even those come to visit it, who, from carelessness or prejudice, usually regard it with indifference or dislike, the genius of the place seldom fails to seize hold of them; gradually better and kindlier feelings supersede those which were before cherished; and the placid grandeur, the peaceful venerableness, of this ancient favourite of the Muses, is recognized and respected. A first visit to Oxford is a thing to remember.

The situation of Oxford is singularly fortunate. Scarcely could the noble city have been placed where its surpassing beauty would be more admirably displayed. It stands on a slight eminence between the rivers Isis and Cherwell, and near their confluence. Hills of gentle elevation surround it; from nearly all of which its matchless array of domes and spires is seen to great advantage. In the days of stage-coach travelling, the visitor, in whatever direction he came, as he drew near, obtained a glorious prospect of the good city;—and he seldom forgot that first view. Now that it is generally reached by the railway, little is seen of the city till it is entered:—and then the view from Folly Bridge is a poor substitute for the famous one from Magdalen. The visitor has now to seek after a general view of Oxford; but if he have any delight in the survey of what is beautiful, he will not fail to do so:—the general view of Oxford is in its way quite without a rival.

There are many places from which this view may be obtained. One of the best stations is a short distance up the Abingdon Road. From a point sufficiently elevated to command the whole town, the splendid series of buildings falls into a most picturesque composition, while a fertile and richly-wooded level tract, with the silver Thames winding through it, stretches between you and the city; and a line of softly-swelling uplands forms an agreeable back ground, and completes the picture: it is a view that always fills a painter's heart with delight, and might be transferred at once to the canvas, without changing a single feature. One of the finest of Turner's early pictures—the large engraving from which is probably known to many of our readers—is, indeed, a very faithful transcript of this scene. The other most celebrated views are those from Hinksey Hill, from Shotover Hill, and from the Henley Road. The former are very beautiful; but we have preferred giving an engraving of the latter, as that least known. The spot from which it is taken is some distance up the Henley Road, and about midway between the villages of Ifley and Cowley. The academic spires and pinnacles stretch across the view. As from most places the great dome of the Ratcliffe Library, and the magnificent spire of St. Mary's (the University Church) occupy the centre, and around them the loftier parts of the various colleges are seen ranging themselves in picturesque order. The tall pile on the extreme right is the famous tower of Magdalen College,—a prominent object from almost every part of Oxford and its vicinity; while, on the left, the cupola of the Tom Gateway, and the Cathedral steeple, indicate the site of Christ's Church College. The other buildings it is unnecessary to particularise. Another and very fine view of Oxford is thus described in the 'Rambles by Rivers'—("The Thames:")—"It is perhaps from the gentle slopes between Wytham and Binsey, that the best general view of Oxford is obtained. The broad sheet of water stretches beneath and before you, and the dark roofs and tall chimneys of the western suburb, which occupy the middle ground, serve to throw into a finer distance, and impart a more airy grace to the long range of towers, domes, and spires, that form the picture, and that mark, as we know, spots where have lived and laboured a succession of the noblest men that our country—so rich in noble men—has to boast of." The slopes here intended are probably those of Wytham Park, the property of the Earl of Abingdon; but the stranger had better not go there in search of the prospect:—admission is no longer granted to the wayfarer.

Our wood-engraving of Oxford (Cut, No. 1) is taken from the Thames near Binsey Green, just under Wytham Park. It is, perhaps, not so striking a prospect as some others, but we select it because it is less known, and has seldom, if ever before, been engraved. In this view, the city is seen from the opposite direction to that of the steel engraving.

We shall defer our examination of the interior of the city till we have glanced hastily over its history.

Like almost every ancient and every important city, Oxford has sought the aid of fable in order to extend its antiquity. It is, however, hardly worth our while to inquire whether it was a city in the shadowy era of the early British princes, or to search after the date of its foundation; nor need we stay to "consider curiously" into the origin of its name. It seems to be generally allowed that the name arose from there having been a ford across the Thames here; but Warton, and some other learned writers of late date have attempted to show that it was originally called Ousen-ford, or the Ford of the Ouse, a usual Saxon name for a river; and they think their hypothesis is supported by the preservation of the word in Ouseney, or Oseney Abbey, in the adjacent meadows; while the common opinion is, that Oxford owes its name to the ford being one chiefly used for oxen. This last is the favourite etymology of our older antiquaries, who found some pretty classical supports to strengthen it; and it is that adopted by the city itself, which carries as its arms "an ox *gules* passing through a ford"—an authority that surely ought to satisfy all reasonable people as to the sufficiency of this derivation. The name was written Oxnaford by the Saxons; in the Domesday Survey it is Oxeneford; and Oxenford it continued to be written down to a comparatively recent period.

Whatever was the date of its foundation, it was a place of some consequence in Saxon times, and was not unfrequently the seat of royalty. Alfred is said to have resided here; and some of his coins still exist, on which the name of the city is inscribed. In 1010 it was burned by the Danes, but it appears to have been quickly restored; for, not long after, it is spoken of as the residence of Edmund Ironsides, who died here, as was supposed, by unfair means, in 1016. During the reign of his successor, Canute, the great council of the nation was often held at Oxford. After the death of Canute, it was here that the Council met to decide on the rival claims of Harold and Hardicanute to the throne. In accordance with their decision, Harold was crowned at Oxford; and it was at Oxford that he died. At the Norman invasion the citizens of Oxford refused to submit to the Conqueror; and when, after his coronation, he marched into Oxfordshire, they resolutely denied him admittance into the city. But they paid dearly for their temerity. William stormed the walls, and wreaked a terrible vengeance on the inhabitants. The more effectually to keep them in subjection, he gave a considerable portion of land to one of his followers, named Robert D'Oilli, on condition of his erecting and maintaining a castle. The Domesday Survey, compiled about eighteen years after William's storming of the city, affords striking evidence of the effect of his violence, or of subsequent oppressive measures, or, perhaps, of both combined.

"In the town itself, as well within the walls as without, there are two hundred and forty-three houses paying the tax; and besides these, there are five hundred houses, save twenty-two, so waste and decayed that they cannot pay the tax." It deserves notice, too, as a proof of the king's resentment, that while other places, on account of their poverty, were rated at lower sums than in Edward's time (the survey being so drawn up as to show the present value as compared with that in the lifetime of the Confessor), Oxford was amerced at a far higher sum. "In the time of King Edward, Oxeneford paid for toll and gable, and all other customs, yearly to the king, twenty pounds and six sextaries of honey. But to Earl Algar ten pounds, his mill being added, which he had below the city. When the king went on an expedition, twenty burgesses went with him for all the others; or they paid twenty pounds to the king that all might be free. Now Oxeneford pays sixty pounds by tale, of twentypence in the ore." One other short passage is worth quoting, as an instance of the kind of tenure by which houses were held in walled towns:—"The king has twenty mural mansions, which were Earl Algar's in King Edward's time, paying then and now fourteen shillings save two-pence." And after enumerating other similar mansions of the king's, it adds, "They are called mural mansions, because, if it be necessary, and the king command it, they repair the walls." A list of those who hold mural mansions is then given, and it proceeds: "All these hold the aforesaid mansions free, because they repair the walls. All the mansions which are called mural were, in King Edward's time, free from all customary payments, except expedition and reparation of the walls. . . . And if, while the wall is necessary, it is not renewed by him who ought to do it, he shall either pay forty shillings to the king or lose his house." Some distance further the penalty for refusing to join an 'expedition' is also stated: "If he who is warned to go on an expedition do not go, he shall pay one hundred shillings to the king."

In the next reign Oxford was raised from its adversity by the presence and favour of the sovereign. Henry I. appears to have entertained considerable partiality for the town, perhaps, as Wood asserts, from his having been educated there. He built for himself a residence at Oxford, which was called Beaumont Palace, and was occasionally occupied by royalty down to the time of Edward II., who gave it to the society of Carmelite Friars for a monastery. A dilapidated fragment of it remained till 1830, when it was removed to make way for a new street, which, from its occupying the site of the palace, received the name of Beaumont-street. Henry also conferred upon the inhabitants of Oxford a charter of incorporation. Robert D'Oilli, the nephew of the Robert who built the castle, also contributed to the prosperity of the city by the foundation of the Abbey of Oseney.

Early in the following reign, Oxford witnessed the treacherous arrest of the bishops of Salisbury, Ely, and Lincoln; an event that had no small share in producing the calamities of the ensuing years. Stephen summoned a council at Oxford in 1139. Among the



1.—FROM THE THAMES, NEAR BINSEY GREEN.

chief men of the nation who were called to take part in it, was Roger, bishop of Salisbury, one of the most powerful of the English prelates. Roger had been treasurer and justiciary to Henry I.; and though he held no office under Stephen, his general influence remained unimpaired. Roger was, indeed, no ordinary man. He was distinguished by learning and ability, and scarcely less by his almost unbounded wealth, and the manner in which he expended it. "With unrivalled magnificence in their construction," says William of Malmesbury, "he erected splendid mansions on all his estates; in merely maintaining which, the labour of his successors will toil in vain. His cathedral [which he rebuilt] he dignified to the utmost with matchless ornaments and buildings, on which no expense was spared. It was truly wonderful to behold in this man what abundant power attended him in every kind of dignity, and flowed as it were to his hand. How great was the glory, indeed what could exceed it, that he should have made his two nephews, by virtue of his education, men of noted learning and industry, bishops; and not of mean sees, but of Lincoln and Ely" Malmesbury adds: "He was sensible of his power, and somewhat more harshly than became such a character, abused the favours of heaven." The nobles and powerful laymen had long regarded him with an envious eye, and continually urged the monarch to repress his pride, and that of his nephews. But Stephen only answered, that the time was not ripe, "assuaging the bitterness of delay either by his respect for the piety of the bishops, or, as I rather think, from apprehensions of the odium he might incur, by seizing their castles." Roger was most likely fully aware that the king was only watching for an opportunity to effect his ruin. He seems to have gone to the council at Oxford with great reluctance. "I heard him," says Malmesbury, "speaking to the following purport: 'By my Lady St. Mary, I know not why, but my heart revolts at this journey: this I am sure of, that I shall be of much the same service at court as a foal is in battle.'" His foreboding was verified. A dispute arose between his followers and those of the Earl of Brittany, a nobleman who was then on a visit to the king. In the tumult several of the earl's men were wounded, and his nephew was nearly killed. The bishop's servants were the victors, but their victory was not gained without bloodshed: many of them were wounded, and a knight was slain. The affair is by some suspected to have been contrived by Stephen, as a pretext for obtaining possession of the bishops, and seizing on their estates. Be that as it may, he availed himself of it for casting off the appearance of friendship, and at once ordered the arrest of Bishop Roger and his nephews. Ely escaped, but the others were seized and treated with extreme harshness—from the effects of which Roger soon after died. The king speedily became convinced that, in the language of modern politicians, he had committed something worse than a crime—a blunder. The whole body of the prelates and clergy, with his brother, the Bishop of Winchester, at their head, at once declared against him; and it is not difficult to trace much of his future ill-fortune to his conduct on this occasion. In the war between Stephen and Matilda, Oxford Castle was garrisoned for the empress-queen; and hither it was that she fled when driven out of London by the citizens. Somewhat later it was the scene of one of her most romantic adventures. Towards the end of 1142 she kept her court at Oxford. She had long baffled all Stephen's attempts to get her into his power; and he now marched against the city in which she was, with the avowed determination not to quit the siege till she was his prisoner. The city he soon stormed and burnt; but the queen retreated into the castle, which refused to listen to any terms. The winter set in with unusual severity, but the king prosecuted the siege with unabated vigour. For nearly three months he had been before the castle, and every effort that had been made to convey provisions to the besieged had been defeated. He knew that famine must soon open an entrance to him. He felt assured that at last the bird was in the toils, and every avenue of escape diligently guarded. The brave garrison, however, knew their duty. They might die, but they would not yield their queen a prisoner. It was not till she, as well as themselves, was nearly starved to death, that submission was spoken of. The surrender was fixed for the 21st of December; but on the night before it took place, the queen resolved to attempt an escape by one of those bold stratagems she knew so well how to contrive and execute, and which had been suggested to her by the rigour of the season. Snow covered the fields; the many arms into which the river here separates were frozen over. Here was her hope. Clothed in white, and accompanied by three trusty knights similarly clothed, about midnight she stole quietly out of a postern, and gliding, like a ghost, over the frozen river and snow-clad fields, passed unquestioned by the besiegers. If they saw her, they dared not stay one in such a shape. The party walked to Abingdon, where they procured horses, and on them arrived quickly and safely at Wallingford Castle, which had been held for her during the whole struggle by its redoubtable owner, Brien Fitz Count.

From the time of Henry II., the city is chiefly spoken of in connection with the University, upon whose prosperity it became, to a considerable extent, dependent. Not seldom is the record made on account of some dispute, or even battle, between the townsmen and scholars. One of the most serious of these tumults occurred in February 1345, when several, both of the scholars and townsmen, were killed. The townsmen were visited with a sufficiently heavy punishment, being placed under interdict by Grostête, bishop of Lincoln, to whose diocese the University then appertained. From this sentence they were not relieved till 1357, and then not till the mayor and sixty of the burgesses had bound themselves by oath, and under a penalty of a fine of one hundred marks for every omission, to attend at St. Mary's church on each

anniversary of the day of St. Scholastica, and, after the performance of masses for the souls of the clerks and students slain in the tumult, offer each a penny at the high altar; and also to pay a fine of 100 marks yearly to the University. In after generations the duty became especially distasteful to the citizens, and in the changes consequent on the Reformation it for a while fell into abeyance. The University, however, in the fifteenth year of the reign of Elizabeth, cited the townsmen before the queen's council, claiming the sum of fifteen hundred marks for arrears. After a tedious suit, the council remitted the fines, but directed the future observance of the penance, though, of course, without the masses; and in a still more modified form the ceremony continued to be annually repeated till 1825, when it was abrogated by the Convocation.

We must pass more hastily over the remaining portion of the history of the city. That it often suffered by pestilence and was sometimes almost depopulated; that the civil wars, and religious changes wrought it grievous loss, will be readily supposed, and need hardly be related. Some amends were made to the town, however, by the erection of it into a bishopric, which was in a good measure endowed out of the spoils of Oseney Abbey. The next public event which we need stay to mention, is that of the mock trial and atrocious burning of the martyrs Latimer, Ridley, and Cranmer. The climax of the troubles of both city and University happened when they fell into the hands of the Puritans. As long as the cause of Charles was tenable Oxford held out, and when it was seized by his enemies it suffered for its loyalty. The townsmen were, perhaps, hardly so ill-treated as the members of the University, but all public buildings suffered alike. Not only were all "monuments of superstition" destroyed by the fanatics, but all "tokens of monarchy" were defaced with equal zeal, whether merely signs on door-posts or house-fronts, or noble specimens of art on college or chapel walls and windows. To the injury inflicted on the various buildings every public edifice in Oxford still bears testimony. In later times, the only thing worth mentioning in the history of the town is that the supposed right-divine principles of the University had wrought so strongly on the nerves of the rulers of England, that they thought it necessary, when the Pretender made his wild advance into England in 1715, to quarter troops in Oxford, to keep the warlike heads of houses in awe, and prevent any incipient rising among the juniors, by confining the students to their several colleges.

But it is time we turned to the University. To relate the history of Oxford University properly would be to relate the history of learning in England: we can do no more than mention a few of the more prominent circumstances connected with the establishment of a university here, and that must illustrate its course. Like Cambridge its origin is involved in fable. As was said in our account of Cambridge, the two Universities for a long period keenly disputed their seniority. Cambridge traced its pedigree up to a very remote period; but Oxford went beyond it. When the Trojan prince Brute, it was said, came to Britain, some twelve hundred years before the Christian era, he brought with him a number of philosophers. Of these he established one moiety, famous for their Greek learning, in a pleasant locality on the upper part of the Thames; while to the others, whose chief skill was in the Latin tongue, he gave for a habitation, a village a few miles lower down the same river. The memory of their abode in those places, it was fancied, was retained in the names they yet bore—Crick-lade being a manifest corruption of the Greek, as Lech-lade was of the Latin town. In course of time the philosophers got tired of the dulness of their dwelling-places or their solitude, and agreed to remove together to a spot some twenty miles lower down the river, which till then was famed only as a ford for oxen. Thus arose the University of Oxenford. Old Antony-à-Wood having, in his History of the University, collected all the learning on the subject, takes great pains to prove the connection of Greeklade with Bellosite, which was the name the philosophers gave to their new town. Antony will not bate one jot from its antiquity. Some Oxonians, in the contest with the Cantabs, had been so faint-hearted as to be content to acknowledge Alfred as the founder of their University, in accordance with the notions of two or three monkish writers, who had also declared that Saints Neot and Grimbald were the first professors in it.* But Wood strenuously insists that there can be no doubt "there was at Oxford a school or academy of literature *before* the time of King Alfred; . . . . and that monarch, by his policy in the contrivance, and his endeavours used," only restored it from the obscurity into which it had declined. For further evidence of its antiquity the reader may refer to Antony's chapter "Against the impugners of, and entrenchers on the Antiquity of the University of Oxford." But we are constrained to admit that "honest Antony" is hardly a safe guide in this matter: —as may be gathered from his *naïve* commendation (in another work) of a brother antiquary's book on the same subject†—"In this are many pretty fancies, which may be of some use, as occasion shall serve, by way of reply for Oxon, against the far-fetched antiquities of Cambridge!" Antony loved truth well, but, like a duteous son, he loved Alma Mater better.

In truth, it is now generally admitted that all these stories about the antiquity of Oxford are—like those of Cambridge—at best only "pretty fancies." There may have been schools of learning at Oxford before

* In Asser's Life of Alfred there is a very specific account of Oxford as a seat of learning, and of the measures adopted by that monarch in order to put an end to the discord which sprung up between Grimbald and his foreign companions, and the scholars who were previously settled there; but the passage is generally regarded as an interpolation.

† Henry Lyte's Conjectural Notes on the Original of the University of Oxford.

the Conquest, though there is no mention of them in the Domesday survey. There can be no doubt that such schools did exist there at a very early period. The first authentic mention, however, of a university at Oxford occurs in the reign of Henry II.; but as early as 1149 Vacarius, an eminent civilian, taught the Roman law there, and his lectures were attended by a large number of students—a circumstance that denotes an approach to the character of a University. The first college—at least, according to authentic documents—was established in 1264.

Oxford University received its first charter from Henry III. The learning most esteemed in the thirteenth century was that scholastic theology and metaphysics of which Duns Scotus, an Oxford man, was the great master. In this learning Oxford became especially famous; so that before the reign of Edward III. it was reckoned only second to the University of Paris: indeed, it is affirmed that it possessed a more famous band of "subtle and invincible doctors" than any foreign university. Wood dwells with fond enthusiasm on this its time of glory:—"What university, I pray, can produce an invincible Hales, an admirable Bacon, an excellent well-grounded Middleton, a subtle Scotus, an approved Burley, a resolute Baconsthorpe, a singular Ockham, a solid and industrious Holcot, and a profound Bradwardine? all which persons flourished within the compass of one century. I doubt that neither Paris, Bologna, or Rome, that grand mistress of the Christian world, or any place else, can do what the renowned Bellosite hath done." Its fame spread far abroad. Scholars flocked to it from all parts of Europe. Wood says there were at this time three hundred halls and thirty thousand scholars in Oxford. This is undoubtedly rather beyond probability, but it is certain that a very large number of students did assemble there, and that they were of many nations; while the names are still preserved of many halls that have long ceased to exist. The vast number of ecclesiastics required at a time when, as it has been expressed, "the land swarmed with them," and when among them all the learned were ranked, would account for a very large number of scholars being collected in the most celebrated school of theology; and the very extravagance of the numbers handed down by tradition, testifies to the flourishing condition of the University.

From this its palmy state, however, it soon declined. The unsettled condition of the country, the difficulty, perhaps, of keeping up a succession of subtle and irrefragable professors, and, not least, the quarrelsome habits of the students, caused it to undergo many fluctuations. The pugnacious tastes of the students were indeed very marked; for logical disputations they were always famous, but, unhappily, they could not refrain from dealing with more material weapons than the quodlibets of the schools. The *argumentum ad baculum* was not the least favourite or frequently used of their *argumenta;* and the streets often witnessed its application. Englishmen fought against Scotchmen, and Irish against Welsh; while foreigners sided with one or the other of the bands, or occasionally got up an independent battle of their own: but all were ready to join their forces for a match with the townsmen, for whom, of course, they entertained a very proper academic contempt. These quarrels of the scholars among themselves, and with the citizens, produced, indeed, a very serious influence upon the University. More than once, owing to them, the scholars migrated in a body from Oxford, and it was not without much trouble that they were lured back again. In the foundation statutes of several of the oldest colleges, provision is made that "Northmen shall not abuse Southmen, nor Southmen Northmen." Their quarrels were not always, however, confined to themselves or the city: they are charged with having on one occasion assisted the "common rabble" of Abingdon in despoiling the monastery in that town, in revenge for some affront they had received from the Abbot. One of their most serious disputes, and that they came out of with the least success, occurred in 1238. Fuller tells the story in a very lively manner:—"Otho, cardinal, deacon of St. Nicholas, was sent the pope's legate into England; and going to Oxford, took up his lodgings in the abbey of Oseney. To him the scholars of Oxford sent a present of victuals before dinner; and after dinner, came to tender their attendance upon him. The porter, being an Italian, demanded their business; who answered him, that they came to wait on the lord legate; promising themselves a courteous reception, having read in the scripture 'A man's gift maketh room for him' (Prov. xviii. 16); though here, contrary to expectation, they were not received . . . . But whilst the porter held the door in a dubious posture, betwixt open and shut, the scholars forced their entrance. In this juncture of time, it unluckily happened that a poor Irish priest begged an alms, in whose face the clerk of the kitchen cast scalding water taken out of the cauldron. A Welsh clerk beholding this, bent his bow (by this time the scholars had got weapons) and shot the clerk of the kitchen stark dead on the place.

"This man thus killed, was much more than his plain place promised him to be, as no meaner than the brother of the legate himself; who, being suspicious that he might find Italy in England, and fearing to be poisoned, appointed his brother to oversee all food for his own eating. And now the three nations of Irish, Welsh, and English, fell downright on the Italians. The legate, fearing (as they came from the same womb) to be sent to the same grave with his brother, secured himself fast locked up in the tower of Oseney church, and there sat still and quiet, all attired in his canonical cope. But he, it seems, trusted not so much to his canonical cope, as the sable mantle of night, under the protection whereof he got out, without a guide, to make his escape; not without danger of drowning in the dark, being five times to cross the river, then swelling with late rain as much as the scholars with anger. He made fords where he

found none, all known passages being waylaid; and heard the scholars following after, railing on, and calling him usurer, simoniac, deceiver of the prince, oppressor of the people, &c.; whilst the legate wisely turned his tongue into heels, spurring with might and main to Abingdon, where the Court lay." (Church Hist. *b.* iii.) We must tell the rest more briefly. The king not only "did most affectionately compassionate" the legate, but sent the Earl Warren next day with a body of soldiers "to deliver the remainder of the Italians, and to seize on the scholars." The earl arrested thirty of the scholars, and sent them bound to Wallingford gaol; while the legate adopted the more efficient revenge of placing under interdict all who had taken part in the fray, which seems to have been tantamount to placing the University itself under ban of the Church. It was only on the intercession of the bishops that the legate would remove the interdict; and then the Oxford clerks were compelled to do penance, and the bishops along with them, by walking from "St. Paul's in London to Durham House in the Strand,—no short Italian (but an English long) mile, all on foot," the scholars being obliged to go shoeless, and without cloaks or capes.

Towards the close of the reign of Edward III., and during the better part of his successor's, Wiclif was professor of theology at Oxford, and his zealous preaching of his new doctrines caused a great commotion in the University. Around him rallied not only the more earnest of the students, but he also gained over the more thoughtful of the clerks; while his devoted regard for the rights of the clergy, in opposition to the encroachments of the mendicant friars, secured for him the good-will of the University. Such was the influence he had won, that when his teaching was pronounced heretical, it went far towards breaking-up the schools of Oxford. Before the University could again grow prosperous, came the long wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, in the train of which followed pestilence; so that at the accession of Henry VII. it was greatly depressed. With the establishment of peace it again flourished. In what is termed the "revival of learning" in England the University took a very active share; and the study of the classics was diligently pursued, though many of the older members sturdily resisted the introduction of the heathen writers; for awhile, as Warton observes (Hist. of Poetry, ii. 4), "the University was rent into factions on account of these bold attempts; and the advocates of the recent improvements, when the gentler weapons of persuasion could not prevail, often proceeded to blows with the rigid champions of the schools." The University continued to prosper till the spoliation of religious houses, and afterwards the Reformation, for awhile, checked its progress. The immediate result of the suppression of monasteries was very disastrous to Oxford. It was, as Ant.-à-Wood says, the monasteries "from whence exhibitions for poor scholars principally proceeded . . . . and upon their suppression, many of those students that had not wherewith to subsist in the University, were forced to leave it, and betake themselves to another course of life." And under the following year (1538) he states that "most of the halls or hostels were left empty, and threatened a decay; arts declined, and ignorance began to take place again. The canon law was much neglected, and few or none now took degrees in that faculty. Some of the religious houses in the University that were wont to educate many men eminent in their generations, were now dissolved, and their inhabitants, for the most part, turned out into the wide world. The rest expected daily their last doom, and were ready with the poor scholars to trudge a-begging, with bags by their sides, or wallets on their shoulders. Such strange and prodigious things were now performed, both here and throughout England, that the like was never before seen or heard." (Hist. of Univ. of Ox., ii. 67.) And nine years later, he informs us that, "Of hundreds of halls that tradition and record tell us have been in this University, but eight now remain. . . . . The dissolution of religious houses did so much discourage scholars, that they, fearing the utter ruin of learning, betook themselves to other employments."

But it was not alone by the loss of its scholars that the University suffered. Thomas Cromwell sent his commissioners as well to Oxford as to other places, and with a like result. That coarse ribald, Dr. Layton, was chosen to examine the University. His letter to Secretary Cromwell sufficiently illustrates his proceedings. We may quote a passage from it; propriety will not permit us to give it entire. He says, "We have set Dunce in Boccardo,* and utterly banished him Oxford for ever. . . . . The second time we came to New College, we found all the great quadrant-court full of leaves of Dunce, the winds blowing them into every corner, and there we found one Mr. Greenfield, of Buckinghamshire, gathering part of the said book-leaves (as he said) therewith to make him scuels, or blaunsheers, to keep the deer within the wood, thereby to have the better cry with his hounds." The mischief done on this occasion to what Wood well calls the University's "chief support, the libraries," appears to have been mainly confined to the volumes of scholastic theology. But on future occasions the destruction of MSS. was wider and irreparable—and these are the things we ought to bear in mind, when reading of the paucity of MSS. that have come down to us from what are called "the Dark Ages," and not at once conclude, as many historians have done, that because there are now few such MSS., there never were many. We should remember that all religious establishments in this country underwent a similar purgation.

In the 4th of Edward VI. (1550) commissioners, with Dr. Cox at their head, were sent to Oxford, to

* Dunce was Duns Scotus, the text-book of that scholastic learning for which Oxford was so famous; Boccardo was the common prison! but, as he goes on to boast, he had set him in a far viler place.

make search after popish books and superstitious relics. Wood tells the result:

"The ancient libraries, a glory to the University, as containing among them many rarities, the works of our own countrymen, besides many matters obtained from remote places, were by them, or their appointment, rifled. Many MSS., guilty of no other superstition than red letters in their fronts or titles, were either condemned to the fire or worse. Others also, that treated of controversial or scholastical divinity, were let loose from their chains, were given away, or sold to mechanics for servile uses. Such books wherein appeared angles, or mathematical diagrams, were thought sufficient to be destroyed, because accounted popish, or diabolical, or both. . . . As for the libraries belonging to colleges, they suffered the same fate almost as the public library, though not in so gross a manner. From Merton Coll. library a cart-load of MSS. and above were taken away, such that contained the lucubrations, chiefly of controversial divinity, astronomy and mathematics, of divers of the learned fellows thereof, in which studies they in the last two centuries obtained great renown." Other colleges were similarly rifled, "and the commissioners brought it so to pass, that certain rude young men should carry this great spoil of books about the city on biers; which being so done, to set them down in the common market-place, and there burn them. . . . This was by them styled the funeral of Scotus and Scotists." Wood sorrowfully adds: "Such a general destruction was now and some years before, as well in both the Universities as religious places, that many precious monuments, and thereby the most substantial parts of antiquity and history, were, to the great prejudice of mankind, irrecoverably lost." This reckless destruction was equally lamented by learned and moderate men of both parties, and some books and MSS. were saved by the zeal of private individuals; but such was the amount of spoil, that "books became mere dog-cheap, and whole libraries could be bought for an inconsiderable nothing." Bale, a contemporary, tells us that books were exported by the ship-load, and whole libraries appropriated to the commonest purposes. "I know," he says, "a merchantman, which shall at this time be nameless, that bought the contents of two noble libraries for forty shillings' price, a shame it is to be spoken. This stuff hath he occupied in the stead of gray paper by the space of more than these ten years, and yet he hath store enough for as many years to come."

Although Mary regarded the University with no ill-will, but was rather desirous of raising it in character and fortune, her bitter bigotry effectually frustrated any benefit that might else have resulted from her good intentions. She did some things that were calculated to be beneficial, but they were accompanied by others that more than counterbalanced the advantages they possessed. Commissioners were now sent to Oxford to search for and destroy all Protestant books, and English bibles; and all freedom of opinion was placed under ban. As a warning to the University, Oxford was chosen as the place where the Protestant leaders, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, should be burnt.

With Elizabeth came brighter and happier days. Learning revived, and learned men were sought out and amply encouraged. Under her fostering care, our University quickly rose to an eminently flourishing condition; and, to borrow the words of Hallam, (Hist. of Lit. ii. 258,) "continued through her reign the seat of a progressive education." Her successor was equally anxious for its welfare. It was in his reign that it received the privilege of sending two representatives to the House of Commons. So long as Charles I. retained power, he manifested a warm regard for its interest, and, at the instigation of Laud, conferred many benefits upon it. But the disputes between Charles and the Parliament from their commencement involved Oxford in turmoil. The University was earnest in support of the king, while a great number of the younger students had adopted the principles of the puritans. When the civil war broke out, the University money, and a good deal of the plate, was sent to the king. Charles, as is well known, made Oxford for some time his head quarters, and assembled *his* parliament there. Teaching was of course neglected: the halls were most of them turned into barracks: both students and doctors very generally exchanged the cap for the helmet. At the termination of the war the University, as might be expected, was rather roughly treated. The heads of houses were for the most part ejected, and their places supplied by men whose religious principles were more accordant to the notions of the successful party. What had been left undone by previous commissioners in the "rooting out of popish books and pictures," was now completed by their more zealous successors. They did not their work negligently. "Pictures of prophets, apostles, and saints, painted in college chapels both in stalls and windows: the picture of Christ in our Lady's arms, or in other postures, whether cut in stone, wood, or painted: as also history in glass, crosses, &c. . . . as well as all other monuments of superstition, as they were pleased to style them," they utterly defaced: to say nothing of "popish books," which they did their best entirely to root out. The clearance was thorough.

But the University, though depressed, was not destroyed. Cromwell was elected its Chancellor; and he procured John Owen, the celebrated Independent minister, to be appointed Vice-chancellor, in whose hands the government of the University was, of course, in a good measure vested. Owen was a rigid puritan, and, as may be supposed, he made it one of his chief endeavours to eradicate every vestige of those ceremonies and practices against which his party had so loudly and zealously declaimed. The whole habits of the place underwent a change. A stern system of theology was taught, antl the slightest departure from its requirements severely condemned. Among the novel apparatus set in motion by the puritan Vice, was

the opening of an office for the satisfying of religious doubts and difficulties; or, as the students, to whom it offered an irresistible subject for the employment of their wit, termed it, a "scruple shop." But with all his "strictness" Owen was moderate and forbearing in conduct, and he did much to temper the violence of his party. He was, too, a man of real learning; and during his chancellorship the University was never deficient in teachers of solid erudition and ability, or scholars who profited by their instruction. Clarendon honestly owns that, during the Commonwealth period, "the University yielded a harvest of extraordinary, good, and sound knowledge in all parts of learning."

At the Restoration the puritan heads of houses, professors, and college-fellows, were in their turn ejected; and the old masters and fellows were reinstated, or their places filled, by others not suspected of puritanism. The University was restored to all its privileges, and soon regained its former splendour and prosperity. Its steady resistance to the encroachments of James II. will be remembered. Its subsequent history it is unnecessary to repeat here. No important or extraordinary circumstance has occurred to the University itself,—at least, none of a nature belonging to its outward history. The temporary fluctuations it has undergone have been such as were dependent mainly on the changing tone of public feeling. It falls not within our province to speak of the "church principles," whether "high" or "low," that at different times have prevailed, or been supposed to prevail, in it. For the same reason we shall only refer—as having a notable influence on the fortunes and character of the University—to the great religious movements which in the last and present centuries originated in Oxford.

It would be idle, in such a sketch of the University as we can offer, to enter into the question of its merits as a place of education, or to speak of the eminent men who have distinguished its several eras. That it has at different times fallen below the rank it ought to have held, none will dispute; but, on the other hand, it may fairly claim to have maintained a position at least equal to what the general character of the age would warrant an unprejudiced person in requiring from it, on a fair estimate of the inner history of the country at that period. And it is not too much to say, that there has never been a time when it has not sent orth some sons who would have done honour to any age.

The constitution of the University is nearly the same as that of Cambridge, which has been already described (vol. i. p. 117); but it will, perhaps, be as well to give a cursory account of it. The University is a corporate body, "styled and to be styled by none other name than the Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the University of Oxford." It is not, as is often supposed, a mere collection of colleges, nor do the colleges form part of the corporation, though its existence may be said to depend on a union of them. The business of the University is carried on in the two houses of Congregation and Convocation, which are made up of members of the University who have obtained the degree of M.A. The duty of the upper house, or Congregation, is principally to pass graces and dispensations, and grant degrees. The power of Convocation reaches to all the affairs of the University, though it can only entertain questions sent to it from the Hebdomadal Board, or heads of houses, who are so named from their meetings being held weekly; and its power is limited with regard to matters affecting the statutes of the University. Yet, while these houses are entrusted with such authority, their measures are subject to an absolute veto by the chancellor or vice-chancellor singly, and by the two proctors jointly. The chief officer of the University is the chancellor, who is elected for life, and holds, nominally at least, high powers; but, actually, these are delegated to the vice-chancellor. According to Oxford etiquette, the chancellor, after his installation, never enters the University, except when he is called upon to receive or accompany any royal visitants. The office is now an honorary one, and is always conferred upon some eminent nobleman who is already a member of the University. The resident head of the University is the vice-chancellor, who is chosen in rotation from the heads of houses, and holds his appointment for four consecutive years. He is the chief executive officer of the University, and his position is one of much dignity as well as importance. It is the vice-chancellor who is occasionally seen walking, in extraordinary state, in the streets of Oxford, being preceded by a number of esquires and yeoman bedels with wands, or, as they are styled by the profane, *pokers*. The vice-chancellor is also, by virtue of his office, a magistrate of the city and county of Oxford, and of the county of Berks. His immediate deputies are the two proctors, also officers of importance. The other University officers are the professors, and such as are required for carrying out its educational purposes, with those necessary for the enforcement of discipline, and the management of its pecuniary concerns. To enter into further particulars would be both tedious and useless, as their employments could not be understood by readers unacquainted with University customs, without such details a neither our plan nor space permits us to give.

The chief distinction in the members of the University is into those "on the foundation," and those "not on the foundation:" the former consisting of the heads of houses, or persons holding college fellowships or scholarships, and receiving from them a certain income; those not on the foundation being, on the other hand, such as maintain themselves, while at the University, wholly at their own expense. The distinction is pointed out in the term applied officially to the two classes, the one being styled "dependent," the other "independent" members. There is no difference in their privileges. All students who matriculate at the University are required to belong to some college.

There are nineteen colleges and five halls in Oxford. The colleges are incorporated bodies, each being

governed by its fellows in accordance with the statutes provided by its founder, or at a subsequent period. The halls differ principally from the colleges in not being incorporated; their privileges are nearly the same. One rather striking difference, however, exists: the colleges, with one exception—that of Worcester, by much the most recent foundation—elect their own masters or principals, while the masters of the halls are appointed by the Crown, except St. Edmund's Hall, the master of which is appointed by Queen's College. The colleges owe their foundation to the piety of individuals who, at various periods, have aimed to serve the Church by the establishment of places for the education of youth, and the residence and support of men who should devote themselves to meditation and study in connection with the established religion. And in every foundation further rewards are held out to meritorious students, in the shape of comfortable advowsons, and the like. Indeed, as old Fuller somewhat quaintly observes, "it is not the least part of Oxford's happiness, that a moiety of her founders were prelates, who had an experimental knowledge of what belonged to the necessities and conveniences of scholars, and therefore have accommodated them accordingly; principally in providing them the patronage of many good benefices, whereby the fellows of those colleges are plentifully maintained after their leaving of the University." In truth, the student finds at Oxford all those external stimulants that have ever been considered, both by imaginative and practical men, of the highest value in the scholastic career,—namely, a proud train of historic recollections; the names of a long line of glorious ancestry, of whom the venerable buildings by which he is surrounded at every step recals the memory; the habits and traditions that impart what has been well termed "an atmosphere of learning" to the place; the spur of a generous and noble rivalry working along with the hope of honour; and the prospect of early and not scanty reward as the prize of academic success.

And now let us look round the city, and note a few of the more noticeable features. Even these, however, are too numerous to stay long in examining. So large is the number of collegiate buildings, and specimens of ecclesiastical architecture, and so interesting often are their contents, that weeks might be spent in their examination, and volumes would be required to convey a satisfactory notion of them. Wordsworth, on looking over the city, exclaims—

> "Ye spires of Oxford! domes and towers!
> Gardens and groves! Your presence overpowers
> The soberness of reason."

And an observer, no less skilful than Sir Walter Scott, wrote to a friend after his first visit: "The time has been much too short to convey to me separate and distinct ideas of all the variety of wonders which I saw. My memory only at present furnishes a grand but indistinct picture of towers, and chapels, and oriels, and vaulted halls, and libraries, and paintings:" and yet he had spent a week there, diligently occupied in its exploration, and had been fortunate, as he said, in having Heber for his guide, "who was intimately acquainted with all, both animate and inanimate, that is worth knowing." Our rough general survey will then, we hope, hardly be complained of on account of incompleteness, or of some indistinctness of detail.

We must first visit the famous High Street—Oxford's pride—a place which never fails to surprise the stranger with its beauty, and one which no amount of intimacy with ever lessens in our estimation. Had it been designed merely with a view to the general effect, the result could not have been better. The great and rich variety of buildings—colleges and churches mingling with modern shops and old-fashioned dwellings,—and the diversity of the styles in which they are constructed—are brought, by the gentle curvature of the street, into combination and contrast in the most pleasing manner. Nothing can well surpass the way in which the splendid architectural array opens gradually upon the passenger who descends it from Magdalen Bridge. Well may the poet celebrate

> "The stream-like windings of that glorious street."

There is none other like it in England. Even Scott, in describing his "own romantic town" in the 'Provincial Antiquities,' when declaring that "it cannot be denied that the High Street of Edinburgh is the most magnificent in Great Britain,"—even he is forced to "except, *perhaps*, the High Street of Oxford;" while Dr. Waagen ('Art and Artists in England'), without any hesitation, asserts that "the High Street of Oxford has not its equal in the whole world." Be that as it may, it is a most noble street; and its general proportions are such as most favourably exhibit the magnificence of its edifices. It is of sufficient breadth* to preserve an air of dignity, without being so wide as to cause the stately structures on either side to appear dwarfed; while the easy curvature brings the varied architectural forms and styles into opposition, and prevents anything like formality. Our sketch (Cut, No. 2) is taken from near Queen's College, part of which is seen at the right-hand corner. The college beyond is that of All Souls. University College is at the left-hand corner. The highly-wrought spire seen above All Souls' College is that of the University Church; the church lower down the street is that of All Saints Generally the quiet of the street well accords with its academic appearance; the stillness being only broken by a few gownsmen, and two or three straggling passengers stepping leisurely along. Its scrupulously clean look, too, is generally noticed by the visitor. Yet a century back it must have been rather remarkable for the want of both these qualities. In the "Gentleman and Lady's Pocket Companion for Oxford, 1747," it is said that the butcher-market is held in the High Street, and "greatly diminishes the beauty of it:" and it also states, that "another great nuisance is the dirt which

* High Street is 2,038 feet long and 85 feet broad.

people bring out of their houses, and lay in the middle of the street in heaps every morning."

The High Street is the eastern and principal entrance to the city. The northern entrance is also very fine; the part called St. Giles's being a sort of "*place*" some two hundred and fifty feet broad and two thousand feet long, planted with noble trees, and having on one side the extensive buildings of St. John's College, and the University Galleries on the other, while Magdalen Church and the Martyrs' Memorial are directly in front. The southern entrance—that by which railway passengers enter the city over Folly Bridge—is the least imposing. The most noticeable thing here was an ancient sort of gatehouse, known as Friar Bacon's Study, which used to stand on the old bridge. To the tradition which identified it as the study of the redoubted friar, was appended a prediction that it would fall whenever a man more learned than Roger passed under it. It remained, nevertheless, quite unshaken till near the close of the last century—a period when Oxford was in a wonderfully enlightened condition. Then, as is reported, certain senior fellows began to quake; and it being found very inconvenient to make the long, roundabout passage that had become necessary whenever they had occasion to go beyond the city in that direction,—it being feared, too, that in some fit of cogitation of more than ordinary depth, some one of them might even pass under it,—it was thought advisable to remove the dangerous structure. Some thirty years later the bridge itself was pulled down, and the present one built in its place. The western entrance to the town has rather a singular appearance, from the road being carried across the meadows on a raised causeway. This road is known as the Seven Bridges, from its passing over the seven streams into which the Thames here separates. The immediate approach to the town in this direction is very mean.

It may be as well, in looking a little more particularly at the principal buildings, to commence with those belonging to the University. Of these the largest and most important is that called the Schools, which was so named from its being originally intended as the place in which the University lectures in the various faculties should be given. The names of these still remain in gold letters over the several doorways; but the building itself has long been applied to other purposes, only natural philosophy and medicine being now taught in it. The chief part of the upper story is appropriated to the Bodleian Library and Picture Gallery: the lower part is used for the exhibition of the Arundel Marbles, the preservation of University records, and for examination for degrees, and the transaction of University business. The building consists of a very large quadrangle, the external front of which is 175 feet in length. The first stone was laid in 1613; and the style is rather fanciful than elegant, as will be supposed when it is mentioned that a chief beauty (and one which the cicerone never fails to point out) is that the tower "consists of the five orders of architecture." If, however, the visitor should feel little inclined to linger over the exterior of the building, he will find treasures inside enough to occupy the longest time he can devote to them. A doorway at the left corner of the quadrangle is the entrance to the Bodleian Library. This noble library owes its foundation to the munificence and the zeal of Sir Thomas Bodley. When he retired from the public service in 1573, and took up his abode in Oxford, he discovered that of the public library which Humphrey, surnamed the good Duke of Gloucester, had founded in the fifteenth century, not above three or four volumes were left. To the task of refounding the library, Bodley devoted the remainder of his life. His own library, which he had accumulated on the Continent at an expense of £10,000—a sum very much larger in those days than at present—served as the nucleus of the collection; and to its increase he zealously urged the noble and wealthy to contribute. His efforts were abundantly successful; and though he did not live to see the building completed which he began as soon as he found the number of books would require a new house to contain them, he yet lived long enough to behold a library collected such as took rank among the very first in the kingdom, and a building rising worthy to contain it. In subsequent times additions have been made by various benefactors, on a scale worthy of the prince-like founder. Whole collections, often of a most costly character, have been presented; and endless have been the gifts of a lesser grade, both in printed books and manuscripts. The University too, has, for the last sixty-seven years, annually set aside a considerable sum for the purchase of books; while, by Act of Parliament, a copy of every new work has to be forwarded to the library by the publisher. By all these means the Bodleian Library has grown to be one of the finest public libraries in existence; and in some departments—that of Oriental Literature, for example—it is probably unrivalled. The management of the library is creditable to the liberality of the University. Literary men, whether belonging to the University or not, are freely admitted to the use of the books, upon proper introduction; while the rooms are open to the public three days in each week. Some of the most curious articles are exposed to general view in glass cases, and will be found interesting, else, perhaps, the mere outsides of books are not commonly very attractive. Still, even in the rooms appropriated to books, there will be found much that will repay the visit; to say nothing of the portraits of eminent literary men that hang upon the walls, or the curious ceilings of the rooms, or the arrangement of the presses which contain the books, and which, to those not accustomed to college libraries, have an air of novelty. From the Library we ascend the stairs to the Picture Gallery, which occupies the three upper stories of the quadrangle. The pictures consist for the most part of portraits, the chief interest of which arises from their representing men of literary eminence, or benefactors to the University. Some of them, however, are valuable as works of art. Several

are by Holbein; one or two are attributed to Jansen; Vandyke, Lily, Kneller, Reynolds, Phillips, and Wilkie are the painters of others. Among those by Holbein, the portraits of Henry VIII., as well of his noble victims, the Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas More, will attract attention; as will also those of Luther and Erasmus, of Wolsey and Thomas Cromwell, though a connoisseur would, perhaps, hesitate before he acquiesced in every instance either in the authenticity of the portrait or the genuineness of the master. Among the more interesting of those which bear the name of Vandyke are those of Charles and his queen, of Laud, and of the earls of Strafford, Falkland, and Pembroke. Ben Jonson, Dryden, Cowley, Addison, Swift, Prior, and Locke, may be taken as samples of the literary men whose likenesses adorn the walls. The portrait of Handel is said to be the only one for which he sat. 'Paine, the Architect, instructing his Son,' is a very pleasing example of the genius of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The two full-length portraits of William IV. and Queen Adelaide, by Wilkie, are by no means favourable specimens of his powers. One of the latest additions to the gallery is the large portrait, by Lucas, of the Duke of Wellington, in his robes, as Chancellor of the University. In the centre room are a few casts from Grecian statues, and also some original busts. One of the best of these is Chantrey's bust of the Duke of Wellington: there is another, by the same artist, of the late Dean of Westminster, Dr. Ireland. Those of Newton and Sir Christopher Wren are by Wilton and Bacon. One of the most striking objects in this room is a brass statue of the Earl of Pembroke, Chancellor of the University from 1616 to 1630. It is the work of Le Socur, but is traditionally said to have been designed by Rubens. Along the centre of the rooms are numerous models of the ancient temples of Greece and Italy; a very curious one of a subterraneous palace in Guzerat; an elaborate model of the Cathedral of Calcutta; and two, of extremely beautiful execution, of the Eleanor Cross at Waltham, and the Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford. Among the "rarities" in the room are a chair made out of the ship in which Drake sailed round the world, and the veritable lantern of Guido Fawkes!

In a room on the basement story are the celebrated Arundel Marbles. They consist of inscribed stones, brought mostly from Smyrna, and were part of the collection made by the Earl of Arundel in the seventeenth century. Their chief value is, of course, for students of classic antiquities, but they are otherwise interesting, as being a part of the earliest collection of ancient sculpture brought to this country, and as having done much to excite the study of antiquity in England. Selden wrote a description of the Earl's collection; his own stores are now deposited along with them.

Close by the Picture Gallery is the Divinity School, wherein the exercises for degrees in divinity are performed. It is a large and noble room, and in its original state, before the elaborate carvings were defaced or the painted windows broken, must have had a splendid appearance. It was built in 1480, and was one of the richest specimens of the architecture of that age. During the religious troubles, however, it was greatly injured, so that in the reign of Edward VI. it was in a state of dilapidation; the lead was stript from the roof, the fittings were stolen from the interior, and nettles and brambles grew about it. During the civil wars it was used as a storehouse for corn. It was not till the beginning of the eighteenth century that it was restored to its present condition. The upper room, which was used for Duke Humphrey's library, now contains a portion of the Bodleian. From the Divinity School a door leads into the Convocation House, where the members of convocation meet for the transaction of the University business, and the conferring of degrees. The building itself has nothing remarkable about it—only at a convocation would it be worth seeing.

The buildings we have been noticing are all united with each other, and most of the other University buildings are close at hand. The Theatre will of course be visited. It is a large semi-classic structure, of the style that Jones and Wren made so popular in England. It was erected under the superintendence of Sir Christopher Wren, who is said to have taken the ground plan from the theatre of Marcellus at Rome. The interior area is 80 feet by 70; and the roof which spans it, unsupported by a single pillar, is one of the largest roofs in existence which is borne merely by the walls. There is a tradition at King's College, Cambridge, that Sir Christopher used annually to visit their famous chapel in order to study the manner in which its ponderous roof is hung aloft; but if so, he did not succeed in discovering the secret of its stability: this roof at Oxford, when it had stood little more than a century, seemed "nodding to its fall," and it had to be rebuilt in 1802, while that at King's is still as firm as though it were but of yesterday's erection. The Theatre is sometimes called Sheldon's Theatre, from having been built at the expense of that prelate, who paid £15,000 for its construction, and gave a further sum of £2,000 to be laid out in estates, the rents of which are appropriated to its repair. It is used for the public ceremonials of the University, for which it is admirably adapted. It will contain above three thousand persons, and the vast space being entirely unobstructed, permits all the proceedings to be freely seen. The room, too, is a very splendid one, and richly painted and gilt. The ceiling is intended to represent painted canvass strained over gilt cordage, after the fashion of a Roman amphitheatre. On great occasions the area is occupied by masters of arts and strangers, the latter, perhaps, in brilliant uniforms; on the semicircle at the northern end sit the University magnates and noblemen in their robes of scarlet or purple, and gold; the lower galleries are filled with ladies, in all the glory of beauty—and full dress; while the upper galleries are crowded by undergraduates:—as will be conceived, a brave sight.

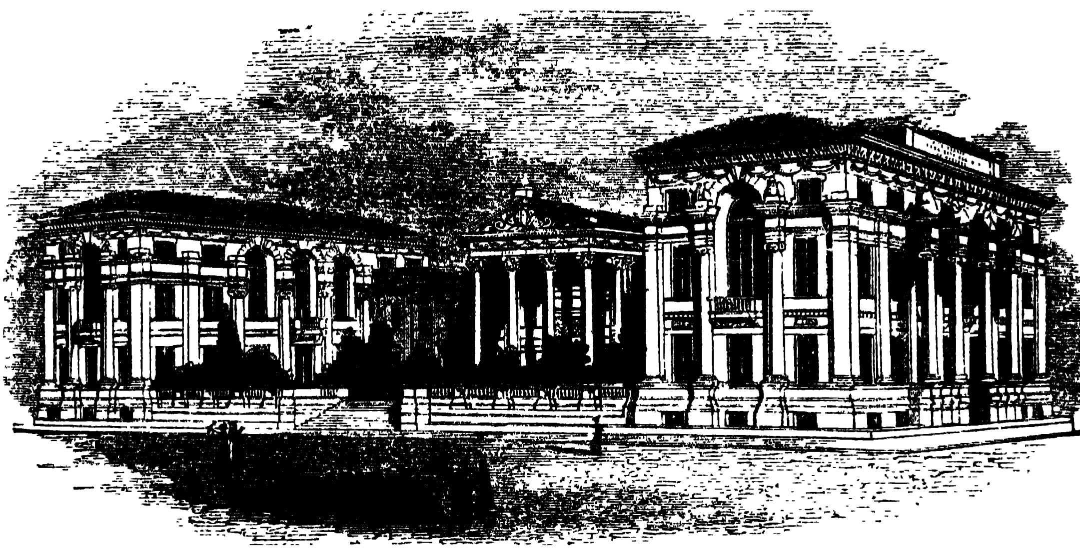
Some senior fellows love yet to talk of its appearance when the allied monarchs were entertained in it in 1814. The most memorable of its latest gala days is the visit of the Queen and Prince Albert in 1841; to which may perhaps be added the entertainment of the *savans* in 1847, on occasion of the meeting of the British Association at Oxford. For many years after the erection of the Theatre the University press was worked in the roof, and long after the printing was done in the building called the Clarendon, all books printed by the University bore the words "E Theatro Sheldoniano." The Clarendon Press stands just by the Theatre: it is a neat building, which was erected out of the profits of the University edition of Clarendon's History, whence its name; Vanbrugh was the architect. It was used as the University printing office for above a century, but when, in consequence of the great increase in the printing business, the present large building was erected, the old Clarendon was of course applied to other uses. The Museums of Geology and Mineralogy, collected by Doctors Buckland and Simmons, are now deposited in it: they are open to the public. At a little distance from the Clarendon is the Ashmoleian Museum, so called after that odd compound of learning and quackery, Elias Ashmole, who presented his museum to the University. In its former state it was a choice collection of 'rarities;' including all kinds of marvellous relics, from the head of the Dodo down to 'a very curious shoe made of more than a thousand pieces of leather.' Ashmole's collection was the Tradescant Museum so famous in its day, swelled by the addition of coins, manuscripts, and all sorts of oddities accumulated by himself. The library of Lilly, the notorious astrologer, is among its treasures. Within these few years it has undergone a careful rearrangement; the worthless rarities are dismissed or removed out of sight; judicious selections have been made of new objects of natural history, and without becoming a mere dry and formally-arranged collection of scientific display, it is now rendered instructive to the naturalist and antiquary, and interesting to the general visitor.

In the centre of the square of which the Schools form one side, stands the Radcliffe Library, a building which presents a curious contrast to the surrounding edifices. The building itself is supported upon arches and surmounted by a dome. The basement consists of a double octagon; the upper part is round, and has attached Corinthian columns. Not much can be said either for its grandeur or beauty when seen close at hand, but the lofty dome is a striking object from a distance, and adds a pleasing variety to the general view of the "city of spires and pinnacles." Gibbs was the architect; and the building occupied from 1737 to 1749. Whatever others may think of the pile, the architect himself was very well satisfied with his work; of which he published an elaborate series of elevations and working plates, under the title of 'Bibliotheca Radclivinia,' fol., 1747. The building was founded by the eccentric but eminent physician, Dr. Radcliffe, who bequeathed the sum of £40,000 for the purpose; to which he added an endowment of £350 a year for the purchase of books, the salary of a librarian, and the repairs of the building. The library and collections are to be especially connected with the study of natural philosophy, whence it used to be sometimes called the Physic Library. On no account should the stranger omit to visit the Radcliffe. By the door is a bust of the founder, by Rysbrach. Another, with the comical physiognomy of the architect (which looks as if Hogarth might have moulded it), stands at the top of the staircase. The interior of the library is light and graceful, though perhaps not very appropriate. A gallery, supported by Ionic pilasters, is carried round the room. The dome, which is forty-six feet in height from the floor, is divided into compartments, and, like the walls, elaborately ornamented in stucco. The contents of the room deserve a leisurely examination. Among the works of art are casts of some of the most celebrated antique statues, which are so arranged as very considerably to heighten the general effect of the room; but of more value to the visitor are the few original antiquities, such as the marble candelabra found in the ruins of the Emperor Adrian's villa. There are also some busts of eminent naturalists, the first place among which is due, perhaps, to that of Cuvier, by the younger David. Among the more generally interesting of the objects connected with the particular purpose of the library, are the large and choice collections of Italian and other marbles, which display a variety that not a little surprises a novice; and some excellent models, illustrative of geology and physical geography. From the interior you pass to the balustrade which surrounds the dome on the exterior, from whence you may obtain an excellent view of the city. It was for this, as much as for the library itself, that we counselled the stranger not to omit visiting the Radcliffe. The building stands nearly in the centre of the city, and from it you have a panoramic view of Oxford, such as should not be missed. The marvellous assemblage of academic architecture can here be fairly understood; the extent and variety are perceived, and their positions and connection become clear; while the height, although quite sufficient to let the whole of the city, and a good portion of the suburbs, be seen, is yet not so great as to produce that very unsatisfactory appearance common in what are called bird's-eye views.

The buildings we have been noticing are placed close together: the other University buildings are situate at some distance from them. The Radcliffe Observatory stands a short distance north of the city; the University Press is only just within the limits. Neither of these shall we visit. The former has nothing in its exterior to attract the stranger, who is, of course, not admitted inside. The University Printing-office is a very large building, having a frontage of 250 feet, and projecting wings 288 feet long; and it has some architectural pretensions. The erection of it was commenced in 1826. A press-room in the south wing is



2. –HIGH-STREET.



3.—TAYLOR INSTITUTE.

288 feet long, and 33 feet wide, being, it is said, the largest in the kingdom. One other building belonging to the University remains, which must not be passed unnoticed,—the University Galleries. This is the last building of importance that has been erected in Oxford, and the most important that has been erected there for many years. Sir Robert Taylor and Dr. Randolph bequeathed sums of money, the one "for erecting a proper edifice, and for establishing a foundation for the teaching and improving the European languages"—the other for erecting galleries for the reception of the Pomfret Statues belonging to the University, "and for paintings, engravings, and other curiosities, which may occasionally be left to that learned body." It being found difficult to procure ground suitable for these two buildings, the authorities determined to unite them in one; and C. R. Cockerell, Esq., R.A., was the architect appointed to carry out the intentions of the founders. The result is certainly a very magnificent edifice—vast in size, substantial in character, ornate in the details; but though very picturesque in effect, perhaps wanting something in impressiveness as a whole. To us, at least, the parts have an unconnected appearance. The fault, if it exist, may arise from the difficulty of uniting in one design objects so different as galleries of art and lecture-rooms for modern languages, and moulding it so as that while the parts are appropriate, the whole shall preserve unity and dignity of character. The central building is about 150 feet long, and has a tetrastyle Corinthian portico rising above the building itself to a level with the wings. The wings, which project about 70 feet beyond the centre, have Ionic columns, and very large arched windows, which cut through the entablature—a feature not unusual in Mr. Cockerell's works. The east wing is the Taylor building; the west, the Randolph building. The front of the Taylor building in St. Giles's-street, has an unusual richness and piquancy of character from the capitals of the four columns being surmounted by statues of France, Germany, Italy, and Spain—the nations whose languages are taught in the institution. (Cut, No. 3.) Internally, the rooms seem well adapted for their several purposes. Visitors will, of course, only be attracted by the Galleries. They consist of galleries for ancient and modern sculpture; and for paintings, drawings, and engravings. Already they contain many noble specimens of art. In ancient sculpture, there is the Pomfret collection, which, though of but meagre interest compared with those in the British Museum, is yet of considerable value. It is, however, to be regretted that many of the statues were grievously injured by one Guelfi, an Italian, who was employed by the father of Earl Pomfret, when they came into his possession, to restore them. Guelfi mistook the original intent of every statue he operated on, and spoiled nearly all. The modern sculpture includes the "munificent gift," as the University well termed it, of the original models of the entire series of Sir Francis Chantrey's busts, the greater part of his monumental figures, and also his studies from the antique, which his widow presented to the University, "on condition that a permanent place be assigned to them in the Western Sculpture Gallery . . . it being understood that, if removed, the whole collection, under the name of the Chantrey Collection, shall always be kept together.' It is not easy to overrate the value of this collection. Probably no sculptor ever equalled Chantrey in the execution of a bust. Almost invariably he seized the most characteristic expression, and he always represented the features with fidelity, and in a masterly breadth of style. His chisel perpetuated, as is well known, a large

proportion of the most eminent of his contemporaries; and these invaluable records, in all their original freshness of conception, are here brought together in one gallery. And interesting as they are now, their interest will be continually increasing as, one after another, the men become mere historic names. Nor should the value of such an opportunity to the student of art, of studying the entire works of so eminent an artist, be overlooked: it is to him what the original records of an age are to the historian. But valuable as is this collection, it is far surpassed by the drawings of Michael Angelo and Raffaelle, which are in the rooms above. These formed a part of the matchless collection of drawings which belonged to Sir Thomas Lawrence. After his decease, the entire collection, upon the Government declining to purchase it, passed into the hands of the Messrs. Woodburn, the picture-dealers. Eventually, the drawings of Michael Angelo and Raffaelle were purchased by the University for the sum of £7,000; towards which the Earl of Eldon subscribed no less than £4,150. We remember the drawings when they were at Woodburn's, and miss some of them here, which were among the best, and which, as we are informed, were selected by foreign purchasers. There are here fifty-three drawings by Angelo, and one hundred and thirty-seven by Raffaelle. Some of them are questionable, but the greater part are undoubted originals. They are framed, and shown in the new gallery to considerable advantage. They are chiefly executed with the pen in bistre, or with the metal point, and the lights heightened with white; and they range from the rudest sketch to the most carefully-finished study, from which the picture has been pricked off upon the pannel. Michael Angelo's drawings, are marked with all the grandeur and force of conception and daring execution that distinguish his completed works; often they show, what might less be looked for, a delicacy and gracefulness not to be surpassed even by Raffaelle. The drawings of Raffaelle have all the characteristics of his genius. Some of them are exquisitely beautiful: and in his drawings, as in those of his great rival, it is very instructive to observe the scrupulous pains taken to arrive at correctness, and the earnestness with which even the most trifling of the accessories are studied. The lesson may be profitably considered by other students besides those of Art.

The picture-gallery is a handsome room, 96 feet long by 28 wide. Its contents are not very valuable. Oxford is not very rich in paintings. The most noticeable feature, perhaps, here, is the series of copies, in oil, of Raffaelle's Cartoons, made by Henry Cooke, who was employed by William III. to repair the originals. They are not without their value, but are by no means of a high standard of excellence. A very superior work is the copy of Raffaelle's 'School of Athens,' which has been attributed, apparently without sufficient reason, to Julio Romano. Among the original pictures may be mentioned half-a-dozen portraits of painters, of their own painting: the rest are nought.

We may commence our visits to the colleges with the chief of them — Christ Church; a magnificent institution, for which Oxford is indebted to the 'king-cardinal,' and for which our great poet has predicted, that

> "Christendom shall ever speak his virtue."

Had Wolsey been able to accomplish his plan, he would have made this college the most splendid in Europe. Having matured his design, and obtained the consent of the king, he procured, in 1524 and 1525, two bulls from Pope Clement VII., empowering him to suppress twenty-two of the minor monasteries, and endow with their revenues a schoo at Ipswich, and a college at Oxford. The latter, he proposed, should consist of a dean, sub-dean, one hundred canons, ten public readers, thirteen chaplains, an organist, twelve clerks, and thirteen choristers; for whose support he provided with princely liberality. He proposed to invite the most learned men from all parts of Europe to enter the foundation, and to procure transcripts of all the curious literary treasures of the Vatican. A convenient site was found for the building in the ground on which the Priory of St. Frideswide, one of the suppressed monasteries, had stood; and he at once set about the erection of CARDINAL COLLEGE, as it was proudly named. Before it had advanced far, however, the cardinal had fallen from his high estate, and the first care of his pious master was, of course, to appropriate the revenues to his own use. But Wolsey did not forget, in his adversity, the college that he had in his prosperity originated. One of his latest acts was to implore the king "that his college at Oxford might go on." Some years afterwards Henry did cause the works to proceed, though upon a lessened scale; and taking care, at the same time, to transfer the credit of the foundation from the cardinal to himself, by directing that it should be styled the "College of King Henry the Eighth." Yet this arrangement was only temporary. On the general suppression of monasteries, Henry erected Oxford into a bishopric, making Oseney Abbey to be the seat of the diocese; but he afterwards dismantled the abbey, and transferred the see to St. Frideswide's, connecting it with his newly-endowed college, and making the foundation partly ecclesiastical and partly academical. From this time the college was known as Christ Church. The foundation of Christ Church College now consists of a dean, eight canons, eight chaplains, a school-master, an organist, eight clerks, eight choristers, and 101 students. Besides these, there are generally between 900 and 1,000 independent members, consisting of noblemen, gentlemen-commoners, and commoners. Christ Church has produced a number of eminent sons fully proportioned to the large numbers who have been educated in it. Of prelates and divines it boasts a long and bright list; among statesmen it claims Sir Dudley Carleton, Godolphin, Bolingbroke, Wyndham, Mansfield, Canning, and Sir Robert Peel: Sir Philip Sydney and Ben Jonson may represent its poets;

Locke, Penn, South, and Camden, its philosophers, philanthropists, wits, and scholars.

The front of the college in St. Aldate's has a striking effect, both from its architectural excellences and its great extent—its length being about 400 feet. In the centre is a lofty entrance-tower, the famous Tom Gateway; which, though begun at the foundation of the college, was only completed in 1682, under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren—to whom other parts of the college also owe some ornaments of a kind not very consistent with the original buildings. The gateway is named the Tom from the cupola containing the great bell of that name, whose sonorous voice is so well known to all Oxonians. It was brought from Oseney Abbey, and weighs some 17,000 pounds. Every night, at ten minutes past nine, Tom tolls 101 times, that being the number of students on the foundation; and at the sound the gates of most of the colleges are closed. Christ Church men have been used to regard their Tom as the very prince of bells; but we perceive in Parker's New Hand-Book its fame is assailed; it does not ring, so it is said, a perfect B flat, as it ought; but as our ears are not sufficiently sharp to note the dissonance, we must be content to leave the matter to the visitor's own judgment. The quadrangle into which the gateway leads is the largest in Oxford, being 264 feet by 261; and though not quite so large as that of Trinity at Cambridge, nor perhaps quite so magnificent in its appearance, is yet a most noble one. This 'quad.' (as Oxford men familiarly term their quadrangles) was a part of the original design of Wolsey, and may serve to show the scale on which he proposed to work. In its present state it dates only from about 1668, the original quadrangle having been in a good measure destroyed during the Commonwealth period by the Puritan dean and chapter, who were accustomed to tear down the woodwork of the old house for fuel!

On the south side of the quadrangle is the Hall; the entrance to which is of remarkable beauty. The visitor will not fail to notice the very characteristic statue of the cardinal over the door; nor, as he enters the passage, the handsome groined roof, with its single supporting pillar. The Hall itself is the noblest in Oxford, and one of the finest refectories in England. Its proportions are ample, and the fittings commensurate with its size and the wealth of the institution. It is 115 feet long, 40 wide, and 50 high. The open roof is of carved oak, profusely decorated with the arms of Henry and Wolsey, and has richly-carved pendants. The large fireplaces have also elaborate carvings, and the noble bay-window at the south end has a carved canopy. The sides of the room are hung with a splendid series of portraits, one hundred and twenty in number, mostly the work of eminent artists, and representing the most distinguished men who have been on the college foundation. Even on ordinary occasions, the noble Hall, at the dinner-hour, filled with the robed host of doctors and students—the arrangements so redolent of the old feudal times—magnates sitting in state on the dais, masters and bachelors at the side-tables, and under-graduates occupying all the lower end—is a sight worth seeing. But Christ Church being the official residence of the sovereign when at Oxford, this Hall has at times displayed a far more splendid appearance. At such times a similar system of arranging the tables is adopted, with, of course, a suitable attention to the different ranks of the parties; and those who have witnessed the spectacle describe it as no less impressive than singular.

When it was the custom to exhibit plays before the sovereign, on visiting the universities, this was the place Oxford selected for their performances; and some of the exhibitions must have been not a little curious. Elizabeth was entertained here in 1566, with a Latin comedy of Marcus Geminus, a Latin tragedy of Progne, and an English comedy founded on Chaucer's 'Palamon and Arcite.' Progne did not please her majesty. The scaffold on which Palamon and Arcite was to be acted, unfortunately gave way, whereby three persons were killed: a second part, however, was afterwards acted, to the great contentment of the queen, who edified her courtiers after the performance by a critical disquisition on the play and the players, who were all students of the University. The boy who represented Emilia, the only female character in the piece, she especially praised, for so handsomely showing her as "a virgin of uncorrupted purity and unblemished simplicity," and presented him with a gift of eight guineas. It is recorded, too, that "a cry of hounds belonging to Theseus" having been counterfeited in the quadrangle during the performance, the students were seized with a sudden transport; whereat her majesty cried out, "O excellent! these boys, in very troth, are ready to leap out of the windows to follow the hounds." At another visit which she made twenty years later, she was hardly so well pleased either with the performances in this Hall, or her general entertainment in the University.

When James I., with his queen, visited Oxford in 1605, he was entertained with plays in plenty; but they were little to his taste in comparison with the scholastic disputations, which afforded him vast delight. The college stage-managers were, indeed, not at all successful on the occasion, though they now, for the first time, exhibited scenery, and, moreover, called in the aid of Inigo Jones, in the contrivance of the devices. The first play was a pastoral, called 'Alba;' and in it five rustics appeared, who were so scantily dressed as to shock the delicacy of the queen and her maids of honour; and even the king was moved to wrath by the exhibition. At the next play, which was in Latin, and called 'Vertumnia,' his majesty went fast asleep. The third play was the 'Ajax' of Sophocles; and this time "the king was very weary before he came thither, but much more wearied by it, and spoke many words of dislike." Charles I. also witnessed some plays in this Hall. At a play which was exhibited here for the entertainment of Prince Alasco, in 1583, the

learned men brewed a storm, that, as old Wood says, "was very strange to the beholders." The piece was the tragedy of 'Dido;' and in the tempest which drove Æneas and Dido into the cave, "it rained small comfits, and rose-water, and snew artificial snow (of sugar)!"

Before leaving the Hall, the visitor must carefully look along the portraits. They are the productions of nearly all the leading portrait-painters who have practised in England from Holbein to Sir Martin Archer Shee. Holbein has the Cardinal and Henry VIII. Vandyke has Bishop Corbet, and a couple more. Lely has several. There is a fine portrait of John Locke, by Kneller. Hogarth has one of Bishop Hooper. Several are by Sir Joshua Reynolds: one of them, that of Archbishop Markham, being reckoned among his best works. Lawrence has a good portrait of Canning; and many others, by old and new masters, may well claim attention as works of art; while there are few out of the whole number that do not possess interest on account of the men they represent.

From the Hall visitors are led by a natural transition to the Kitchen, which it may not be amiss perhaps just to look into, as a specimen of a genuine old English kitchen; and also to catch an idea of the economy of a college *cuisine*. This is the oldest part of the building, Wolsey having commenced the erection of his college by first constructing the kitchen—a circumstance which gave some exercise to the wits of that day. Strangers look with admiration on a huge gridiron that is moved upon wheels, and that was used for cooking large joints or whole animals upon before jacks and ranges were invented, or meat was cut up into the little snips it is now-a-days. Upon it a whole bullock might have been broiled, over a primitive hearth, as easily as a steak at one of the kitchen-ranges of these degenerate times.

On leaving the kitchen you need not turn aside to the Chaplain's Quadrangle, but proceed across the Large Quadrangle to Peckwater Quadrangle, the south side of which is the Library, one of the finest in the University. Originally this building was intended to stand upon high columns; but before its completion it was found that the space below could not be spared, and it was accordingly finished as it now appears. The ground-floor is chiefly occupied by the Guise collection of pictures: a collection of considerable value, as containing a good many specimens of the very early masters, whose works are rather scarce in this country. There are also some examples of the later and more famous Italian masters. Many of the pictures are, indeed, of more than doubtful genuineness; but the collection, if it were arranged in a place where the pictures could be better seen, would attract much more attention than it now obtains. There are also in this room several capital busts, by Rysbrach, Roubiliac, Bacon, and Chantrey. On the staircase leading to the library is a statue of Locke, by Roubiliac. The upper room, the Library, is a noble room, 140 feet long, 30 wide, and 37 high; the wainscot, pillars, and presses are of oak; the ceiling is richly ornamented in stucco; about the room a number of antique statues and busts are arranged so as to increase the general effect; and the whole has a very appropriate scholastic air. The Peckwater Quadrangle is a specimen of the skill of an amateur architect, Dean Aldrich, of whose practical ability several other proofs may be seen in Oxford. Canterbury Quadrangle, which adjoins the Peckwater on the east, was erected in 1775 and following years, under the superintendence of Wyatt. It is Doric in style, and has a substantial look, but suffers by comparison with the more picturesque Gothic which abounds in this city. It received its name from being built on the site of Canterbury Hall; a lapsed foundation of which Wiclif was at one time warden, and Sir Thomas More a student. The court in which are the Grammar-school and the Anatomical Theatre, Fell's Buildings, the Cloisters, and other buildings belonging to this magnificent institution, we may pass by, and proceed to its Chapel—the Cathedral of Oxford

As a cathedral, Oxford is inferior to most, both in size and splendour. It is cruciform, and has a spire springing from the intersection of the arms of the cross. The extreme length is 154 feet; the breadth is 102 feet. It is of different ages, and consequently exhibits considerable diversity of style. The oldest parts are Norman, and belonged to the church of St. Frideswide's Priory, which, according to Dr. Ingram, was consecrated in 1180. Wolsey pulled down 50 feet of the nave, and otherwise altered and adapted it to the use of his college. The additions and alterations that have been made to the original church at different periods, although destructive of all uniformity, have perhaps tended to increase the picturesqueness of parts, and afford curious examples of the progressive changes in taste in English ecclesiastical architecture. The Norman choir is especially deserving of notice from the peculiar double arches; and the singular effect produced by the elaborate groined roof with its carved pendants, the additions of Wolsey, which contrast strangely with the massive simplicity of the Norman work below. The body of the choir is sadly lumbered up with the seats and stalls necessary for the large body of collegians, and the windows lack the storied glass that should shed a dim religious light; but the appearance during the performance of divine service is both impressive and remarkable from the numerous band of robed students who crowd the entire area. It is only equalled by the chapel of Trinity at Cambridge. We have hinted that there are no old stained-glass windows: only a few fragments, in fact, remain to attest the ancient opulence. Christ Church was an especial sufferer from the ruthless zeal of the Puritans. And this, too, as Wood records, through the violence of one of its own canons, Henry Wilkinson, who was the Parliamentary visitor, and who, when the statues, pictures, crosses, and painted windows "were taken down, was so far from having them laid up and preserved, that he furiously stamped upon many parts of, and utterly defaced them." The few painted

windows that are now in the church are mostly of recent date and little worth. In walking round the church the visitor should not overlook the very beautiful Chantry chapel, now called the Latin chapel, from service being performed in it in Latin, which is said to have been built by Lady Montacute in the fourteenth century: in its windows are choice examples of that beautiful tracery which distinguishes what is called the decorated style. We may also point attention to a singular decorated window which has been inserted into the south transept, and which bears considerable resemblance to some of those in the Flamboyant style, so frequently met with in continental churches. In the various parts of the church are a great many monuments both ancient and modern of considerable interest. That called the Shrine of St. Frideswide is the most striking: it is a lofty and richly-sculptured shrine, three stories high, of perpendicular work, and is supposed to have been erected about 1480, over the bones of the saint. The monument to the memory of Lady Montacute, who died 1355, has on it some graceful sculpture. Many other ancient monuments are exceedingly curious. Among the more modern the best known is the rather singular one to the memory of the author of the 'Anatomy of Melancholy.' Of those erected in our own day the noble statue of Dean Jackson, by Chantrey, is sure to command notice. If the tourist is desirous to test his archæological skill, he may do so upon a curious piece of sculpture which he will find in the verger's garden, built into the wall by one of the buttresses at the south end of the chapel. On the three sides which are visible are carved the Fall of Man, the Sacrifice of Isaac, and another subject, the meaning of which is not clear: the point which the learned cannot decide is what was its original use; opinion being divided whether it was "the ancient font of the church," or the "altar or reliquary of St. Frideswade, in which her bones were enshrined." We ought to have mentioned before that this cathedral, as well as most of the original part of the college, is undergoing repair and restoration—and there is little doubt that the whole will ultimately be rendered worthy of this magnificent foundation. The Christ Church Meadows we will visit after we have looked through a few more of the colleges.

We may quit Christ Church by the Canterbury Gate, and proceed up Merton Lane, from the largest of the colleges to the oldest. On our way thither, however, we must pass between two other colleges, standing directly opposite each other, that deserve a passing recognition, though it were only on account of the men who had been nurtured in them. That on the right is Corpus Christi, which was founded by the liberal Bishop Fox, early in the reign of Henry VIII. The buildings are partly of the date of the foundation; others are more recent: neither require particular mention. The more ancient have suffered from many alterations; but, as recently restored, the Chapel and Hall will repay a visit: the modern buildings are but commonplace. But it has large claims on the respect of every true churchman. The two most famous champions of the Church of England—Bishop Jewel and the judicious Hooker—are both of Corpus Christi; nor are the names of many honourable successors of those giants of old wanting in the list of the college worthies.

Opposite Corpus stands Oriel College, a much older establishment; it having been founded in 1326, by Edward II., at the instigation of Adam de Brom, his almoner. The oldest of the present buildings, however, is not of earlier date than about 1620. These parts are not remarkable either for beauty or grandeur; but they are pleasing and picturesque. The library was erected, in 1788, from a design by Wyatt. It bears no resemblance to any of the earlier buildings, but is a substantial and stately pile; and it contains a choice store of books. Among the "men of fame who have renowned this *college*," Sir Walter Raleigh and Bishop Butler stand pre-eminent. William Prynne, the celebrated Parliament scribe, was also one of its members; and he bequeathed his valuable library to it. Of the notable men of the present day, it claims a goodly share: of these the names of Archbishop Whately, Bishops Coplestone and Wilberforce, and Dr. Arnold, may suffice.

Come we now to Merton College,—the most ancient foundation in Oxford, and one that is the more interesting to the visitor, inasmuch as, though scarcely any portion of the original structure is left, it possesses buildings of an earlier date than any other college. The founder was Walter de Merton, a man who in his day held many civil as well as ecclesiastical offices, and was Chancellor of England and Bishop of Rochester at his death in 1277. The foundation charter bears date January 7, 1264; and the statutes laid down in it for the government of Merton have served as the model for those of all, or nearly all, the later establishments. Before the foundation of colleges, the students at Oxford (of course with the exception of those attached to St. Frideswide's Priory, and other religious houses in the city or its vicinity) lodged, like those of Cambridge (vol. i., p. 116), in halls, inns, or hostels, as they were variously called, under the governance of a principal, but at their own expense. On the first establishment of colleges, it is probable that only those students were educated in them who were on the foundation; but, as the rule was relaxed, the superior advantages connected with the incorporated institutions would naturally attract independent scholars to them, the old hostels gradually disappeared, or were endowed by benevolent individuals, and the collegiate system became the exclusive one. The original foundation of Merton was for a warden, certain priests, and twenty scholars; but the numbers were to be regulated by the state of the funds. As we do not intend to trace the history of the colleges, or to enter into particulars that belong especially to the Calender or the Guide-book, we shall merely state that the foundation now consists of a warden, twenty-four fellows, fourteen postmasters (or exhibitioners—the

term is peculiar to Merton), four scholars, two chaplains, and two clerks. Including those not on the foundation, there are now about one hundred and sixty members on the college books. As has been said already, Merton was, in its early days, famous for its professors in scholastic theology. The "profound Bradwardine," "subtle Scotus," and "invincible Occam," were all members of it. Wiclif was also a scholar of Merton. Nor ought the untiring antiquary Antony-à-Wood to pass unnamed; for if neither his logical or rhetorical skill will add much credit to his college, his devotion to it, which led him to the most laborious and ungrudging researches into its history, and the preservation of much that is valuable as well as curious respecting it, should gain for him honourable mention from all who treat of his college.

The buildings of Merton consist of three courts: the tourist should stroll through them. Before entering he must not omit to notice the singular sculpture over the gateway, or the statues of Henry III. and the founder that stand on either side of it; nor, as he enters, the bold groins and bosses of the gateway roof. The largest quadrangle is only of the time of James I., and has been not inaptly termed "the schools in miniature:" it is in the smaller courts that the older parts are to be found. Of these the noblest by far is the chapel, the choir of which may be of the age of the founder, and is certainly not later than the commencement of the fourteenth century. Originally the chapel was intended to be of the form of a cross; but this design was never carried out. When only the choir and the arches were erected, the works were suspended; and the chapel remained in this state for above a century. In 1417 the works were recommenced, and they were brought to a close by 1424, when the chapel was re-dedicated with much solemnity. The chapel now consists of a choir, tower, and transepts, neither nave nor side-aisles having ever been built. As it stands, it is, however, a very fine edifice, and commands the admiration of all whose judgment is worth regarding. Internally it has suffered from the zeal of both church-destroyers and church-beautifiers; but the society, who are fully alive to the value of their charge, have done something towards its entire restoration, and will soon, we hope, do more. When the vile modern ceiling and stalls shall be removed, and their place supplied by others accordant with the style of the building, the splendid choir, one of the longest and handsomest in Oxford, will be fairly seen, and its beauty properly appreciated. As it is, however, the effect of its graceful proportions, and the long series of elaborately decorated windows on the sides, with the noble one at the end, is very striking. The windows about the chapel are, many of them, uncommonly beautiful. Those old masons of the dark ages seem to have moulded their stone tracery as though they were working in some plastic material; and here may be seen samples of their cunning, of dates from the thirteenth century, when their art was at its highest, down to the sixteenth, when it was about to perish.' The visitor will hardly need to have his attention directed to the elegant tracery in the side windows (there are fourteen of them); and he cannot help being struck by the marvellous beauty of the great east, or, as it is often called, the Catherine-wheel, window. A good deal of the original stained glass remains in the side windows, and adds much to their value. There are, too, in the chapel some monuments that should not be overlooked. Two brasses, of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, are good examples of the incised work of their respective times. One of the monuments is to the memory of Sir Thomas Bodley, the munificent founder of the Bodleian Library; another, to the memory of Sir Henry Saville, exhibits a representation of the colleges of Eton and Merton as they appeared in 1621. The tourist may here see a curious instance of the strange taste that at one time possessed the conservators of our ecclesiastical edifices, and what unsuspected beauty may lie hidden under the lath and plaster of the eighteenth-century Vandals. On entering the chapel he must have been struck with the beauty of the shafts that support the arches of the tower, and the quaint gracefulness of the carved oak lantern under the belfry, with the open gallery for the ringers; yet a few years ago none of these things were visible, and their existence was unknown. The handsome columns and arches were concealed behind wainscotting and other trumpery, upon removing part of which, about five-and-twenty years ago, they were discovered. The paltry plaster ceiling which hid the belfry lantern has only been got rid of quite recently. Externally the tower of Merton Chapel is very fine · from Merton field and the adjacent meadows its appearance is most majestic, and it tells well in every general view of the city.

In the first court stands the Hall, once a handsome building; but having lost some of its freshness from age, it was placed under the care of Mr. Wyatt to renovate and beautify,—a task he performed so effectually, that, in the language of advertisements, its charms must now "be seen to be appreciated; they defy description." The third court, or Mob Quad., is the smallest of the three courts; but it is the oldest, and is, indeed, one of the most perfect examples left of an ancient college quadrangle. The larger part of the south and west sides of it are taken up by the library, which is known, by the college records, to have been erected in 1377, and is generally regarded as one of the most ancient libraries in the kingdom; Chalmers ('Hist. of the Colleges, &c., of Oxford,' vol. i., p. 10), thus describes it:—"It is lighted by two series of windows, the upper, of the bay kind, projecting from the outer roof in three compartments; the lower series are oblong and very narrow, and in both are painted arms of the benefactors, &c. . . . Whatever may be thought of this library as a work of art, it cannot fail to be contemplated with peculiar veneration by the antiquary, as the most ancient library in the kingdom. Before the establishment of colleges, there was no distinct building under the name of a library. In

monasteries and other religious houses, which were the only repositories of learning, books were kept in chests, where most convenient. Merton, therefore, which exhibited the first regular college, gave also the first exemplar of a library." Whether this be the most ancient library in existence or not, it unquestionably is one of the most ancient in this kingdom, and it retains its early character more perfectly than any other. That its contents have not been so faithfully preserved, we have already read. By the entrance to the Mob Quad. is seen the treasury, or record-room, a curious-looking, high-roofed, fire-proof building, supposed to be that erected at the foundation of the college. It is scarcely worth while to add, that the gardens of Merton are much admired, and that there are some pleasant prospects from the terraces, since strangers are not permitted to see them.

Merton is the oldest college that can produce title-deeds in support of its antiquity; but University College asserts its precedence, carrying back its origin to the ninth century, and claiming the great Alfred for its founder. On this claim we shall not venture a remark: for though its historical supports seem sufficiently slight, and, as we said, it has no lawful parchment deeds, yet it has legal authority sufficient to silence one not disposed to unnecessary dispute. The sovereign is the visitor of this college; and when an attempt was made about a century back, to show that no such right was vested in the crown, it was decided, after all due and sufficient argumentation, in the Court of King's Bench, that University College *is* a foundation of King Alfred's, and that *therefore* the sovereign is the rightful visitor. But whatever be the fact (not the legal fact—for that is clear—but the historical) about Alfred, it is admitted by all, that University College is one of the oldest of the colleges; and as it lies at no great distance from Merton, we will now visit it. This is the college whose long, black, weather-beaten front forms so noticeable a feature in the High-street. A portion of it is seen in the left-hand corner of the engraving (Cut, No. 2). This frontage, which is above 260 feet long, would be imposing, if only from its extent; but it has a good deal of architectural merit, though wanting in the richness of the olden Gothic. None of the buildings of this college are earlier than the reign of Charles I. The principal front is a regular and substantial structure, rather plain, though stately; but the general elevation is relieved by two lofty gateway towers, which stand at equal distances from the extremities, and have bay windows with canopied statues, and somewhat more of ornament than the remainder of the frontage. These gateways lead into the two quadrangles which contain the college buildings. The western and principal quadrangle is about 100 feet square. Its construction was begun in 1634, but it was not completed till 1674. The statue over the gateway leading to this quadrangle is that of Queen Anne; on the inner side is a corresponding statue of James II., which was presented to the college in the mastership of Obadiah Walker, who, it will be remembered, joined the Romish Church on the accession of James, and lost his post at the Revolution. This is said to be the only statue remaining of James II., besides that at Whitehall. The other gateway leads to the eastern quadrangle, which is about 80 feet square. Only three of the sides have buildings. The north and east sides were built at the cost of Dr. Radcliffe. The statue placed over the front of the gateway which leads to this quadrangle is that of Queen Mary, wife of William III.; the corresponding statue on the inner side is one of Dr. Radcliffe—a much more appropriate choice than that of the king, who overlooks the other quadrangle. The hall and library, with many blemishes and incongruities, have not a few redeeming qualities, but they need not detain us while so many fine buildings remain to be visited. The chapel may be just glanced at. It is in no acknowledged style of architecture, Gothic and classic being freely intermingled, but it has considerable elegance of appearance. It was begun in 1635, but it remained unfinished till 1665. Much of the carving is by Grinling Gibbons, and exhibits all his usual delicacy of execution. There are some painted windows, but they are in a barbarous taste. There is also an altar-piece of that abominable kind of *art*, called "poker-painting," which the refinement of the last century introduced. A work more worthy of the place, and for which alone the chapel should be visited, is Flaxman's celebrated relievo in memory of Sir William Jones, who was a fellow of this College. Within the last three or four years an additional building has been erected from the design of Barry, the architect of the 'Palace at Westminster,' and it will be admitted to be a most graceful addition to the architecture of the High-street of Oxford. Before leaving University College, we ought to mention a singular custom that is regularly kept up in it, but the origin of which is unknown, and does not seem easy to explain: it is called "Chopping at the Tree," and is thus performed:—On Easter Sunday a bough is dressed up with flowers and evergreens, and laid on a turf by the buttery. After dinner each member, as he leaves the hall, takes up a cleaver and chops at the tree; and then hands over "largess" to the cook, who stands by with a plate. The contribution is, for the master, half-a-guinea; the fellows, five shillings; and other members half-a-crown each.

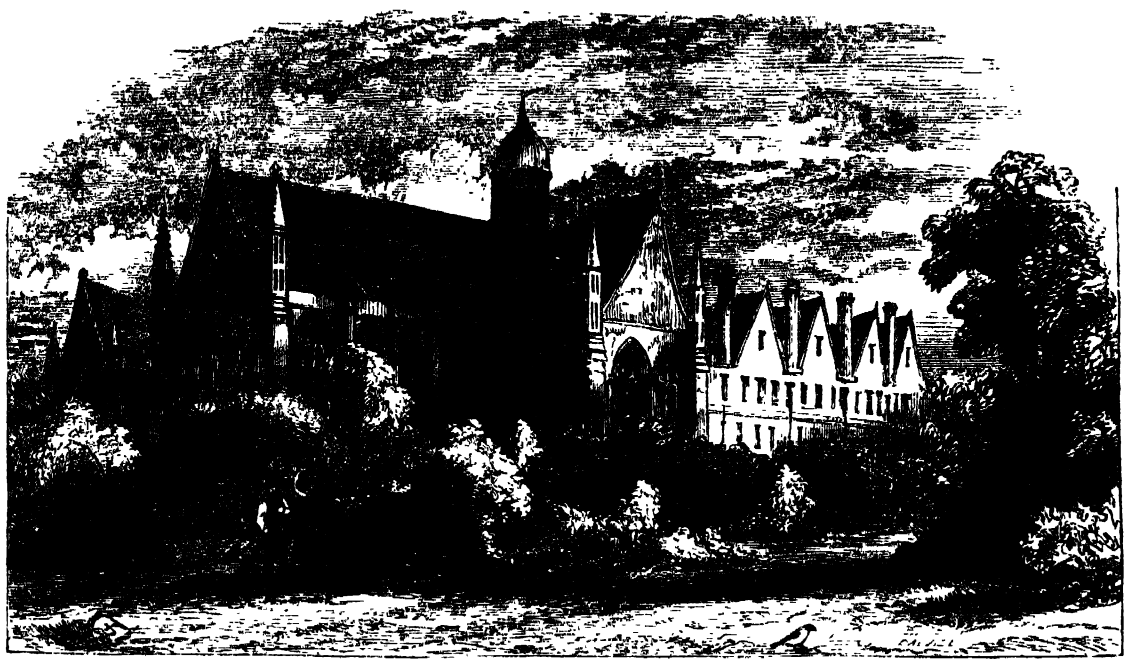
We have said that the front of University College is black and weatherbeaten; many would therefore like to see it "restored," and now that restoring is so much the fashion in Oxford, it is not very unlikely to be done. We hope it will escape, however, yet awhile. Up to a certain stage—so long, in fact, as the idea of instability is not suggested—the corrosion of the surface of almost every building, while it invariably increases the picturesqueness, often adds something of venerableness to its aspect, that more than atones for the loss of the sharpness and freshness of the details. Not a little is the impressiveness of many an old cathedral heightened by this effect. But Gothic architecture

has so rich a surface from the multitudinous ornament which adorns it, that when all is new and sharp it is still pleasing. True Grecian structures, also, from their majestic simplicity and grandeur of outline, depend comparatively little on either newness or antiquity for their influence. With that spurious class of "classic" edifices, of which our cities have so many examples, however, it is otherwise. To an educated eye their pretension and poverty are exceedingly disagreeable, if seen in all their nakedness: yet, even on them, Time works often surprising changes. What was harsh, formal and pedantic when new, becomes at least respectable when age has softened or worn off its peculiarities. The college immediately opposite to University is a most striking example of this. A few years ago, its mouldering front not only helped largely, by its peculiar style, to add variety to the general appearance of the High-street, but it was pleasing, and eminently picturesque in itself. Now that the marks of the "gnawing tooth of Time" are removed, it looks cold, feeble, and common-place; the only attraction about it consisting in its oddity. So at least it seems to us, but there are many who regard the front of Queen's College as a triumph of architectural skill.

After this escapade we will not linger over the buildings of Queen's, but it is needful so far to make amends, as to except in some degree the chapel and hall from the censure. The library, too, is a very handsome room inside; so is the basement floor, which a few years ago was fitted up by Mr. Cockerell as an addition to the old room—a measure which was rendered necessary by the munificent gift of Dr. Mason, who, besides his own books and antiquities, left the sum of £30,000 to his old college for the purchase of books. Queen's College received its name from Queen Philippa, wife of Edward III., who was its patroness; and it has ever since been regarded as especially under the patronage of the queens of England, who have often been considerable benefactors to it. The founder of it was Robert de Eglesfeld, chaplain to Queen Philippa. The institution is a highly prosperous one, and has had a good share of famous and (as we have seen in one instance) grateful sons. There are commonly about 300 members on the books. This college still retains some curious old customs. It was directed in the statutes of the founder that there should be twelve fellows and seventy poor scholars, (the numbers being allusive to the twelve apostles and seventy disciples of our Lord.) They were to be



4.—MAGDALEN GATEWAY.



5.—GARDEN-FRONT OF WADHAM COLLEGE.

summoned to dinner by the sound of a trumpet; and then the fellows, in scarlet robes, were to sit on one side of the table, while the poor scholars were to be ranged on the other, kneeling, in token of humility, and dispute in philosophy,—we hope not till they had satisfied the "sacred rage of hunger." This latter direction, however, does not seem to have been ever carried out, but the members are still summoned to dinner by sound of trumpet. On New Year's Day, the burser (*i. e.*, treasurer) presents to every member a needle and thread, with the words (very apt advice for Oxonians) — "Take this and be thrifty." The needle and thread—*aiguille et fils*—is supposed to be a rebus on the name of the founder, Eglesfeld. One other old custom is that of having a boar's head brought into the hall in procession on Christmas-day, while the old carol is sung—

> "The Boar's head in hand bear I
> Bedeck'd with bays and rosemary;
> And I pray you, my masters, be merry,
> Qui estis in convivio,
> Caput Apri defero,
> Reddens laudes Domino."

A little lower down the High-street is the very handsome front of All Souls' College; and the restorations here have undoubtedly been most beneficial. The buildings of All Souls' are extensive and varied. The Old Quadrangle is a quiet, characteristic example of collegiate architecture. The New Quadrangle, or Grand Court, 172 feet by 155, remarkable for its differing so widely from the rest of the buildings, owes its peculiar appearance to the inventive powers of Hawksmoor, who was the architect employed to construct it. He designed the several buildings with a view to their picturesque effect in combination with each other, and with the surrounding edifices; and he succeeded in producing a striking result. In this quadrangle the chapel and hall occupy the south, the cloisters and gateway the west, and the common rooms, with the two towers, the east sides. They are in what has been called by Hawksmoor's admirers the mixed Gothic style; and though, considered apart, much may be objected to in them, they certainly display a good deal of originality of conception, and, as we have said, their general effect is very striking. The two towers above-mentioned, are a leading feature in every distant view of the city. The chapel has been among the most admired buildings in Oxford, but it does not deserve a moment's comparison with the chapels of New, Magdalen, or Merton Colleges, and is greatly inferior to several others. Having mentioned the customs of other colleges, we must not leave unnoticed a famous one of All Souls'. Thus it arose:—In digging for the foundations of the college a mallard of superb size was discovered, domiciled in an old drain. He was caught, cooked, and found most sapid. Such a mallard as he, it was felt, ought not to be forgotten. He is therefore duly commemorated on the day of his capture. The 14th of January, being the foundation day, is, of course, a College "gaudy," and then, when the best mallard that can be found is introduced, all Mallardians present join "a hundred men singing like one," in chanting forth, *ore rotundo*,

> "O the swapping, swapping mallard," &c.

On quitting All Souls', the tourist had better pass by Magdalen Hall (just glancing at it in passing as a sample of modern Gothic, which may help him the better to estimate the older specimen he is going to visit) and proceed to New College, one of the proudest ornaments of Oxford. The founder of New College was one of those giants of the olden days, that modern times can only marvel at, and admire, without hoping to emulate. He at the same time filled the most important offices both in church and state; and, what sounds strange to readers unacquainted with the studies of ecclesiastics in the middle ages, he was the royal architect. That the multiplicity and diversity of his offices did not cause him to neglect the duties of either of them, we have sufficient evidence. With his civil services, Edward III.—no mean judge—was so well satisfied that, as Froissart tells us, "Wykeham was so much in favour with the king of England, that everything was done by him, and nothing was done without him." And as a proof of his favour, he raised him to be Chancellor of England and Bishop of Winchester. As a priest and a prelate his contemporaries describe him as pious, diligent and boundlessly munificent. Testimony to his architectural genius will not be wanting, while Windsor Castle, Winchester Cathedral, and New College are standing to vouch for it

But our business is with the College, not the man. Impressed with the insufficiency of the schools provided for the education of the clergy, he long revolved in his mind the best means of remedying the evil, and finally matured a plan, which the vast wealth he had acquired in the course of his active and prosperous life happily enabled him to accomplish—namely, to found a college at Oxford which should furnish the most liberal education in philosophy and theology; and another at Winchester, which should serve as a nursery for it. His own disgrace towards the close of the reign of Edward, and in the early part of that of his successor, and the various obstructions he met with, for a long while hindered the execution of his grand design, but nothing could induce him to lay it aside. At length, on the 5th of March, 1380, Wykeham laid the first stone of his New College; and 'being finished, the first warden and fellows took possession of it April 14, 1386, at three of the clock in the morning:" the following year the Bishop commenced the erection of his college at Winchester; and he lived after that was finished to rebuild the best part of his cathedral.

As the buildings of New College were left by their munificent founder, so to a great degree they remain. They are the most complete examples of a college erected by the ablest architect in the best age of Gothic architecture. The original buildings consisted of the principal quadrangle, in which are the chapel, hall, and library; the cloisters, and the tower. The additions have been a third story to the Quadrangle, which originally consisted only of two stories, and the garden-court, designed, it is said, by Sir Christopher Wren, from the Palace of Versailles. You enter the college by a gate-house of rather plain but pleasing design, having on the front three statues—of the Virgin, of the founder kneeling, and another. The Great Quadrangle, into which this leads, is 168 feet by 129 feet; and is at once dignified yet chaste in character; though suffering somewhat from the additional story. From this a short cloister leads to the chapel—by common consent the noblest in Oxford. After the lavish praises he has heard bestowed on this chapel, many a visitor feels somewhat disappointed to find it less splendid in its appearance—less overspread with sculptured forms and tracery than many another he has seen. But it deserves its reputation. The grand merit it now possesses consists in the elegance of its proportions, and the propriety of the ornament which really adorns it. In its original condition there was no want of splendour, and its appearance then must have been of surpassing grandeur. The niches by the east window are said to have been filled with statues of gold and silver; but these, the statues of stone, and much of the sculpture on the walls, and the paintings in the windows, were removed or destroyed by those who regarded such things as profane, and the gold and colour that were employed with no sparing hand on the carvings were hidden under white-wash. About sixty years ago the chapel was restored under the direction of Mr. Wyatt, and more successfully than could be expected from his taste in Gothic architecture and the taste of the age: but the restoration left the building much balder than would now be permitted. Painted windows were inserted, from designs made for the purpose by Sir Joshua Reynolds. They were admired at the time, and they are admired still. But whatever may be their value as pictures, it is not too much to say that, as windows—which are not meant to exclude the light—they are a failure. In the beautiful ante-chapel some of the original stained glass may be seen; and it will prove that the old workmen understood the purpose of their material. The choir is 100 feet long; the nave, or ante-chapel, 80 feet; it is 65 feet high, and 35 feet broad. The style is what is called the early perpendicular; retaining much of the simplicity of the decorated, but yet displaying the decided peculiarities of the later style. We should mention that the organ is considered to be one of the finest in England; and we need hardly add, that in the choral service its capabilities are gloriously exhibited. Before he leaves the chapel, the stranger will be shown the silver-gilt crosier of the founder—a relique of rare worth and beauty, and greatly prized. We may here observe, that notwithstanding commissioners of all kinds have destroyed, or carried off, an enormous quantity of the plate and church-furniture belonging to the several colleges, and the fellows themselves "lent" a good deal more to Charles I. in his exigencies, there yet remains a great deal distributed throughout them, and almost every old college has some choice sample; as the reader who is curious in such matters may see on consulting Shaw's valuable essay on the 'Ancient Plate and Furniture in Oxford.

The hall has suffered too much by the substitution of a vulgar modern ceiling, wainscoting, and other barbarisms, to allow its original beauty to be judged of. It contains a good many interesting portraits; in the windows are various coats of arms. The library has been remodelled and refitted by Mr. Wyatt. The tower will be admired for its fine proportions; internally it has little or nothing to attract the general visitor. All these three buildings, perhaps, will be seen sufficiently, and certainly to most advantage, only on the outside. The cloisters, which enclose an area of 130 feet by 85 feet, were with the area consecrated in 1400, as a cemetery for the collegians. In design they are marked by an appropriate sobriety of character. The ribbed roof which covers them is very curious, bearing a marked resemblance to the rib-work of a ship's hull.

The visitor must not leave the college without seeing the garden, which he may freely enter; it is not only worth seeing for its own sake—and it is one of the pleasantest, where there are so many pleasant ones—but parts of the college buildings show most picturesquely from it; and it has a unique bit of the old city wall, kept in as good repair as though it might still repel a foe. It was part of the contract Wykeham entered into with the city when he purchased the land, that the college should maintain for ever that part of the wall which bounded the college property; and the agreement is still faithfully adhered to.

But beautiful as is New College, were we to be asked to conduct a stranger to the most perfect example of an Oxford college, we should point to Magdalen. We refer, of course, to its substantial temporalities—to those "good things" that cause Oxford to be so much envied, and so well grumbled at—not to the intellectual parts; for with them we have here no concern. Magdalen is, indeed, a glorious place. Buildings it has that gladden the heart and delight the imagination—from the

> "High embowed roof,
> With antique pillars massy proof,"

down to "studious cloisters:" trim gardens too, are there; smooth-shaven lawns, and "arched walks of twilight groves;" ample endowments also, that provide abundance for the passing day, and promise a tolerable *living* for a future; choice books, (no doubt old wines,) good society, with gentlemanly leisure to enjoy them all, or just enough employment to give wings to the hours that would else linger, and convert these academic courts and groves into courts and gardens, like those fabled ones,

> "Where, sooth to say,
> Ne living wight might work ne cared e'en for play."

As it is, these are almost a realization of the scenes that haunted the mind of the young author of 'Il Penseroso.' "Surely," as Wordsworth somewhere says,

> "Those *fellows* needs must live
> A comfortable life who sojourn here!"

One wonders how they can ever give up such good "lodgings" to commence housekeeping on their own account. But they do. And unusually threatening as the prospect of a change of life must seem to them, yet, strange as it may appear, we never heard that the fellows of Magdalen were more backward than those of any less-favoured college, to leave it for a living and a wife when they had the chance.

But we must look at this pleasant house and gardens a little more closely. The buildings, which are comprised in three quadrangles, cover an area of above eleven acres; the grounds occupy more than a hundred acres. The founder of Magdalen College was William Waynflete, bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor of England in the reign of Henry VI., who was, we may hope, moved to this good work by the example of his great predecessor in those offices. Waynflete laid the first stone of the Great Quadrangle in 1473, and employed William Orchard as master-mason, to construct it; but whether Orchard is to be considered as architect, or merely builder, is not clear—some have attributed the designs to Waynflete himself. The entrance to the college is by the New Gateway at the top of High-street (Cut, No. 4), which was erected in 1844 by Mr. Pugin. It is a very pretty thing of its kind, and exhibits an uncompromising return to the old manner. On the outside are canopied statues of Mary Magdalen, St. John Baptist, and the founder; a statue of the Virgin and Child is on the inside. Shields of arms, the lily and other emblems, and inscriptions in illuminated Gothic characters are plentifully distributed about. The appearance of the buildings on passing through the gateway is very fine. Immediately in front is the western end of the chapel, displaying a splendid window, and beneath it an elaborately-ornamented doorway, with a shallow porch richly sculptured, and surmounted by five statues in canopied niches—forming altogether an uncommonly handsome elevation; with which the summit of the lofty tower that is seen rising above, though a detached building, very well composes, as a painter would say. On the left hand, in front of the President's lodgings, is seen a noble gateway-tower, the original entrance into the Great Quadrangle. The gateway is adorned, like the chapel porch, with canopied statues; these being of St. John, St. Mary, Henry III., and the founder. The elegant groined roof of the gateway should also be noticed. The room over the gateway is called the Founder's Chamber.

In the right hand corner of this court is a curious stone pulpit, from which a sermon used to be annually preached to the members of the University on St. John the Baptist's day, the members standing during it in the open quad., which on the occasion was dressed with boughs and strewed with rushes. The custom has long been discontinued, but it was observed less than a century ago; for the Rev. W. Jones (of Nayland) in his 'Life of Bishop Horne,' when mentioning that the bishop was appointed to preach this sermon in 1755, says, "so long as the stone pulpit was in use

(of which I have been a witness) the quadrangle was furnished round the sides with a large fence of green boughs, that the preaching might more nearly resemble that of John the Baptist in the wilderness; and a pleasant sight it was."

The chapel is one of the finest buildings in Oxford. It was completed by the founder, and is a choice specimen of the perpendicular style. Since its erection it has undergone many mutations. At the Reformation it was despoiled of much of its sculpture and furniture; and the Commonwealth soldiers treated it much worse. Then after the Restoration it was repaired, but only in an indifferent manner. In 1740 it endured a beautifying, and the glorious Gothic pile was made as fine as "Grecian" screens and panelling, nondescript stalls, and plaster ceiling could make it. Happily it is once more restored (as far as could be desired) to nearly its primal glory—only the roof remains to be renewed. In 1833, it underwent a thorough and most costly restoration under the direction of the late Mr. Cottingham, who carried through his undertaking with great skill and the most painstaking diligence. The carvings, whether in stone on the walls or in the oak stalls, are all executed with a care and felicity that the old monkish architects would have admired. The stone organ-screen is well worthy of scrutiny. The organ itself has a curious history. It was cast down as superstitious at the Puritan clearance; but Cromwell had heard it and liked its tone, and he accordingly had it removed to Hampton Court, and set up there for his own particular delectation. There it remained till the return of Charles, when it was replaced in Magdalen College chapel. All the recent improvements have been added to it, and it is now much admired by the lovers of church music. The visitor should attend a choral service at Magdalen chapel and hear

> "The pealing organ blow
> To the full voiced-choir below."

It is solemn and impressive in no ordinary degree.

The Hall is a fine room, and contains many good portraits of eminent members, but we cannot stay to describe it; nor to speak of the royal and distinguished visitors it has entertained. We must also pass by the Library, merely mentioning that it is equal to most, that it contains a capital collection of books, and a few good busts. The large cloistered quadrangle should be seen. It was begun by the founder in 1473, but the south cloister was not erected till 1490. Its appearance is at once grand and singular. It contains the chapel, hall, library, and president's lodgings, with the cloisters, as we said, running all round. Along the inside of the quad. is a series of strange grotesque figures, the purpose of which appears inexplicable. A clever explanation of them was drawn up by one of the fellows in the last century, which regards them as symbolical, and attributes to them certain moral significations. Their appearance is not a little ludicrous —we confess to not regarding them as any ornament to the place. They do not form part of the original design, having been added in 1509; when first set up they are said to have been coloured. The New Buildings, erected about a century back, we do not advise the stranger to visit: they are three hundred feet long, three stories high, and the apartments into which they are divided are lofty and convenient. All their excellences are told: the external design is about on a level with that of Pickford's warehouses. It was seriously proposed, in that most tasteful eighteenth century, to take down all the old buildings and erect a new college altogether in some such style as this new building! One other structure remains to be noticed—the splendid Magdalen Tower—one of the chief ornaments of Oxford, and perhaps the most noticeable feature from all parts of the city and the suburbs. Close at hand it is perhaps best seen from the little court called the Chaplain's Quad. This tower is a lofty detached pile a hundred and fifty feet high; of the most entire simplicity of form, and graceful proportions—perhaps the most beautiful structure in England of its kind and style. It was begun in 1492 and finished in 1498; Cardinal Wolsey was then Burser of the college, and some writers have attributed a share of the design to him, while others insinuate that though he assisted in its erection it was chiefly by an undue appropriation of the college money to the purpose. Before the Reformation, a mass used to be said on the top of this tower every May-morning. And still, though the mass is discontinued, some choral melody is regularly sung there at five o' clock on that morning. We must let the grounds be unpraised, though the theme be so tempting. How soft and pleasant are the lawns, how cool and shady the avenues, how delightful the water-walk alongside the cheerful Cherwell, with the peep at that antique-looking water-mill! And then that dainty relic of monastic days, the little Deer Park, how old-world like it seems to step out of the High-street of a great city upon a quiet secluded nook like this, where deer are browsing quite unconcernedly among huge old elms! Cambridge gardens, beautiful as they are, have nought like this.

Well, we must away: and now let us stroll together to another college, not so magnificent as this, but as quiet and pleasant a place for education, and as agreeable and gentlemanly a retreat after education be completed, as by a contemplative scholar could well be desired. Wadham College is of more recent date than any we have yet visited, having been founded by Nicholas Wadham, and built, after his death, by his widow, between the years 1610 and 1613. Perhaps this college affords the most favourable example of Gothic architecture of so late a date. Though debased, there is yet much of the genuine old spirit about these buildings; they have an air of neatness and compactness, and the general effect is remarkably good. The front is very effective; and the entrance gate-tower is excellent. On passing through this, you find yourself in a quadrangle 130 feet square, having directly in front a well-proportioned hall and chapel; and on either side buildings of a regular and handsome elevation,—in fact, "one of the prettiest quads. in Oxford,"

as a senior-fellow remarked to us the other day. The hall is a remarkably fine room, 82 feet long, 35 feet wide, and 37 feet high, with an open timber roof of high pitch, and a handsome oak screen. The great window and the oriel in this hall are much admired. Round the walls hang some capital portraits, by Reynolds and others, of the more eminent members of the college. The chapel is, perhaps, still finer than the hall: it has recently been admirably repaired and altered by Mr. Blore, and perhaps is now even more effective than when first built. This chapel, by the way, is a proof of the care that is needful in deciding on the age of a building merely by certain peculiarities in the architectural details. Many experienced archæologists have pronounced this to be genuine perpendicular; and, in support of their fancy, supposed that it had been part of the Austin Priory, on whose site the college was built; but the college records prove incontestibly that it was erected at the same time as the other collegiate buildings. Being privileged folk, we may take the liberty to walk into the garden, though it be not open to the public. And we confess that it was as much to show him a good specimen of a private college-garden, as a good specimen of one of the later colleges, that we brought the visitor here. Those who merely think of a garden as a piece of pleasure-ground attached to an ordinary house, can hardly imagine how different, how much more beautiful, it is when attached to these glorious Gothic buildings, which at every turn yield some fresh feature of picturesque beauty. This garden of Wadham is not better, perhaps, than a great many of the other small *pleasaunces* attached to Oxford colleges; but it is so beautiful that we thought we might select it as a good example of one. Like most of them, too, it is always perfectly "trim," as such gardens should be. We have given (Cut, No. 5,) a sketch of the Chapel and part of the Fellows' Apartments, as seen in connection with a portion of this garden: there are a score other such picturesque "bits" to be seen in different parts of it.

The colleges we have inspected may be taken as samples of the Oxford colleges: we can only glance at one or two more in a cursory way, and leave the rest unnoticed: we shall, however, have seen the more characteristic. Balliol College need not stay the stranger's feet: Trinity, which lies behind it, is generally pointed out as worth visiting; and it doubtless is, by those who have plenty of time: we have not, and, moreover, are just going to run hurriedly over St. John's. The buildings of St. John's are chiefly comprised in two large quadrangles. The first, or Old Quadrangle, has an air of simple grandeur; the second, built by Inigo Jones, with the exception of the library on the south side, at the expense of Archbishop Laud, has more pretension, but, to our thinking, much less propriety of character. The east and west sides are built upon an Ionic colonnade, above which are statues of Charles I. and his queen. The chapel is the most interesting building at St. John's; and, since its restoration, it is one of the best of the second rank in Oxford. Before its alteration it was defaced by all sorts of eye-sores: under the care of Mr. Blore it has been brought to a uniformity and propriety of character that is quite refreshing to contemplate. The effect of the organ being removed into the mortuary chapel is as pleasing as novel. At the east end of the chapel are deposited the remains of Archbishops Laud and Juxon, who were both members of this college; and close by are those of Sir Thomas White, the founder. The gardens of St. John's are generally regarded as among the finest in Oxford; they occupy a space of three acres, and are laid out with much taste. They are, like the other large gardens, freely open to the public.

We have now looked, with more or less care, at about half the colleges in Oxford; the remainder of them, and all the halls, we shall leave unvisited, feeling that we have shown enough to give a rude notion of the amazing riches of this city, yet fearful that our companions will have already become weary of so long a tarriance over one class of objects. And yet we cannot help reminding the tourist that he ought to visit Pembroke College for the sake of Samuel Johnson, whose connection with any place so invariably makes his name recur to the memory of every one who looks upon it. Pembroke College is entered from the square directly opposite the Tom gate of Christ Church. Johnson's room is on the second floor over the entrance gateway; and from that window it was that the "heroic student" pitched, in furious ire, the pair of new shoes that some well-meaning neighbour had placed against his door, on seeing that his feet were peering out of his old ones. Johnson, as is well known, left Oxford long before the usual time, and, beyond doubt, from poverty: but he read, as he said, "solidly" while there; and he always regarded the University, and his college in particular, with veneration; and, in return, his memory is cherished here as it ought to be. Pembroke is one of the colleges that has undergone restoration, and the tower has now a smarter appearance than when Johnson lodged in it.

Having surveyed, as far as appears needful, what belongs to the University, we may now turn to the city. In population it exceeds Cambridge by a few hundreds only, being 23,656 at the census of 1841; the number of residents in the University was, at the same time, somewhat under 2,000. Oxford is a corporate city, governed by a mayor, aldermen, and town-councillors, and it sends two members to Parliament. It has the usual corporate buildings; but there is nothing in them to call for description here. Of the general appearance of the town we have spoken. The streets have some shops and private houses about them that are noticeable on account of their antiquity; and there is scarcely a street in any part of the city that does not, from some point, show one or more of the

academic buildings combining with the neighbouring houses into a picturesque group. The modern shops are, many of them, of the most approved and newest style, and, both in that respect and in the display of goods, would do credit to the metropolis. In our account of Cambridge we spoke of the very characteristic quiet of the streets: this is observable also at Oxford, but not, perhaps, to the same degree. The difference may arise from its being nearer London, and in a more frequented line of road; but we doubt if it does entirely. Oxford has altogether a more "stylish" air,—perhaps from the students being, on the whole, of a more aristocratic class,—and also has the appearance of not being so fully given up to educational observances. All who know Oxford know that it has a goodly band of earnest and laborious and most devoted students; but perhaps it has also a larger proportion of idlers, and their doings are such as most catch the attention of a looker-on.

We have mentioned the walls of Oxford, and that a piece is to be seen, in a perfect state, in the garden of New College. Other fragments may be seen by Merton College, in George-lane, and elsewhere; but as they are not in nearly so perfect a condition, it is not worth while to refer to them more particularly. A tower of the old castle is still standing. The site of the other parts of it is now occupied by the County Hall, a prodigious structure, built some seven or eight years ago, in the modern castellated style. The old tower, which can be pretty well seen from the Mill-stream, is called St. George's Tower. A small crypt and some other slight vestiges of the castle also remain, but they are only of interest to the professed antiquary. Some mounds, that are supposed to have been thrown up at the famous siege, may be seen close to the remains of the castle. These are all the remains that are left, of a warlike nature, connected with the old city.

Two or three churches must be briefly noticed. Oxford has a good many that would be considered of uncommon value elsewhere, but here may be safely left unnamed. All that it has are now well cared for; several have been restored with great taste; and probably in no other place where there are so many churches (there are here fourteen or fifteen parish churches), are they in such beautiful condition. The oldest church in Oxford is St. Peter's-in-the-East, which stands just by Queen's College, and adjoining to St. Edmund's Hall. A more interesting church than this, of its size, it would be difficult to find. It has a crypt of very ancient date—it is generally said, of the ninth century, but probably Norman,—which is almost a repetition, in little, of the crypt of Winchester Cathedral. The chancel of the church is Norman, and has a groined roof; the nave is also partly Norman, but it has windows of later date; and the south aisle is altogether of the decorated order. The whole has been restored with the greatest care; and its appearance inside is exquisite, almost the ideal of an English Protestant church. The exterior is no less striking than the inside: the Norman parts show traces of the ancient carvings, but they are mostly destroyed. The porch is a fine one of the time of Henry VI., and above it is a room for a priest. Altogether the parts, though of such various times and differences in style, appear by no means discordant, but group together most artistically. A Guide-book, of a century back, thus records the glory of the parish of which this is the parish church:—"This has more to boast of than any other parish in Europe, or even in the world, as containing within itself, besides the grand colleges (not to say palaces) of Magdalen, New, Queen's, and, in part, University; also Hertford; the Halls of St. Edmund, Magdalen, and part of St. Alban's; and as having two peals of ten bells, one of six, and three organs, two of which are used, twice a day, in choral service."

But the most magnificent church in Oxford is St. Mary's, the University Church, so called from the University sermons being preached in it. No one who has been at Oxford can forget this church, from the grand feature its spire forms in every view of the High-street, and, indeed, from all the most visited parts of the city. The church itself is large, and of noble appearance. The various parts, as is so frequently the case in ancient churches, have been built at very different periods; but, internally at least, they harmonise admirably since the late very judicious alterations and repairs. The arrangements of the Vice-chancellor's throne and the stalls of the University dignitaries, and, indeed, the whole of the fittings, contribute not a little to the general good effect. When, on some "gaudy," all the great men and doctors are assembled in their robes of scarlet and gold, with the rest of the members in full state, the church affords a rare sight to a stranger; but at all times it is an interesting and characteristic one, and should be seen. After all it is the outside that dwells most on the memory; and of this the "chief, probably, in point of interest to every visitor of the University, is the exquisitely beautiful tower and spire." We quote from Parker's 'Handbook to Oxford,' an admirable guide to the architecture of the good city; the account of the spire is thus continued:—"The panels and gables of the pinnacles testify to its date, being lined with a profusion of pomegranates in honour of Eleanor of Castile, the mother of Edward II., in whose reign it appears probable the work was completed. The superintendent of the work was Eleanor's almoner, Adam de Brom, whose chapel beneath, on the western side of the tower-base, was founded at this time, but rebuilt in the fifteenth century, at the same time with the nave." This spire is shown prominently in the engraving of the High-street; but its marvellous beauty can there only be faintly pourtrayed. The carving that covers, without crowding, the buttresses and finials, has a richness and intricacy that it would require a Prout or Roberts to give effect to. From the nature of the stone, of which this and a large part of the other buildings of Oxford are constructed, the

surface undergoes constant disintegration, and produces on the old Gothic work the peculiar richness, to which we before alluded. The effect on this spire has gone as far as it can with safety be permitted. When examined from the outside of the Radcliffe dome, which brings you about on a level with the base of the spire, the eroded appearance is quite startling: much that from below you thought to be the effect of elaborate workmanship is here seen to be the result of decay; and a large portion has become wholly indistinct. We suppose the tourist does not need to be told that he will only half see the city, unless he sees it by "the pale moonlight." The effect of the moonlight on this church and spire is delicious: it brightens in that mystic manner poets often attempt to describe, but no words can adequately convey a notion of. But all Oxford is glorious by moonlight. The High-street puts on quite a new splendour.

Before we leave the church we may notice the singular porch opposite Oriel-street, whose twisted columns and entirely unusual style is sure to attract attention. A piece of history is attached to it:—"It was erected in 1637, by Dr. Morgan Owens, chaplain to Archbishop Laud, at an expense of £230. Over it is a statue of the Virgin with the Child in her arms, holding a small crucifix, which at the time of its erection gave such offence to the puritans, that it was included in the articles of impeachment against the archbishop," (Parker.)

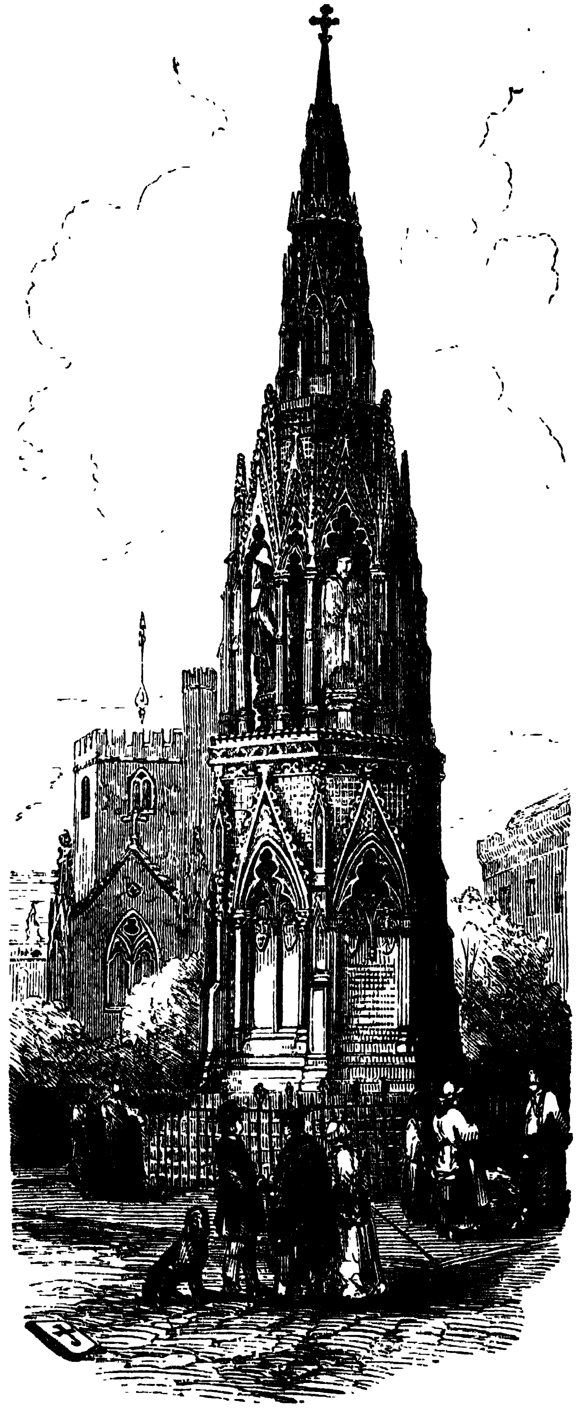
The spire seen beyond that of St. Mary's, in the engraving of the High-street, belongs to All Saints' church, a curious structure, erected, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, by Dean Aldrich, D.D., the author of 'Elements of Civil Architecture,' who has here attempted the impracticable task of uniting the characteristics of Grecian and Gothic architecture.

Leaving all the rest of the churches, we shall visit one more edifice, one of the latest and most graceful of the recent architectural additions to Oxford—the Martyrs' Memorial (Cut, No. 6). It stands at the northern entrance to the town, just by Mary Magdalen church, being the nearest suitable spot to the scene where the martyrs Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer met their doom. The history of that event is too familiar to need repeating here. The imprisonment, the mock disputations and trial, the momentary retraction of Cranmer—are all a household tale. The exact spot where the stakes were fixed is not quite certain; but it is believed to have been in the city ditch, opposite Balliol College, where now stands the row of houses in Broad-street. Previous to their execution the prelates were confined in a prison called Boccardo, a gate-house which stood across Cornmarket-street, by St. Michael's Church; it was removed in 1778. From the top of this prison Cranmer is said to have beheld the execution of his old associates. The memorial of their martyrdom was at first intended to be a church; but, for various reasons, it was finally deemed advisable to erect a cross, and, with the surplus funds, to add an additional aisle to the neighbouring church of St. Mary Magdalene, which should be called the Martyrs' Aisle. The first stone of the Memorial was laid on the 19th of May, 1841, exactly three centuries after Cranmer's English Bill was finished and "authorised by royal authority" to be read. Messrs. Scott and Moffatt were the architects whose design was selected for execution; and, as it now stands completed, a very beautiful one it is. These gentlemen took for their model the Eleanor Cross at Waltham; but, instead of a mere copy, they produced a work that, in many respects, certainly surpasses their original. It is an hexagonal structure of three stories, mounted on a platform of steps. The total height is 73 feet, and the gradations are so easy that the whole is at once airy and substantial. The style is the decorated, and every part is enriched with most elaborate carvings. The lower story has the inscription. In the second story, under canopies of exceeding richness, are the statues of the three martyrs, admirably sculptured by Mr. Weekes. The whole is surmounted by a very elegant cross. The position of the Memorial is a very happy one, and it is no small ornament to the northern approach to the city: altogether it would be difficult to find a public memorial that exhibits more of beauty and propriety. The adjacent aisle of the church is in the same style of architecture, and is made to be, in its ornamentation, allusive to the martyrs.

Before he quits Oxford for good the visitor should stroll at leisure over the Christ Church Meadow, and peep again into the groves of Magdalen. The Meadow belongs to Christ Church College, and is kept in order at the cost of the college, but it is open to the public without any reserve. The Isis and Cherwell bound three sides of it, on the fourth are the college buildings and Merton field. It is a mile and a quarter round; the Wide Walk, a fine avenue of elms—now beginning to decay—is a quarter of a mile long. In thinking of these meadows, it is hardly possible not to contrast them with the Walks of Cambridge, yet there are few points of comparison between them; the walks of Cambridge are beautiful in themselves, but they derive their chief beauty from the backs of so many of the principal colleges opening upon them. It is not so here. These meadows are so situated, that only occasional and partial glimpses are caught of the buildings; when such are caught, they are very lovely, but they are few and far between; in Cambridge they are continuous. Yet there is a great charm about these meadows. The long winding shady walks by the Cherwell, a succession of close shut-in reaches, yet constantly changing; and though you know that you are far from alone, so seemingly secluded: then that, again, by the Isis (as the Thames is called here), always so lively and gay; and the many other walks that need not be mentioned; it is impossible not to have a kind of liking for them that is not felt for those of the sister University. And you can get, too, so readily over to those more retired ones of Magdalen, the perfection of Academic groves! We give a representation of a favourite peep from Christ

Church Meadows, over Merton field, where the spire of the Cathedral, the Tom gateway, and parts of the buildings of Christ Church and Merton Colleges, form a very pretty architectural back-ground. (Cut, No. 7.)

And now we must bid Oxford farewell! Gentle reader, if you have not been there, take our advice and go as soon as you can. It is a pleasant place to visit. We have told you what is to be seen in it, and you will find the readiest and most courteous access to whatever is worth seeing. The University buildings are generally open. Into and about the college quadrangles you may stroll at pleasure, and about the gardens, too, in most instances. If you wish to look over a college hall or chapel, the porter (whose den is generally in the entrance gateway) will readily open it to you. Then there are several very good Guide-books, with maps attached, that will direct you to every locality: or you may carry in your hand one of Spiers's pretty cards, which will still more readily indicate the whereabouts of each object. If, however, you prefer a living 'Guide,' you may be suited: the profession is rather numerous in Oxford. There are always some hanging on at the inns, and hotels, and about the chief buildings. You may trust to their guidance. They know every crook and corner, and are quite expert in leading most readily to every object. They are rather proud of their dexterity that way. We knew one who boasted that he could save a party three hours in "going the round," though they had a proctor to lead them. Generally, every real guide (for alas! there are charlatans, even at Oxford,) has a regular routine; and if you catch one of the old hands, it may be rather amusing to watch him. They are a somewhat characteristic class. They have commonly a sort of decayed look, are grave in the face, short and reserved in speech, and are clad in a suit that looks like the exuvia of some reverend demy, or Merton post-master — though sometimes they sport a seedy green shooting-jacket, the vestige of some studious junior soph. They always carry a short stick, in unconscious imitation, we imagine, of the vice's pokers, for their respect for all University customs is profound—nay, awful. They move along in front of their party with a short, springy, but serious step, never stopping,—except at some "station," to tell you that "here you have a fine view of the towers of All Souls, which are thought so much of, and the Dome of Radcliffe;" or that "this is the place where the 'drawing gents' stand to take off the High-street," or some such thing,—till they bring you to the door of the show place, when, with a respectful bow, they step aside, and wait till you come out again, for they seldom enter a building. Wonderful is their knowledge, too, of all sorts of men in authority, and perfect their information respecting University costume.



6. -THE MARTYR'S MEMORIAL.



7.—VIEW FROM CHRIST CHURCH MEADOWS.

They know the exact obeisance that is due to every one, from the Vice-Chancellor down to the scout; and are great upon the theme of sleeves and leading-strings. But as we said, withal they are bashful. They have a growing, uncomfortable, depressing suspicion that their day is almost over—that they are behind the age! They see with dismay the increasing habit people have of referring to books, instead of to them, for information. And they resent it "in sullen silence." Seldom, now, do they volunteer an explanation. It is only when they have to guide a rustic party—fortunately for them a very common case—that they in these days come out in force. At such times they are sure they will be credited, that those who seem to listen are not doing so in mere scorn, and they pour out a whole flood of traditive lore.

But let us warn the visitor not to suffer either guide-book or guide to persuade him that after a hasty scamper through the city, and a hurried peep into a few of the buildings, he knows "all about Oxford." As we said before, if you were a Scott, and had spent a week in its exploration, with a Heber to guide you, you would find at the end of it that "the time had been too short to convey" more than "a grand but indistinct picture of towers and chapels, and oriels, and vaulted halls, and libraries, and paintings." But as he hoped, so you will find, that "in a little time *your* ideas will develop themselves more distinctly;" and you will recollect your visit with a pleasure such as no other city will yield. This is essentially one of those places, in looking on which, you are impressed

> "Not only with the sense
> Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thought
> That in this moment there is life and food
> For future years."

A visit to Oxford, whether in fact or in description, would be thought very imperfect if some of the celebrated places in its vicinity were not visited also. To have been at Oxford, and not to have visited Blenheim, would be regarded as an evidence of strange insensibility, or profound want of taste. Howard's being at Rome, without entering the Vatican, would hardly be thought more unaccountable. It would be a thing, in short, that a man who should confess to, had need have a very superior character for wit, or wisdom, or wealth, to save him from being pitied for want of capacity, or laughed at for an ignoramus. We cannot afford to leave Blenheim unvisited.

Blenheim is about eight miles from Oxford; you had better get there as speedily as you can by the morning coach: the house can only be seen between eleven o'clock and one, and there is nothing to look at on the road. Woodstock you may see, after your return from the Park. You enter the grounds of Blenheim by the 'grand triumphal arch,' built in honour of the famous Duke of Marlborough by his scarcely less famous duchess. Nothing whatever is seen either of the house or grounds till you pass through this gate, and the effect is certainly magnificent, as they burst at once upon you. Dr. Waagen says of Blenheim, "If nothing were to be seen in England but this seat and its treasures of art, there would be no reason to complain of going to this country. The whole is on so grand a scale, that no prince in the world need to be ashamed of it for his summer residence; and at the same time it is a noble monument of the gratitude of the English nation to the great Duke of Marlborough." ('Art and Artists in England,' v. ii. p. 27.) What the learned German says is very true, the only drawback being the recollection of the pitiful manner in which the nation carried out the expression of its gratitude. The history of the erection of Blenheim is quite a dramatic chapter (serio-comic) in the history of English architecture. The parliament voted the building of the palace, but neglected to provide funds for the purpose—leaving that part for Queen Anne to see to; and while the queen lived the works went on pretty regularly. After her death, however, the Court would no longer issue treasury orders; and the duke very naturally objected to pay money for a house that the country had by its legislature resolved should be built *for* and not *by* him. Somehow the works went on, though very slowly; while the accounts and responsibilities became continually more involved, till the climax was reached by getting into Chancery. The duke seems to have in part paid the workmen (who were never wholly paid), and after his death the building was completed by his duchess. But never was poor architect worse used than the designer of Blenheim. Vanbrugh was appointed to realize in stone and mortar the gratitude of the country. From the death of the queen, the building that was to immortalize his name was a constant source of vexation to him. He could not only get no money for his own labours, but, for a time, there seemed a chance of his having to pay the workmen out of his own pocket—at least the duchess's lawyers endeavoured to show that he was the party liable. Vanbrugh had provoked that celebrated virago, by the rather free exercise of both tongue and pen at her expense, and she had too much wit herself not to feel the keenness of his wit, and too fiery a temper to sit quietly under an affront. The duke, in his will, left her £10,000 a-year, as Vanbrugh wrote, "to spoil Blenheim her own way." Her first step was to dismiss Vanbrugh; and though she had wit enough to cause his designs to be adhered to, she would not permit him so much as to see his own building. She even carried her haughtiness further; for when, on one occasion, he accompanied the noble family of the Howards, who wished to see Blenheim, the duchess, not content with the standing order she had given against his admission, having (as Vanbrugh tells the story) "somehow learned that his wife was one of the company, sent an express the night before we came there, with orders that, if *she* came with the

Castle-Howard ladies, the servants should not suffer her to see either house, garden, or even to enter the park . so she was forced to sit all day long, and keep me company at the inn."* But Vanbrugh's vexations did not cease with the building. Its completion was the signal for a general and unanimous attack from the wits and satirists of the day, who could not understand how a clever playwright should also be a clever architect. If ridicule, in every variety of wit and banter, could prove a work of art to be a failure, Blenheim would only exist to be laughed at. For awhile the ridicule was successful, and no one was found bold enough to admire, or even to defend, the "hollowed quarry," till Sir Joshua Reynolds went a little out of his way in one of his Presidential Discourses (the thirteenth), to point out "the greater display of imagination than is to be found, perhaps, in any other," the poetic feeling, the grandeur, and the painter-like effects of light and shadow; then, indeed, it found admirers enough, and the praise became as excessive as the censure had hitherto been. Now that it is looked at impartially, professional men seem pretty well agreed that it is a work of uncommon excellence and of undeniable defects; while the ordinary observer, who cares little whether it is built in exact accordance with every classic rule, or in entire defiance of all of them, sees in it a work of manifest splendour, united with a solidity that appears to defy the assaults of time; and if he be offended with a multiplicity of parts that seem to overload and destroy the simplicity and unity of the general design, he also recognises a variety and play of outline combining with the massiveness that is so striking, and together forming a whole that is as pleasing as it is uncommon. (Cut, No. 8.)

However much he may have admired the exterior, the visitor will hardly have been prepared for the splendid effect of the Hall, in which surely Vanbrugh has shown no small share of poetic genius. It is perhaps the most striking entrance hall in the kingdom. The impression of magnificence produced on entering the building is fully retained throughout it. The rooms are nobly proportioned, and admirably calculated for the display of princely pomp. The architectural grandeur of the various apartments is abundantly supported by the richness of the furniture and fittings, and the value and beauty of the works of art and *vertù* that adorn them. It is well known that the paintings at Blenheim are among the finest in England. For obtaining masterpieces of art, the great duke possessed unusual opportunities from the state of the continent at that time, his own connections there, and his great wealth; of all which he fully availed himself. The number of paintings is very large, and their rank is of the highest. Among them are works of most of the great masters, and generally they are valuable specimens of their abilities. Of Raffaelle there is one remarkably fine picture: it is a large altar-piece having the Virgin and Child in the centre; the date on it is 1505, and it is generally referred to by judges as a characteristic and valuable example of the great painter's early manner. Nothing hardly can surpass its simplicity, purity, and beauty, or the quiet religious character it possesses. There are also several very good Titians; but the grand feature of the collection in the Rubenses. Dr. Waagen, who was already familiar with every leading gallery of pictures in Europe, calls this "the most considerable collection of paintings by Rubens in the possession of any private person; and with which not even any royal galleries can be compared, except those of Munich, Vienna, Madrid and Paris." "It is especially important," he continues, and his opinion is the more noteworthy because he is throughly conversant with all that is technical and mechanical in pictures, and is consequently a thoroughly competent judge in that respect,—"it is especially important, because the pictures are almost throughout by the hand of Rubens alone, and are chiefly of his earlier and middle periods." The Rubenses are indeed a rich treat. Waagen said it was worth travelling from Germany only to see Blenheim; we may more soberly affirm that the examination of these Rubenses would amply repay a journey from any part of England. Wonderful as many of the paintings of Rubens seem when viewed apart, it is only when you can examine such a collection of them as is here assembled, that the amazing luxuriance of his pencil can be appreciated. You then begin to understand the enthusiasm with which painters are accustomed to talk of Rubens. And to see many is needful, for at first view there appears to be something contradictory in what is said of the fascination of his style. Here, for example, is the widest range of subjects, from the gravest in the Christian history to the most sensual in the heathen mythology; and neither in the one class is their aught of religious severity or even sobriety, nor in the other of classic beauty or grace, and yet though wanting what should seem these first requisites, every competent judge acknowleges his productions to be most admirable as works of art. We know what is always said about the overpowering splendour and vivid harmony of his colouring, and the facility of his execution; but these alone would not be sufficient. The real charm that goes along with that of his colour and executive power, and indeed is the cause of them, is here seen; it is the painter's own intense enjoyment of his work. You can no more doubt that Rubens' heart was in his employment when using his brush, than you can that Burns had his engaged when writing his vivid poems. The bold disregard of all those minor beauties and blemishes which so perplex and cramp ordinary men, marks alike the man of genius, and the enjoyment of genius in its work. And hence that thorough abandonment of himself to his theme, and the consequent genuineness and originality. But we must pass on;

* The reader will find the particulars of the building of Blenheim, and of the architect's vexations, very pleasantly related in Disraeli's 'Curiosities of Literature.'

we should like to gossip over some of these pictures, but we may not,—

> "Our time
> Asks thriftier using."

Hardly less choice in their way are the Vandykes. The picture of Charles I. on the dun horse, and several others, are universally famed. Nor do the Reynoldses suffer very much alongside of the Vandykes. Had Reynolds but had a safer palette, we should have still more reason to point with pride to the portraits of our great countryman. Of the rooms we cannot of course speak particularly, but two seem to require separate mention—the chapel and the library. The former contains an immense piece of sculpture, the monument to the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, by Rysbrach—which is admitted by all connoisseurs to be the greatest work of that artist, though the word is used by them in different senses. The library is a remarkably fine room—too fine, indeed, for a library. In it is a most elaborate statue of Queen Anne, also by Rysbrach. We need hardly say that there is no deficiency in busts and portraits of the great duke, in whose honour this splendid palace was raised. On leaving the house the porter will show any gentleman, who may desire it, the Titian-room, as it is called. It contains a number of paintings which were discovered by Sir Joshua Reynolds, packed up in some obscure place about the mansion, and at his instance they were hung in a room fitted up for their reception. They are called 'The Loves of the Gods,' and a good deal of mystery used to be attached to them. But they are really very frigid affairs, and might even hang in a Quaker's private study without much danger. They are painted on leather, and have a dull trellised back-ground. To call them Titian's is a pure absurdity. That fiery old Venetian would indeed have made something of such a series: so would Rubens or Etty. These are the works of a more mechanic mythology-monger, and are as cold as though wrought by a scholiast on Ovid. As paintings, they are of but very moderate power.

But we must on. The private gardens are of much celebrity: the public are not admitted, without a special order, to view them. The park may be freely seen; and it is worth rambling over. It is a delightful thing,



8.—BLENHEIM.

on a fine summer's day, to stroll about its glades, or rest under the shadow of the mighty trees, after an hour or two spent in conning the treasures of the palace. The park contains a very prominent memorial to Marlborough, in the shape of a lofty column, which is surmounted by the statue of the hero; while on the base is an inscription, of wonderful length, recording his deeds, &c. The column was erected by the duchess: the inscription is said to have been written by Bolingbroke. The visitor may read it, and judge for himself whether it be laid at the right door. We have read a good many of Bolingbroke's writings, but as we never succeeded in getting any way near the end of this inscription, we cannot pretend to be competent to speak from the resemblance of style. As he returns towards the bridge, the visitor should take notice of the house, as seen with the broad sheet of water in front; and also as seen (and Vanbrugh evidently meant it to be so seen) in combination with the piquant bridge. If we mistake not, the excellence Reynolds pointed out will be recognized—the union of the building with the surrounding locality, and the great care which "the architect took that his work should not appear crude and hard: that is, that it did not abruptly start out of the ground without expectation or preparation."

Woodstock will, of course, be looked at on quitting Blenheim. But there is nothing in it worthy of note. It is a *most* dull town—the very realization of stagnation. You welcome the glove-shops (the only shops in the town!) as a relief—though there is nobody in them, or looking at them. Everybody stops in-doors at Woodstock. The very children stay at home. Even curiosity seems dead. We never once, at any time, saw a female of any age or grade come to a door or window to look after a stranger—a circumstance we never observed in any other town or village in Great Britain. The dulness is perfect, and infects our pen—we shall leave off talking about it.

In olden times we fancy there was not much more to see in Woodstock; for old Camden observes, with very unusual gruffness, that Woodstock having nothing of its own to show, boasts of having given birth to Chaucer. Alas! the boast is a vain one. But there does seem reason to believe that he did not only dwell but also write some of his poems (if not the 'Canterbury Tales') there,

> "Within a lodge out of the way,
> Beside a well in a forest."

And our "Bonny Queen Bess" was imprisoned for a while at Woodstock Palace; and there, as Holinshed tells us, "she hearing upon a time out of her garden a certain milkmaid singing pleasantly, wished herself to be a milkmaid as she was, saying that her case was better, and her life merrier."

Perhaps the reader has recollected that the Fair Rosamond dwelt at Woodstock, and wondered why we have not mentioned her. The omission was intentional, or rather the notice was intentionally deferred, that we might say all that concerned her at once—for Woodstock is not the only place in the neighbourhood of Oxford that claims a share in that fair dame. We need not now say that the labyrinth at Woodstock is an invention. If the visitor is anxious to see what relic there is here of her, he will find her "spring" or "bath" in Blenheim Park, close by the north side of the bridge. If he can credit the tradition that asserts it to have been hers, well; if not, the spot is at any rate a quiet, cool spot, and he will not repent having sought it out. But if nothing marks the residence of Rosamond at Woodstock, he may find, about a couple of miles up the Thames from Oxford, on the Berkshire side of the river, the remains of a little priory chapel, wherein she was undoubtedly buried. The last years of her life were spent in the nunnery at Godstow, to which she was a considerable benefactress; and there her bones were laid. A certain bishop some years afterwards had them cast out from the sacred edifice; but the more generous nuns collected them as soon as they dared, and reinterred them by the altar; and there they remained till Thomas Cromwell's commissioners broke open her tomb. The ruins of Godstow Nunnery lie in a pleasant spot by the "silver Thames," to which there is a very pleasant river-side stroll from the learned city.

About three miles west of Oxford is a place that the pen of the Northern Magician has made famous. The enthusiastic romancist who visits it, however, will, we fear, be disappointed. Mickle tells us that

> "Full many a traveller oft hath sigh'd,
> And pensive wept the countess' fall,
> As wand'ring onwards they've espied
> The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall."

Much more then might the pensive traveller, who carries 'Kenilworth' in his memory, expect to weep now. But, alas! there is now nothing to weep over, unless (as has been recommended) he carry 'Kenilworth' in his pocket. The haunted towers are no longer to be espied: indeed, it will need some skill to trace even the foundations of Cumnor Hall. There remains, however, an inn, and swinging in front of it is "the sign of the bonny Black Bear," with "Giles Gosling" written under it, as of old, and the stranger may, if he pleases, believe it *the* inn, and "avouch himself *not* utterly indifferent to reputation as a traveller, by wetting a cup at it." The church may help him a little, for there he will see a showy tomb to the memory of the veritable Antony Foster; though he will perhaps be provoked by the encomiastic inscription upon it. There is also an old building now used for an almshouse, or something of the sort; but we do not recollect whether there be any history attached to it.

If possible, the visitor should not depart from Oxford without indulging in a *row* down the river to Nuneham Courtney. Nuneham is one of the chief lions of the neighbourhood, though it is, perhaps, hardly in such repute as a few years back; but it is a very beautiful place, and the row to it will afford some very lovely glimpses of Thames scenery—and also, in all probability, some glimpses of Oxford boating. Nuneham was the creation of a somewhat eccentric nobleman, the Earl of Harcourt, who sought to cultivate here all the arts and some of the moralities. He built (or altered) the mansion, built the church, pulled down the old village, and built a new one at some distance further from the house; kept a small college of poets, who spun a large quantity of verse; collected pictures and statues, or had them made after patterns designed on the establishment; had his park carved out and planted in the most scientific style of landscape-gardening; and then, in the way of the morals, gave prizes for a good many of them to the villagers, with stars, and ribbons, and inscriptions on the outside of their houses! Withal he made Nuneham a remarkable place. The house, partly from his own design, is not very handsome; but it was admired at the time for "simple dignity." (Cut, No. 9.) The church is the oddest in the county—the chief feature of it being "six Ionic columns, that support a pediment, above which a dome rises in the centre:" it was designed by Earl Harcourt, with some aid from Athenian Stuart. Near the house is a flower-garden, formed by the taste of Mason, the chief of his lordship's band of poets, and largely decorated with columns and urns and tablets, on which are poetic inscriptions selected from the Idyllic poets of ancient Rome and modern Italy, and our own older bards; or composed for the purpose by Mason or Whitehead. The gardens may be seen on Wednesday or Friday, and are worth seeing, as one of the most elaborate specimens of the horticultural taste of the last century, as propounded by the author of the 'English Garden.' The house used to contain some very curious tapestry, a collection of pictures, and various works of art or rarity, that were rather celebrated; but they have been to a considerable extent removed; and as the apartments are not now open to the public, it hardly seems worth while to inquire particularly what remain. But if nothing be seen but the park, the journey will not be in vain. It is of considerable extent, covering some twelve hundred acres, and is well stored with timber; and the surface is broken into gentle elevations, woody banks and glens, and broad verdant glades. 'Capability Brown' brought the domain into its present form, and it was considered as a grand triumph of his skill. Walpole, in his *dilettanti* style, declared it to contain "scenes worthy of the bold pencil of Rubens, and subjects for the tranquil sunshine of Claude de Lorraine." Happily, Nature has broken away from the confines in which Brown had bound her, and the stiffness and pedantry have given place to ease and freedom, though somewhat too many traces of the old boarding-school training are yet visible about her. The views from the park are of exceeding beauty. The "shining spires and pinnacles" of Oxford in the far distance have a singular charm; and the windings of the Thames lead the delighted eye along luxuriant meads, and banks crowded with lofty trees, into a wide and varied range of gently undulating distance. In every direction the prospect is different, and in all beautiful. It is hardly worth while to add, that in the park are several objects that visitors will do well to notice. The most attractive, from its size and singularity, is the large square conduit called Carfax, that formerly stood at the meeting of the four principal streets in Oxford (whence its name, corrupted from *quatrefois* or *voies*). Another is a tree which stands by the terrace, known as 'Bab's Tree;' its history is commemorated in some verses by Whitehead, which are placed by it, and may be found told in his usual pleasant prose, by Southey, in the recently published volume of 'The Doctor.' We must not forget also to state that the grounds are, and have been for a long time, liberally and freely thrown open to the public. The late Earl caused a picturesque cottage to be erected for the accommodation of the holiday visitors, which stands on the bank of a branch of the Thames, across which is thrown a rustic bridge.

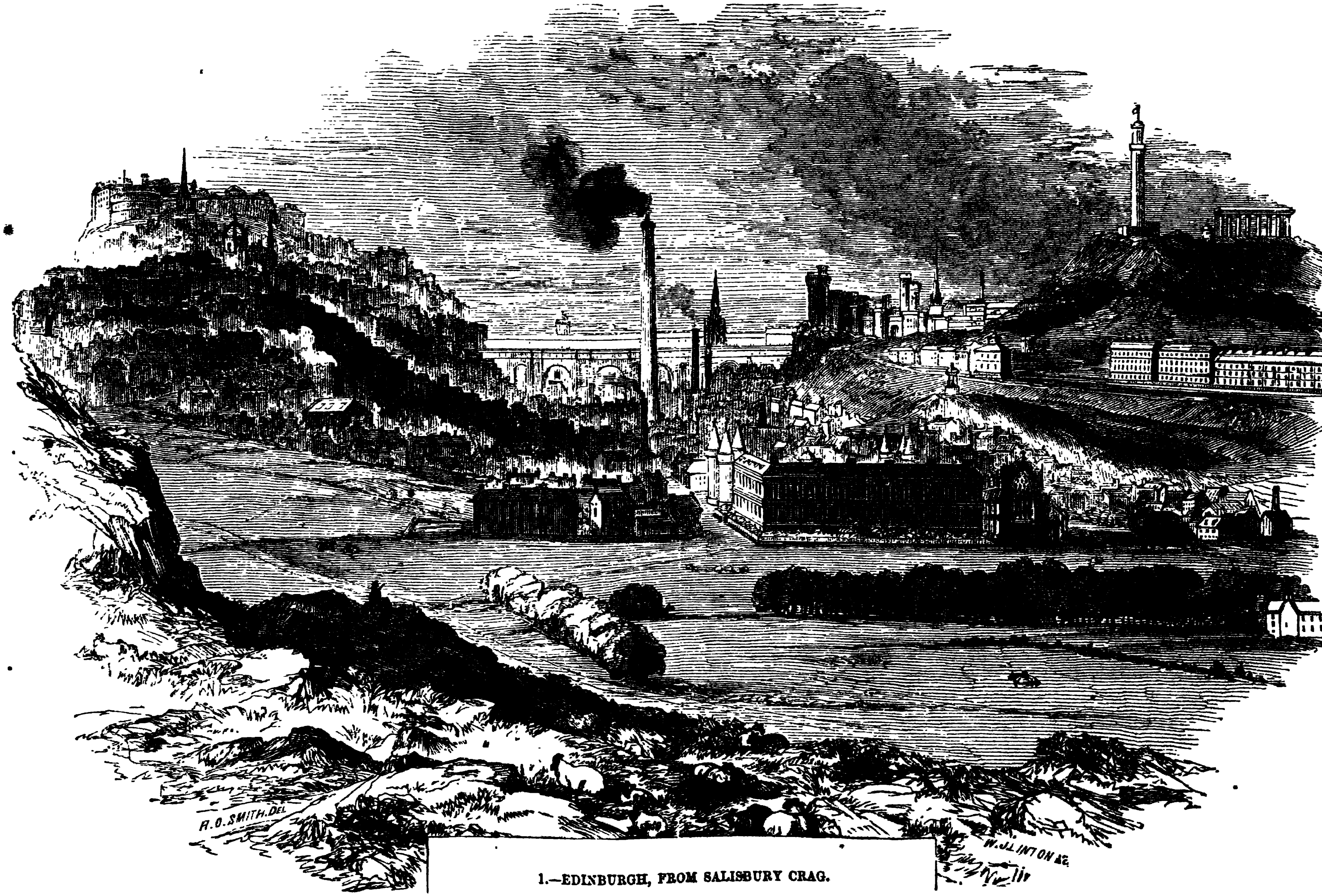
On his way to or from Nuneham, the visitor should on no account fail to turn aside to Iffley. The village is merely a rude, irregular gathering of houses along a hill-side; but the church is perhaps the finest example left of a Norman village church. It consists of a very heavy massive tower, of singularly sombre appearance from the river and adjacent country, a nave and chancel. "The tower is low, and divides the church into two nearly equal portions. On each side of it are two windows with circular arches supported by pillars. As in almost all these Norman edifices, the doorways are the most elaborately ornamented, and most striking features. That on the western side is the finest, and has long been known and admired by antiquaries. It is large, and has a bold circular arch with receding mouldings, carved in the richest manner, with the zigzag and other ornaments; the outer arch has a double row of grotesque heads, and one of animals above. These carvings have been supposed to have an allegoric signification; they are rude in style, but they possess on the whole somewhat of grandeur of effect. The doorways on the northern and southern sides of the church are likewise considerably enriched. The southern is singular, but far less beautiful than the western doorway. On each side of it are two pillars, with the usual Norman ornaments, but all differing from each other; they support a circular enriched arch. Over the western door there was originally a circular window ornamented with zigzag tracery, but a window with a pointed arch was inserted within it on occasion of

some alterations being made in the church, it is supposed, from the form of the arch, in the fifteenth century. At the same time, several other windows in the sides of the building were altered in a similar manner. The original circle is still plainly visible, however, in each instance."—*Rambles by Rivers: The Thames.*

The whole has recently been restored in excellent taste, and is now such a village church as it is quite a pleasure to meet with; to say nothing of its claim on account of its venerable antiquity. In the churchyard is a fragment of an ancient cross; and close by it is a yew-tree of enormous girth. Down in a nook by the river, where the pedestrian may cross the Thames, is a very old and picturesque water-mill, that has found a place in the sketch-book of almost every artist who has seen it.



9. -NUNEHAM COURTNEY.



1.—EDINBURGH, FROM SALISBURY CRAG.

EDINBURGH.

—— "Caledonia's Queen is chang'd,
Since, on her dusky summit rang'd,
Within its steepy limits pent
By bulwark, line, and battlement,
And flanking towers, and laky flood,
Guarded and garrison'd she stood,
Denying entrance or resort,
Save at each tall embattled port;
Above whose arch, suspended, hung
Portcullis, spiked with iron prong.
That long is gone; but not so long
Since, early clos'd, and opening late,
Jealous revolved the studded gate,
Whose task, from eve to morning tide,
A wicket churlishly supplied.
Stern then, and steel-girt, was thy brow,
Dun-Edin! O, how alter'd now!
When safe amid thy mountain court
Thou sitt'st, like Empress at her sport,
And liberal, unconfin'd, and free,
Flinging thy white arms to the sea."

The Edinburgh — the "Dun-Edin" — the "Auld Reekie," thus apostrophized in the Introduction to *Marmion*—is now within fourteen hours' distance of the Great Metropolis! A revolution has occurred, in time and space, the full consequences of which no one can predict. All those social influences which result from frequent intercourse between town and town, or between state and state—all that follows on interchange of thought and interchange of produce—will be now presented to us more rapidly, by the iron roads of the north, than at any former period.

There have been three great stages in the process which has made Englishmen acquainted with Edinburgh, and with Scotland generally. The *Rebellion* of 1745, *Walter Scott*, and the *Railways*, mark these stages. There are others of minor import; but it is impossible, in this point of view, to lose sight of the peculiar influence of those now mentioned.

That the attempt made by the grandson of James II., commonly known as the Young Pretender, to regain the throne of his forefathers in 1745, was a means, though an unforeseen one, of bringing England and Scotland into closer intimacy than before, is plain from the details given in histories of the period. From the time of the union of the two countries, in 1707, Edinburgh had been almost a *terra incognita* to Englishmen: the centre of honour, and power, and patronage, and political influence, was London; and no one seemed, unless from urgent motives, to think of going thence to Edinburgh. But after the chequered fortunes of the war of the Rebellion in 1745-6, the Government found it necessary to be better acquainted with their northern dominions. Roads were cut, settled habits were encouraged, manufactures began to spring up, the Highland clan-system gradually lost some of its force, Scotch cattle-rearers and English cattle-dealers engaged in more frequent transactions along the border counties, and English travellers began more commonly to bend their steps towards the lochs and mountains of the north.

That Sir Walter Scott has opened up—not only to England but to all the world—scenes which were before like a sealed book, can still less be doubted. The vivid description of places, buildings, persons, and events, scattered through his novels and poems, have made a deeper impression on his readers than any sober histories or topographies could have done. Not a year passes without seeing numbers flocking from England and other countries to Scotland, to visit scenes which they would probably never have heard of but for Scott. Who does not know something about Holyrood and the Canongate, the Cowgate, and the Grass-market, and the Tolbooth, at Edinburgh? Who is not familiar with Loch Katrine, and its 'Lady of the Lake;' Loch Lomond, with its 'Rob Roy's Country;' Loch Leven, with the place of poor Queen Mary's incarceration; Fifeshire, with the scenes of the old 'Antiquary' and 'Edie Ochiltree;' the Solway, and its stirring associations with 'Redgauntlet?' If visited, they are examined with eager curiosity; if yet unvisited, they have still a place in the mind: they are bright spots, which we yearn to look upon some day or other. We can no more shake off the belief that the 'Lady' *did* live on Loch Katrine,—that Marmion *did* assemble his adherents on the hills southward of Edinburgh,—that Jeannie Deans *did* meet Geordie Robertson at a spot just by Arthur's Seat;—we can with scarcely more ease shake off this abiding faith, than that Richard fought at Bosworth Field, or that Queen Elizabeth went to Tilbury Fort. It is no guess-work to say that Scott's writings have wrought this feeling beyond the limits of his own country. Soon after the publication of the 'Lady of the Lake,' a letter, written by Mr. Cadell, contained the following remarks:—"Crowds set off to view the scenery of Loch Katrine, till then comparatively unknown; and as the book came out just before the season for excursions, every house and inn in that neighbourhood was crammed with a constant succession of visitors. It is a well-ascertained fact, that from the date of the publication of the 'Lady of the Lake,' the post-horse duty in Scotland rose in an extraordinary degree; and, indeed, it continued to do so, regularly, for a number of years, the author's succeeding works keeping up the enthusiasm for all scenery which he had thus originally created."

That the extension of the railway system is drawing still closer the ties that bind England to Scotland, and the attractions which draw Englishmen towards the north, is so obvious as scarcely to need proof. Until 1847, a notable link was wanting. The Edinburgh

and Glasgow Railway has been opened for some years; there have also been scraps of lines in other quarters —from Glasgow to Greenock, Ayr, and Kilmarnock; from Edinburgh to Dalkeith, Leith, and Musselburgh; from Dundee to Arbroath, and to Forfar. But these were all Scottish: no line of rails crossed the Cheviot Hills, or the debateable 'border-land,' or the Tweed, or the Solway. We have at length, however, on the east coast, the North British Railway, running from Edinburgh to Berwick, there to join, by a bridge, the Northumberland and Yorkshire network of lines; we have, farther west, the gigantic Caledonian Railway, extending from Edinburgh in one direction, from Stirling and Castlecary in another, and from Glasgow, along the rich Clydesdale district, in a third, to a point of junction near the famed 'falls of Clyde,' at Lanark, whence a nearly north and south course of seventy miles brings us to English ground at Carlisle; and lastly, we shall have, when works at present in progress shall have been completed, another line of railway—the Nithsdale—still farther west, which will proceed from Glasgow by way of Kilmarnock, Dumfries, and Annan, to Carlisle. When we consider that the finely-appointed coaches from Glasgow to Carlisle, and from Edinburgh to Newcastle, the beautiful steamers from Liverpool to Glasgow, and the yet larger steamers from London to Edinburgh, have been for many years busily laden, and yet that they took small numbers compared with those who now travel by railway, we may easily conclude how many are the points of contact where English ramblers may meet with scenes famous in Scottish story, and how rapid the assimilation of habits and customs, of wants and wishes, between the two countries. Indeed, this process is advancing almost too rapidly for some lovers of the picturesque; since the distinctive features of many spots are fast melting away into the smooth level of modern civilization.

There is no place in Scotland which has been more influenced by such circumstances than the capital itself—Edinburgh. Edinburgh, before the Rebellion: Edinburgh, after the Rebellion: Edinburgh, as made memorable by Scott: Edinburgh, in our own railroad times—all have their marked features of distinction; and there are many parts of the city whose history is particularly connected with one or other of these eras, to the exclusion of the rest.

But beyond these external circumstances, the past and present features of Edinburgh have been remarkably influenced by the undulating surface of the ground on which it is built. Glasgow, and Liverpool, and Newcastle, and many others of our large towns, have begun their existence on the water-side, and have extended landward, as increased space became necessary—new streets branching out from, or forming continuations of the old ones; but in Edinburgh there are formidable depressions of surface, which rendered necessary a good deal of ingenuity in planning and contriving. The 'Court-end,' the city, the suburbs—all these terms have suffered more change at Edinburgh than in most British towns; and these changes have occurred quite as much from the remarkable character of the site itself, as from a necessity of enlargement to meet the increasing population of the city.

Let us, then, in the first place, take a bird's-eye view of the portion of ground on which Edinburgh is situated, and by which it is surrounded. A clear conception of this matter will much facilitate the comprehension of subsequent details.

The Firth of Forth is a wide estuary, opening into the German Ocean: it is, in fact, an expansion of the mouth of the river Forth, having Fifeshire on the north, and Edinburghshire and one or two other counties on the south. Towards the inner part of this Firth the width contracts very considerably, forming the passage of Queensferry, having the two towns of North and South Queensferry on the north and south shores. Eastward of this there is an undulating coast on the Edinburgh or southern side, studded with various towns, fishing-villages, havens, and piers. First, after passing Dalmeny Park, comes the village of Cramond, at the mouth of the river Cramond, which river is crossed by Cramond Brig or Bridge, rendered famous by an incident in Scottish history; then comes the newly-formed village of Granton, with the fine stone pier, built by the Duke of Buccleuch for the accommodation of steamers; and these are followed by a chain-pier, Newhaven village and pier, and the commercial town of Leith, with its harbour and piers; while, still further east, are the towns or villages of Portobello, Fisherrow, Musselburgh, and Preston Pans, all near the shore of the Firth and all on a low level. Taking Leith as a centre, we may trace a curved line of hills, comprising Corstorphine, Craiglockhart, Braid, Blackford, and Craigmillar Hills, and the famed Arthur's Seat; and these hills form a kind of cordon round the southern half of Edinburgh; or in other words, we may say that Edinburgh is placed in the midst of a tolerably flattish country, bounded by hills on the east, west, and south, and by Leith and the Firth of Forth on the north.

But, if this were all, Edinburgh would be analogous merely to many other cities. It is itself, however, built upon a series of hills, which, with the three or four intervening valleys, give that remarkable undulating character to which allusion has been before made. These hills we may designate the central, the northern, the southern, and the eastern; or, to come to more familiar appellations, the Castle Hill, the North Town, the South Town, and the Calton Hill. Salisbury Crag and Arthur's Seat, two hills far higher than any of the others, lie beyond the precincts of the town on the east, and can hardly be considered as forming part of the town itself, though they add not a little to the grandeur of the features presented by it.

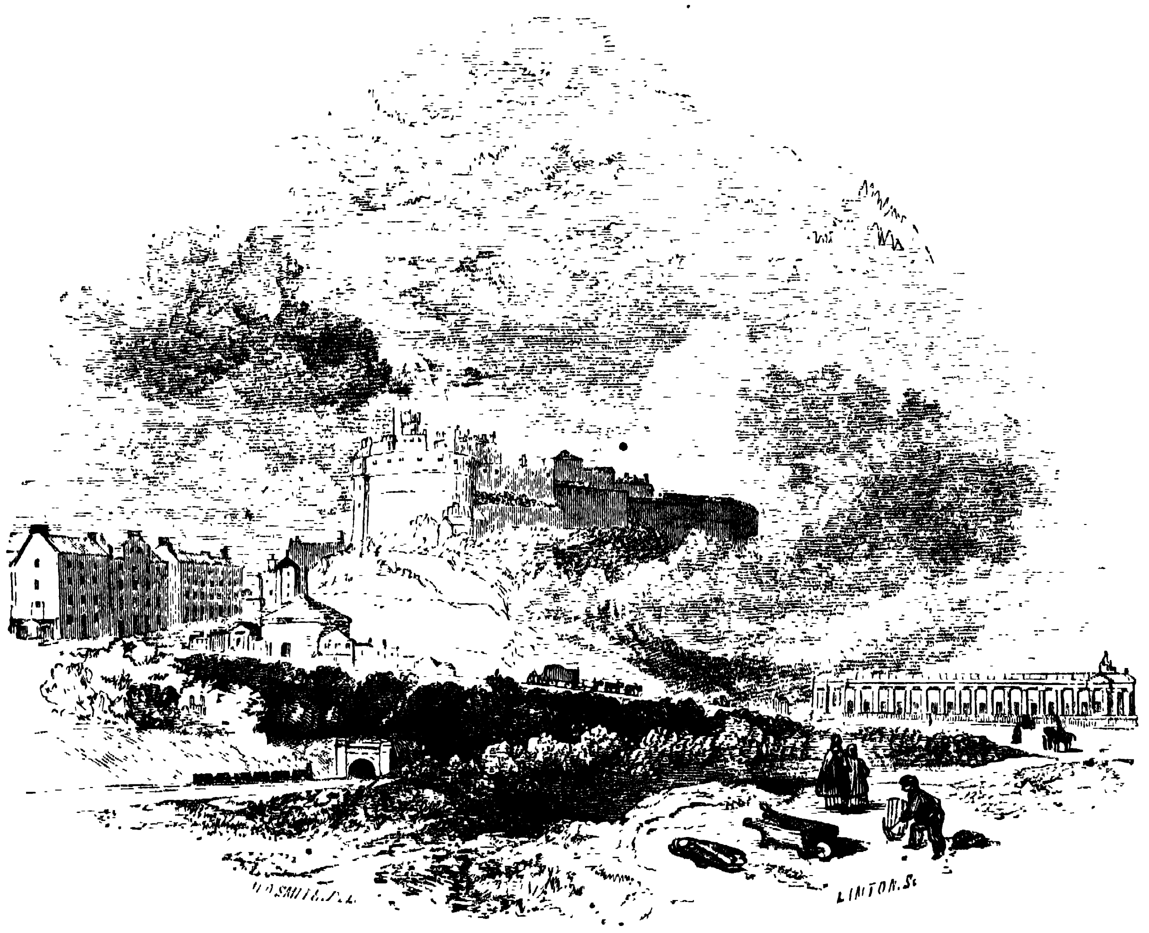
The central hill, by far the most important one to Edinburgh, has a remarkable shape: it is like a wedge, lying with its sloping side uppermost, having the Castle at its upper or thick end, and Holyrood Palace at its lower or thin end. This simile, however,

is not very exact, unless we imagine the sides of the wedge to be bevelled off, so as to make practicable slopes from the ridge to the hollows on the north and south. The ridge lies very nearly east and west, having the Castle at the west end, and Holyrood at the east. This west end reaches an elevation of nearly 400 feet above the level of the sea, and consists of rude, rough, time-resisting rock. The rock is bare and inaccessible on the west; it has slopes of almost impracticable descent on the north and south; but on the east it communicates with the sloping street—the ridge of the wedge—which descends to Holyrood, upwards of a mile distant, in a straight line.

This wedge-shaped elevation is bounded on the north and south by hollows or valleys, which separate it from other elevated ridges or hills still further to the north and south. These are not hills in the same sense as the Castle or central hill, being much less lofty and prominent; but it will be convenient to adopt the term. The southern hill rises gradually from the south valley, and then spreads away imperceptibly to the level of the surrounding country; the northern hill rises by a slope from the north valley, and then declines again towards the sea at Leith and Granton. Westward of the Castle Hill the ground is pretty level, having less ascent than to the north and south. Eastward of the northern hill lies Calton Hill, separated from it by a valley; while eastward of the southern hill is Salisbury Crag, separated from it by a pleasant, open, green spot. Arthur's Seat is still further east than Salisbury Crag, having an intervening deep valley, called the Hunter's Bog.

We therefore find that there are six elevated spots, to which the designation of 'hills' may, without much impropriety, be given, and four or five valleys, that separate these hills one from another. The buildings of Edinburgh occupy four of these hills and three of these valleys; while the other two hills furnish the most glorious vicinity to a city, in respect to prospect and healthy exercise, that can be imagined. As these valleys or hollows are such as would shame our Holborn-hill or Ludgate-hill, in regard to steepness, the reader may ask whether the streets follow all the windings of hill and valley, and whether horses and vehicles can surmount these difficulties? We shall by-and-by explain in how picturesque a way this matter has been managed, and how the hills are linked together, in spite of the valleys beneath.

It will readily be imagined that these hills and valleys have been brought within the limits of Edin-



2.—THE CASTLE HILL, FROM SCOTT'S MONUMENT.

burgh by degrees. "Rome was not built in a day;" nor was Edinburgh. The Castle Hill, and a portion of the slopes leading thence down to the north and south valleys, formed the city of Edinburgh long before the north and south hills were built upon; the latter were "out in the fields" until a comparatively recent period. Wherever there is a very ancient castle, in or near any of our old towns, we may in most cases safely infer that the castle was the nucleus of the town, and that the town spread out by degrees from the base of the castle. Edinburgh is no exception to this rule. The Old Castle was the centre—the heart, from which all else has sprung. Its arteries have ramified north, south, east, and west; it has seen the picturesque quaintness of the old town, the sober comfort of the south town, the architectural splendour of the north town; and the old black rock yet rears its head as proudly as ever, defying both man and time: the railway whistle is heard round its very base, and the steam of the locomotive condenses on its rugged sides, but the Castle Rock still maintains most of its old features.

The mode in which Edinburgh has spread out from the Castle as a centre, will be best understood by a rapid glance at the social history of the city. This we shall therefore give, before inviting the reader to a topographical ramble through it.

In the seventh century the southern part of Scotland belonged to the Anglo-Saxon kingdom of Northumbria; and one of the sovereigns of that kingdom, Edwin, built a fort on the site of the present Castle. Thus is said to have originated the appellation Dun Edin, the Celtic name for Edinburgh, meaning the Hill of Edwin; the Anglo-Saxon name was Edwinsburgh, whence the modern designation. It is, however, the opinion of antiquaries who have studied these matters, that a fort or castle existed on this hill before the arrival of the Romans in Britain. A few scattered notices are met with in early annalists and historians, from which we learn that, by about the year 854, a tolerably large village had grown up around the base of the Castle. In 1093, we find the Castle to have been a place of refuge for the widow and children of Malcolm Canmore, and to have been besieged by Donald Bane, the brother of Canmore, and the usurper of his throne.

By the reign of David I., in the twelfth century, Edinburgh had become an important Scottish town, and had been erected into a burgh, although it consisted of mean thatched houses. William the Lion frequently resided at the Castle. In 1215 Edinburgh acquired a higher degree of importance, from being made the scene of the first Parliament appointed by Alexander II.; and, twenty years afterwards, it was further made the scene of a provincial synod by the Pope's legate. Alexander III. made the Castle the depository of the regalia and archives. During the fourteenth century, Edinburgh, with its castle and its palace of Holyrood, was involved in the turmoils arising out of the successive attacks of the English Edwards. One incident of those times gives us the intimation that St. Mary's Wynd, still existing as an offshoot from the High-street, was known by its present name so far back as 1336. When Scotland was freed from these hostile excursions Edinburgh became a more important place than at any former period. Robert Bruce bestowed on the burgh the harbour and mills of Leith. Before the end of the same century it was confessedly the chief town in Scotland, though not nominally the capital; parliaments were frequently held there, and a Mint was established for coinage. In 1384, Edinburgh is described by Froissart to have contained about 4,000 houses; but these were of so poor a character that they could not accommodate a company of French knights who about that time visited it. In the next following year the whole town was reduced to ashes by Richard II., except the Castle; so that we may consider this as a point of division between two distinct parts of the town's history. The poor houseless inhabitants were permitted to raise habitations within shelter of the Castle walls.

During the first half of the fifteenth century Edinburgh gradually recovered from the disasters of the fourteenth; and when James I. of Scotland died in 1436, it became in name what it had long been in effect, the capital of the country. Before this time, Perth and Stirling had disputed with it the palm of superiority; but when James I. was murdered, his son James II., then a mere boy, was enthroned in Edinburgh, as possessing the strongest castle, and as being best able to defend him from the ambitious nobles who distracted Scotland at that period. James II., III., and IV., during the latter half of the same century, granted to Edinburgh many privileges, which still more enhanced its importance as the Scottish metropolis. Permission to fortify the town with a wall, and to levy a tax to defray the cost; exemption of burgesses from the payment of any duties, except a petty custom; a grant of all the Vale between Craigend Gate on the east, and the highway leading to Leith on the west; a grant of the 'haven silver' and customs on ships entering the roadstead and harbour of Leith; a charter establishing the sites of its markets—these were some of the favours granted to the royal city.

There seems every reason for believing that Edinburgh, in the middle of the fifteenth century, comprised only the main line of street from the Castle to Holyrood,—the upper surface of the wedge,—and a portion of the north and south slopes, leading down to the adjacent valleys. But about that period the town began to extend its limits. The wall was built in 1450, and included very little more than the present High-street, from the Castle to the Canongate; but by the year 1513 a much larger area was included within the city boundary. The wall, at this latter date, proceeded from the Castle, southward, to near the present site of Heriot's Hospital; then in a crooked line, eastward, to a lane or street called Pleasance; and then northward, by St. Mary's Wynd and Leith Wynd, to the open ground forming the northern valley.

a commencement was fairly made. The progress of the new south town rather discouraged speculators in the north; and builders did not purchase feus with the avidity which the magistrates wished and hoped. A bribe was therefore offered of a premium of £20 to the person who should build the first house in the extended royalty, or new north town. A beginning having thus been made, the town gradually grew up; St. Andrew's-square, nearly in a line with the North Bridge, being the nucleus of the building operations.

The reader will therefore find his comprehension of the topography of Edinburgh assisted by bearing in mind the following points:—That the town was situated wholly on the central hill until the fifteenth century; that the first wall, built in 1450, enclosed very little more than the present High-street, and the wynds branching out from it on the north and south; that the town next extended over the southern valley or hollow, identical with the present Cowgate and Grass-market; that the second wall of the city, built in 1513, included a considerable area of ground southward of this valley; that a period of two centuries and a half elapsed, during which scarcely any extensions of the town were made; that about the close of George the Second's reign a bridge was built over the northern valley, preparatory to an extension of the town to the fields then lying between Edinburgh and Leith; that shortly afterwards a new town of (relatively) good houses began to spring up considerably southward of the Cowgate valley; that about the year 1770 the new north town, to which the bridge over the northern valley gave access, was fairly commenced; and that ever since that period the town and its suburbs have spread out extensively in every direction.

Let us now ramble through the various quarters of this remarkable city, noticing, as we proceed, the most prominent features, especially those which connect past times with the present. Where the pen is weak, the pencil is often strong: the sketches of our colleague, Mr. Harvey Orrin Smith, will present many of the scenes at once and forcibly to the eye. And first for the *Castle*, the nucleus of the whole.

When we ascend the sloping street that leads westward to the Castle, a shade of disappointment is apt to be felt at its appearance. It is not a good old, weather-beaten, moss-grown, picturesque, novel-reader's castle. The soldiers in their red coats, the shabby-looking barracks which have been built for their accommodation, and the changes made from time to time in the approaches, somewhat disturb one's notions of an ancient castle. But when we have clambered round the curved roads and paths which lead up to the bastions and ramparts, we cannot but remember of how many a busy scene it has been the theatre. It was the fortified castle-rock of the Ottadini, before the Roman invasion; it was the *Castrum Puellarum* of the Pictish kings; it afforded a refuge to the widow and children of Malcolm Canmore, in the eleventh century; it was the residence of William the Lion in the next following century, and of many other monarchs in succeeding centuries; it was bandied about from one possessor to another during the stormy period of the Edwards and the Bruces; it was alternately in the hands of kings and of nobles during the reigns of the Jameses; it took a part in all the busy events of Scottish history during the next three or four centuries; it welcomed George the Fourth in 1822, and Victoria in 1842.

By the articles of the Union between England and Scotland, four Scottish fortresses are to be kept up in an efficient state: Edinburgh is one of these; the other three being Stirling, Dumbarton, and Blackness. We therefore expect to see the usual concomitants of military defences at the Castle. The Castle altogether occupies about six acres of ground. The rock on which it stands is, as has already been stated, very precipitous on the north, south, and west; its highest point is about 300 feet above the valley below, or nearly 400 above the level of the sea. On its eastern side it throws off a glacis or esplanade, communicating with the High-street, and affording a parade-ground and promenade. From this parade we advance westward to a barrier of palisades; then a dry ditch and a drawbridge, flanked by low batteries; then a guard-house; then a strong archway, passing under a building used as a state prison; then a battery, an arsenal, and barracks. A second strong gateway gives entrance to the inner or higher fort, which contains the oldest portion of the Castle. There is a large pile of building, containing what were once the state apartments of Queen Mary; and the Crown-room, in which are lodged the regalia of Scotland.

Two of the batteries of the Castle, the half-moon and the bomb-batteries, command a glorious view over the city and its environs. Eastward, past the lofty buildings of the Castle, may be seen the ancient part of the city, backed by Arthur's Seat; towards the north-east the eye glances over the gardens and railway of the North Valley to the Calton Hill and the superb buildings near it; northward lies the new town of stone houses, "stretching its white arms to the sea," and beyond it the Firth of Forth and the Fifeshire hills; while westward are the Corstorphine hills, backed by a dim outline of mountains far in the west. Captain Basil Hall, though no great admirer of the New Town, speaks with rapture, in his amusing collection of odds and ends called 'Patchwork,' of "the happy elegance of outline of the Old Town; the boldness of the Castle, which overlooks both towns; the matchless beauty, occasional grandeur, and pleasing variety of the adjacent scenery—which includes very respectable mountains, richly-cultivated plains, wooded valleys, and, above all, one of the finest specimens of estuary scenery which is to be found in the wide world. The only match that I know of for the glorious Firth of Forth, viewed from the Castle of Edinburgh, is the Gulf of St. Lawrence, seen from the ramparts of Quebec. In both cases the extent of water is great enough to show that it is the ocean we are looking at; and yet the width is not so vast as entirely to remove the idea

of a river; at the same time that the high grounds which form their banks would be in character with streams of such gigantic dimensions, supposing those arms of the sea to be rivers." A portion of this varied view is given in Cut, No. 3.

When Queen Victoria visited Edinburgh in 1842, she sat down on the parapet of the Castle to enjoy this splendid panorama: the people, assembled by thousands in Princes-street, two or three hundred feet below, espied her, and greeted her with stentorian lungs; while the handkerchief which she waved in recognition of them was distinctly seen below; nay, it is even said that the captain of the *Pique* frigate, lying out in the Firth of Forth, espied her with his telescope, and immediately fired a royal salute.

The buildings of the Castle may be passed over with slight mention. The barracks, presenting their broad front towards the south-west, on the highest part of the Castle rock, form a most provokingly ugly mass. No cotton-mill could exhibit a more bare series of plain, flat, dismal, modern windows; and ingenuity could hardly have contrived a structure less in harmony with the scenes that surround it. As seen from the valley beneath, it is beyond measure tame and spiritless.

The glittering treasures which form the *Regalia* were hidden from the light of day for nearly a century. When the Union took place between the two countries the Scottish crown-jewels were lodged in a room in the Castle, in 1707; but they seem afterwards to have passed almost out of mind, for no one knew what had become of them. At length, in 1818, the Prince Regent deputed some commissioners to search for them; and they were found carefully secured in a large oaken chest. They are now placed in a small room, lighted by lamps, and strongly secured by iron railings; and the corporate officers have power to grant tickets of admission to see them. The regalia consist of the Scottish crown; the sceptre; the sword of state; the Lord Treasurer's rod of office; a ruby ring, once belonging to Charles I.; a golden collar of the order of the Garter, presented by Queen Elizabeth to James VI.; and the badge of the order of the Thistle, bequeathed by Cardinal York to George IV.

One of the objects to be seen at the Castle is the ponderous gun, designated 'Mons Meg,' placed on the bomb-battery, and pointing its mouth very harmlessly (for it is never now fired) over a portion of the New or North Town. 'Mons Meg' is a curiosity for which the "gude folk" of Edinburgh have a great affection. It is supposed that this monster cannon was fabricated in the time of James IV.; but how it obtained its familiar name does not seem to be known. There is a curious entry in the accounts of the High Treasurer, during that reign, relative to 'Mons Meg' having been transported on some occasion of national festivity from the Castle to the Abbey of Holyrood; there was a payment of 10*s*. to the pioneers for aiding to remove the cannon; 14*s*. to the minstrels who played before it during the removal; 9*s*. 4*d*. for eight ells of cloth, "to be Mons' claith to cover her;" payments for the iron and for men's labour in making a cradle for 'Meg' during her removal; and many other items. The great gun appears to have been fired off occasionally at holiday times; but at length, in 1754, it was removed from Edinburgh Castle to London, where it remained in the Tower during three-quarters of a century, much against the inclination of the Scots. It is said that when George IV. was standing on the ramparts of the Castle, during his visit in 1822, Sir Walter Scott, who was by his side, brought 'Mons Meg' to the recollection of the king; and that, consequent on this circumstance, the cannon was restored to its ancient site in 1829. 'Mons Meg' is about 13 feet long, 2 feet 3 inches diameter at the mouth, and having a bore of 20 inches. It is formed of a number of iron bars welded together, and bound by strong hoops.

Leaving the Castle, we commence the descent of that remarkable line of street which extends thence to Holyrood, almost in a direct line from west to east. It consists of four distinct portions—Castle-hill, Lawnmarket, High-street, and Canongate—all names well known in the past history of Edinburgh. Every year witnesses some change in the appearance of this venerable avenue—some alteration, to make way for modern improvements; and it is, perhaps, scarcely improbable that persons now alive may see the whole line converted into smart shops and modern-fronted houses. One could almost feel regret at such a change. There is such a unique picturesqueness about the oldest portions of this line of street, that we can hardly afford to part with it, even for the increased comforts of modern erections. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, in his account of Queen Victoria's 'Royal Progress' in Scotland, justly remarks, "There are thousands of streets in the civilized world to which the High-street of Edinburgh can bear no comparison, either as to elegance of architecture or magnificence of design; but the antiquated, unpretending, and smoke-discoloured fronts of its houses, of some ten stories, occasionally topped by curious gables and huge square chimneys, so high in the heavens that, notwithstanding its great breadth from side to side, it is painful to look directly up to them from below, give to it a peculiar species of venerable grandeur which is to be found nowhere else."

We may walk from end to end, from west to east, without meeting two contiguous houses similar to each other. Here we have a house both broad and high, speckled over with a vast number of windows; next may come a house equally lofty, but narrower; then another, in which gables and odd nooks and corners diversify the front; at one point is a stair (the Scotch do not use the plural word, *stairs*, in the same sense as the English: the whole ascent, reaching from the bottom of the house to the top, is simply a *stair*,) passing upwards from a doorless entrance between two houses; and at another a stair reaching outside the house from the pavement up to the story or *flat* over the shop; some of the houses have inscriptions on

them, serving as the mottoes of the pious occupants two or three centuries ago; while others have been partially modernized to suit the altered taste of the times; in some, the upper windows are decked with boards indicating the occupation of those who dwell within; while other of the upper windows, at such a height that one begins to wonder whether the Scotch ever feel wearied with climbing such interminable flights of stairs, have clothes hung out on poles to dry. Here and there we see a piece of looking-glass jutting out from the side of a window, in such a position as to reflect the images of the passers-by: a fancy which is exhibited in many of the towns of Holland and Germany. Sometimes the upper flats, or stories, project beyond the level of the lower, as in old-fashioned English houses; but, for the most part a pretty general level is maintained in this respect. Many and many a 'spirit-cellar' is to be seen under houses, the upper flats of which are occupied in other ways; but the number of these is probably much less now than in former times. A good idea of the shop-cellars in the High-street, as they existed in the time to which the novel refers, is given in the 'Antiquary.'

The first portion of this long line of street commencing from the Castle, we have said is designated Castle Hill. Just at this spot is a series of flights of steps, leading down from the level of the Parade to the valley of the Cowgate (or rather, the Grass-market,) beneath, on the south; and a pretty considerable descent it is. Down we go, counting the steps by dozens or scores, and meeting on the way with the new road, scooped out of the southern brow of the Castle Hill; then descending again to a lower and lower depth till we fairly reach the valley. This is the most western descent from the central ridge to the southern valley: the others, as will be presently described, are formed by very steep narrow wynds, or closes.

One of the first buildings met with on Castle Hill, after passing a few old houses on the south side of the street, is Victoria Hall, the new place of meeting for the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. The Assembly had before only an inconvenient place of meeting; but this new structure has been so planned as to serve the purpose of a meeting hall and of a church for one of the Edinburgh parishes. This Victoria Hall was made the scene of holiday ceremonial, on the occasion of the Queen's visit to Edinburgh in 1842. The royal procession advanced up the main artery of street, from Holyrood to the Castle; and when it arrived opposite this spot, the Queen's attention was attracted to a gallery, where stood the Grand Master Mason of Scotland, Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, and a glittering array of the Masonic fraternity. After the bowings, the shoutings, the wavings of handkerchiefs, customary at such a scene, the Masons laid the foundation-stone of the building in great form. It is a very beautiful Gothic structure, having a range of five windows on each side, separated by buttresses crowned with pinnacles; while at the eastern end is a tower of great richness, which rises to a height of 240 feet, and is a most prominent object from almost every part of Edinburgh.

Very few of the old houses of Castle Hill are now left; they have been destroyed, to make way for various improvements. In former times, in a little block of buildings bounded on one side by Blyth's Close, and on another by Tod's Close, was a private oratory of the queen of James V., afterwards Regent of Scotland: it was a most curious relic of past times, but was, in later days, parted off into a number of 'flats,' or dwellings, for a poor class of inhabitants. There was also, on the south side of the street, the house of the Earl of Dumfries, the access to which was by a stair entering from an alley at the side: it was inhabited by one of the earls of Dumfries about a century ago, then by Lord Rockville, and lastly, like almost all the houses of the nobility in Edinburgh, it was divided into distinct flats, and let off to poor people. At the corner of Blair's Close, also in Castle Hill, was the residence of the Duke of Gordon,—another of those Edinburgh mansions, tall, wide, substantial, and closely pent up on either side. On the opposite side of the street, declining a little way down the northern slope of the Castle Hill, Allan Ramsay built a house for himself, whither he retired about ninety years ago. It is reported that he was very fond of his new house, and was on one occasion showing all its beauties and (probably) eccentricities to Lord Elibank, to whom he remarked, that the wags about the town likened it to a goose-pie. "Indeed," said his lordship, "when I see you in it, Allan, I think they are not far wrong."

We next come to the Lawn-market, a place which, as its name imports, was once occupied as a market for cloth and other materials. Between it and the Castle Hill stood, until about five-and-twenty years ago, one of the most picturesque streets in Edinburgh, called the West Bow, leading down, in a crooked and very steep line, to the Grass-market in the southern valley. This West Bow will occupy a little of our attention in a future page.

Going eastward from the Lawn-market, we come at once into the High-street—the scene of so many stirring events in Scottish history and story. It is a pretty long street, extending to the boundary of the Canongate. As seen at the present day, it presents, on the north side, first a short street, called Bank-street, leading down to the Bank of Scotland, which overhangs the northern slope of the hill. This is a large, handsome, and rather costly structure. The Institution itself, which had the merit of establishing the distinctive principles of the Scottish banking system, was founded as long ago as 1695; but the present building is comparatively modern. Farther down, on the same side of the High-street, is the Royal Exchange, the building which has been before alluded to as opening a new era for Edinburgh. It is something more than an Exchange, being appropriated partly to the Council-chamber for the meetings of the magistracy, and various other offices and apartments

for the transaction of municipal business. Before the construction of the North and South Bridges, the whole northern range of the High-street, from the point now under notice down to the Netherbow which separated it from the Canongate, was occupied by lofty houses, separated by those wretched narrow wynds, which, as having been once the residence of the high-born and noble, we can view only with astonishment.

Nearly opposite to the spot now occupied by the Royal Exchange is a piece of radiated pavement, in the High-street. This marks the spot where the celebrated *Cross* of Edinburgh stood, before it was destroyed in the middle of the last century. We can well imagine such a man as Scott lamenting the destruction of any old picturesque, time-worn memorials of past ages, even though the spirit of street-improvement be the idol to which the sacrifice is made:

> "Dun Edin's Cross, a pillar'd stone,
> Rose on a turret octagon;
> (But now is razed that monument
> Whence royal edict rang,
> And voice of Scotland's law was sent
> In glorious trumpet-clang.
> O! be his tomb as lead to lead
> Upon its dull destroyer's head!)"

This Cross, against tne destroyers of which the minstrel thus hurls his anathema, was an octagonal tower, about sixteen feet in diameter, and about fifteen feet high. At each angle there was a pillar, and between the pillars were arches: above these was a projecting battlement, with a turret at each corner, ornamented with rude but curious medallions: above this again rose the proper cross, a column of one stone, upwards of twenty feet high. The magistrates of Edinburgh, apparently forgetful that the unsightly Tolbooth was a far greater obstruction, came to a conclusion, in 1756, that this ancient cross was a nuisance and encumbrance on the king's highway; and they obtained the sanction of the Lords of Session for its removal. The Cross is said to be still preserved, on the estate of Drum near Edinburgh. A fountain which had belonged to the Cross came into the hands of Sir Walter Scott. In a letter to Terry the actor, written in 1817, Scott states that he had obtained possession of this fountain, and had conveyed it to Abbotsford.

The southern side of High-street, as at present existing, exhibits, at the junction of this street with the Lawn-market, a wide opening to George the Fourth Bridge, a busy new thoroughfare, carried on lofty arches over the Southern Valley, or Cowgate. There then comes upon the sight a wide spot of ground, occupied by so many different buildings that we hardly know by what name to designate it. Fronting the High-street is the venerable High Church of Edinburgh, St. Giles's; at the western corner of the square is the County Court; at the eastern corner, the Police-office; and behind this, the almost interminable maze of buildings known as the Parliament House, with other new buildings attached to it. One general name for the irregular open spot of ground surrounded by these several buildings, is Parliament-square.

Now, in order to unravel the arrangement of this maze of buildings, we must bear in mind that Parliament-square was once the churchyard of the High Church of St. Giles. This church stood, as it now stands, on the south side of High-street, and the churchyard extended from thence nearly to the Cowgate. The Tolbooth—the strange, clumsy, odd-looking building, of which we shall have presently to speak—was built, during the latter half of the sixteenth century, as a Parliament-house and a Court of Justice; but as it was in many respects inefficient for such a purpose, it was, in 1640, converted into a prison, and a new Parliament-house was constructed on a part of the ground before occupied by St. Giles's churchyard. From time to time, as occasion offered, new buildings were erected, abutting on the old, until at length a mass of rooms and offices was obtained, almost as labyrinthine as the Parliamentary and Judicial buildings at Westminster, with their interminable corridors and passages.

In the centre of the Parliament-square, having the church on the north side, is an equestrian statue of Charles II. It was erected in 1685; it is formed of lead coated with bronze, and is regarded as one of the best pieces of sculpture in Edinburgh. The building at the north-east corner of the square is a police-office, presenting no peculiar features to call for notice. This is separated by an opening from the much larger building known as the Parliament House. In modern times a Grecian front has been put to this building, somewhat out of character with the original; but this is not the only example in Edinburgh where a desire has been manifested to give a classical exterior to a structure, without reference to its internal style.

One of the first rooms entered is the noble *Hall* of the old Parliament House, designated, at the present day, the *Outer House*. This is one of the finest halls in Scotland. It was the hall in which the Scottish Parliament sat for about seventy years, until the union with England. The hall is 122 feet long, by 49 broad. It has a finely-carved oak roof, with pendant gilt knobs. Here the nobles, prelates, and commons met in Parliament assembled. At the present day, this great hall, in the busy law season, is one of the most bustling and striking places in Edinburgh: it is a sort of Westminster Hall. Around it are the various Scottish courts of law, at which are employed the advocates and writers to the Signet (nearly equivalent to English barristers and solicitors); and these agents of the law make use of the Great Hall, or 'Outer House,' as a general place of rendezvous. Here are the wigs and gowns in plenty. Lawyers and clients are busily conferring together, and popping in and out of the various courts; some are parading up and down the room, discussing some knotty point of the law (for Scottish law is apparently not less full of knotty points than that

of other countries), or assembled in groups. A crier at one end of the Court bawls out the name of any person who may be wanted, as is the custom at the London Stock Exchange and Hall of Commerce: a constant hum fills the whole area. But when the law sittings are terminated — here is a change! Judges and advocates, writers and clients — all stay away. The statues of Lord Melville and Lord President Blair have it, then, all to themselves.

Connected by various entries and passages with this fine old hall are the Courts of Law, which are very numerous. There are four small chambers, or courts, in which the Lords Ordinary sit. There are two larger courts, in which the First and Second Division of the Court, as they are termed, hold their sittings. In another Court-room is held the sittings of the High Court of Justiciary, the supreme criminal tribunal of Scotland. All these various Courts of Law form collectively the Scottish Court of Session, which is separated into two chambers or divisions, of which the first is presided over by the Lord President, and the second by the Lord Justice Clerk. The Lords Ordinary are subordinate to these higher functionaries, and generally attend to the initiatory steps of law proceedings. All the varied powers which in England would be exercised by the Courts of Chancery, Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, Admiralty, Ecclesiastical Courts, and Criminal Courts, are within the scope of the Court of Session, and constitute it a powerful and important body.

The *Advocates' Library* adjoins, and has a communication with the Parliament House. This is a very valuable establishment. It is one of those privileged libraries, which are empowered to demand a copy of every printed work published in Great Britain or Ireland. By this means a fine library, amounting to upwards of 150,000 volumes, has been accumulated. There are also among the MSS. many valuable works on the civil and ecclesiastical history of Scotland. This library belongs wholly to the Faculty of Advocates, and its current expenses are defrayed by small fees from the advocates; but nothing can exceed the liberality with which it is managed. Inhabitants of the city, who are in any way known as trustworthy, may have books home for perusal at pleasure; while strangers have no difficulty whatever in obtaining access to its treasures. The catalogues, instead of being arranged in one alphabetical series of authors' names, (as in the ill-digested system at the British Museum Library,) are first grouped into a few large divisions, according to the subjects, and then treated alphabetically under those divisions. A MS. Bible of the eleventh century; a copy of Faust and Guttemberg's first printed Bible; the original solemn League and Covenant, signed in 1580; and a number of other literary treasures, are among the contents of the library. All these books and MSS. have been deposited in galleries and rooms prepared from time to time for their reception, as occasion required; but they are worthy of a finer and more complete building, which they may, perhaps, one day obtain. Ruddiman, Hume, and Adam Ferguson, were at different times principal librarians of this fine collection; the office is at present filled by Dr. Irving, author of the 'Lives of the Scottish Poets,' eminently to the satisfaction of those who are most interested in the efficient performance of the duties of the office.

The *Signet Library* is another establishment included within the same large mass of buildings. Though not so extensive as the Advocates', it is said to contain 50,000 volumes, and is particularly rich in works relating to British and Irish history. One of its rooms is a very noble one, far excelling any belonging to the Advocates' Library; indeed, it is one of the finest rooms in Edinburgh. This library is solely supported by the contributions of the Writers to the Signet; but the same spirit of liberality marks its mode of management as in the case of its larger neighbour.

Passing round to the north-west angle of Parliament-square, we come to the last building of this remarkable group—the County Hall. This, it is true, is quite detached from the Parliament House and its contiguous buildings; but it forms one of the Parliament-square series. The County Hall is copied from the Temple of Erectheus, at Athens, while the principal entrance is modelled from the choragic monument of Thrasyllus. This practice of taking some notable Greek structure as a model for modern edifices has been much followed at Edinburgh.

We now come back again into the High-street, where the venerable old Church of St. Giles forms the northern boundary of the Parliament-square, having an opening between it and the Police-office on the one side, and another between it and the County Hall on the other. The church is thus isolated. It is one of the most ancient buildings in Edinburgh, though its exterior has been frequently renovated. At what period the actual foundation was made seems to be unknown; but the church is mentioned in the year 1359, in a charter of David II. About a century afterwards, it was made a collegiate church, and as many as forty altars were supported within its walls. As the Scotch have, within the last three centuries, shown but little liking for episcopal and cathedral establishments, this old church has suffered some curious mutations in respect to the arrangement of its interior. After the Reformation, many of the sacred vessels and relics were removed, and the building itself was partitioned off into four places of worship. In 1603 James the Sixth took a farewell of his subjects in this church, before proceeding to take possession of the throne of England. In 1643 the solemn League and Covenant was sworn to within its walls, by the various parties to that agreement. At the present time the old Cathedral is divided into three distinct churches—the High Church, the West Church, and the Tolbooth Church. If we imagine the nave, the choir, and the south transept of a cathedral to form three churches, and the north transept to serve as a common entrance to all of

them, we may form a tolerably correct idea of this family of churches. Our illustration (Cut, No. 4,) shows the western end of the Church, with part of the High-street, and of Parliament-square. The most noticeable feature about the building is the central tower: the top of it is crowned with open carved stone-work, with arches springing from the four corners, and meeting together in the centre, so as to form a sort of crown. In this respect it somewhat resembles the old church tower of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. As the tower is 160 feet in height, the elegant carved work which thus forms its summit presents a beautiful object as seen from other parts of the city.

Let us stand in the High-street, opposite the old Church, and look around us. We are in the midst of a tolerably wide and long thoroughfare, but we have only to go back one generation to the period when the old *Tolbooth* obstructed the street, standing out as an isolated block of buildings, like our odious "Middle-row, Holborn." We have before us a Map of Edinburgh, published about a century ago, in which the Luckenbooths is represented as a long narrow pile of buildings, having the Tolbooth at its western end, and a small avenue between them: a little to the east of this is the Cross, and still further east the Town Guard-house—all situated in the High-street, and all isolated from other buildings. The Parliament Close is represented as having the Parliament House at the south-west corner, but there are apparently no other official buildings at that spot. The wynds and closes, as represented branching out of this street, in all their full number antecedent to various pullings-down and improvements, cannot fail to strike any one who looks at this old map.

The cumbrous mass of buildings here alluded to as having formed the Tolbooth and the Luckenbooths, was destroyed in 1817, very soon after Sir Walter Scott wrote his 'Heart of Midlothian;' and we may therefore refer to him as the most graphic of eye-witnesses respecting it, in recent times:—"The Tolbooth rears its ancient front in the very middle of the High-street, forming, as it were, the termination of a huge pile of buildings called the Luckenbooths, which, for some inconceivable reason, our ancestors had jammed into the midst of the principal street of the town; leaving for passage a narrow street on the north, and on the south, into which the prison opens, a narrow crooked lane, winding between the high and sombre walls of the Tolbooth and the adjacent houses on the one side and the buttresses and projections of the old cathedral upon the other. To give some gaiety to this sombre passage (well known by the name of the 'Krames,') a number of little booths or shops, after the fashion of cobblers' stalls, are plastered, as it were, against the Gothic projections and abutments; so that it seems as if the traders had occupied with nests, bearing the same proportion to the building, every buttress and coign of vantage, as the martlet did in Macbeth's castle. Of later years these booths have degenerated into mere toy-shops, where the little loiterers chiefly interested in such wares are tempted to linger . . . . But in the times we write of, the hosiers, the glovers, the hatters, the mercers, the milliners, and all who dealt in the miscellaneous wares now termed haberdashers' goods, were to be found in the narrow alley."

Who can forget the events of which Scott makes the Tolbooth the scene? The skill with which this vivid writer works up the true story of Captain Porteous with the fiction of Effie Deans and her worthless lover, makes it difficult for a reader to separate the one from the other. Porteous was Captain of the Edinburgh City Guard, and one of his duties was to preserve the peace of the city during the execution of criminals. On one occasion two culprits, Wilson and Robertson (the 'Geordie Robertson' of Scott's novel) were proceeding to the "condemned sermon" just before their approaching execution, when Wilson, by a most daring act of courage, furnished an opportunity for Robertson to escape. Wilson was hanged, but cut down by the excited mob, whereupon Porteous shot him dead with a musket, and afterwards caused his guard to fire upon the enraged people, by which many lives were lost. For his reckless conduct in this affair, Porteous was tried, found guilty of murder, and ordered for execution. The 8th September, 1736, was to be the day of execution; but on that day a reprieve was received from the crown. This so exasperated the people, who had conceived the most intense hatred against Porteous, that they took the law into their own hands. At night a drum was heard beating to arms. The populace assembled, took possession of the city gates, cut off all communication between the Guard House and the Castle, and invested the Tolbooth, where Porteous was drinking with some boon companions, rejoicing over his recent escape. The mob endeavoured to batter down the door of the old prison; but this being too strong for them, they fairly set it on fire, made a breach, entered the prison, and dragged out Porteous. The Madge Wildfire, who aided in firing the Tolbooth, and the Effie Deans, who was found imprisoned within it, we may leave to Scott's imagination; but the seizure of Porteous himself was a real and a tragical incident, and so were the marching with him down the West Bow to the Grass-market, and the subsequent execution.

Sir Walter Scott could not fail to feel an interest in the old building which had furnished him with such stirring materials for one of his stories. Accordingly, when the Tolbooth was pulled down in 1817, he obtained possession of the gate, which he forthwith transferred to Abbotsford, where it still remains as an entrance to the kitchen court.

The Tolbooth and the Luckenbooths, the sides of the Cathedral, and the Parliament Close, were in the last century, the places of business of most of the booksellers and goldsmiths of Edinburgh. It appears to have been in the early part of the preceding century that the Old Kirk was first degraded by having shops or stalls stuck up between its buttresses on the

north side. These were not actually removed till 1817. "Long before their destruction," says Mr. Chambers, "the booksellers at least had found the 'cabined space' of six or seven feet too small for the accommodation of their fast-increasing wares, and removed to larger spots in the stupendous tenements of the square. . . . One of the largest of these booths, adjacent to the north side of the New or High Street, and having a second story, was occupied, during a great part of the last century, by Messrs. Kerr and Dempster, goldsmiths. The first of these gentlemen had been member of Parliament for the city, and was the last citizen who ever held that office. Such was the humility of people's wishes in those days respecting their houses, that this respectable person actually lived, and had a great many children, in the small space of the flat over the shop, and the cellar under it, which was lighted by a grating in the pavement of the square. The subterraneous part of his house was chiefly devoted to the purposes of a nursery, and proved so insalubrious in this capacity, that all his children died successively at a particular age, with the exception of his son Robert, who, being born much more weakly than the rest, had the good luck to be sent to the country to be nursed, and afterwards grew up to be the well-known author of the 'Life of Robert Bruce,' and other works." (*Traditions of Edinburgh.*)

Before the destruction of some old houses, where part of the Advocates' Library now stands, the shop of old George Heriot the goldsmith once stood—the wealthy old man, who built the Hospital named after him, and who plays so prominent a part in Scott's 'Fortunes of Nigel.' It was only seven feet square!

From the above sketch the reader will easily see that there is no part of Edinburgh more likely to be rich in indications of the past and the present, than this central portion of the High Street and its adjacent openings. But we must pass on, and pursue our ramble eastward towards Holyrood.

As at present existing, the portion of the High-street from the High Church to the Canongate is broken by the two wide and beautiful openings of the North Bridge and the South Bridge, extending respectively over the two valleys lying on either side of the central ridge. But in older times there were no such wide openings. Nothing occurred but narrow wynds and closes. There were upwards of sixty of these closes in the small distance here indicated: rather more numerous on the northern than on the southern side of the way. The greater part of these, indeed, still remain, but marvellously changed in respect to their inhabitants. Mean and dirty as they now appear, these are the closes which actually lodged the gentry of Edinburgh in past times; while the High Street itself was also occupied by the better classes. In fact, there was hardly any saying where the line was drawn between the rich and the poor; for a man of birth and family would often occupy the upper flats of a house, the lower part of which was in very humble hands. At the corner of Strichen's Close, next adjoining to Blackfriars Wynd, was a house which, just before the Reformation, was occupied by the Abbot of Melrose; the garden behind it reached down to the Cowgate. The house was afterwards occupied by Sir George Mackenzie in the time of Charles II., and in the eighteenth century by Lord Strichen. Blackfriars Wynd was a very centre of genteel houses two or three centuries ago. At the junction of it with the High Street stood the house of Lord President Fentonbarns.

There is a little knot of narrow wynds, near the east end of the south side of High Street, whose history would be well worth examining, if we could know all the changes which have been there witnessed. These include Tweeddale's Close, Foulis Close, and Hyndford's Close. All of them, narrow and insignificant as they now seem, once contained houses for the great and high-born: nay, some of those houses still remain, though much lowered in the rank of their occupants. If we enter Hyndford's Close, a *cul-de-sac*, we there see a house that has something about it which speaks of aristocratic families in by-gone times: in this house once lived the Earl of Hyndford; then the Earl of Selkirk; and afterwards Dr. Rutherford—who was Professor of Botany in the University of Edinburgh, and uncle to Sir Walter Scott. Tweeddale Close, now Tweeddale Court, contains the mansion once occupied by the Marquis of Tweeddale, whose garden extended thence down to the Cowgate. How changed since!—The British Linen Company's Bank afterwards occupied the mansion; and the extensive publishing firm of Oliver and Boyd now occupies both mansion and gardens: the printing-press gives life to a spot where courtly usages were once prevalent. In Foulis Close is a house, once occupied by Lord Foulis; there is also an old weather-beaten kind of paper-warehouse, where the Waverley Novels were first printed: the window of a room lies invitingly for inspection, where Sir Walter is said to have revised the proof-sheets of his earlier novels, at a time when profound secresy was observed as to the name of the author.

We might linger among these old closes and wynds for days (though the present inhabitants might wonder what on earth we could be about), and still find something new, or rather something *old*, to say about them. To proceed, however. We find, nearly opposite the closes last described, a jutting bulk of houses which narrow the street considerably. This narrowed portion, extending from the High Street to the junction with the Canongate at Leith Wynd, forms the *Netherbow*, where was formerly the Netherbow Port, a city gate separating Edinburgh proper from the burgh of Canongate. At the west end of this Netherbow is 'John Knox's Corner,' where the stern old Reformer is said to have held forth to the people. Let those who wish to obtain a last glimpse of John Knox's house, speed thither forthwith. Its days are numbered. A 'free kirk' is about to be built on the spot; and Knox's house, with some others adjoining it, are to be levelled with the dust!

A word or two concerning these 'Free Churches.' The religious ferment which has agitated Scotland for the last five or six years, and which is so little understood in England, is covering the land with new places of worship. When several hundred ministers of the Scotch Church retired from their churches, their manses, and their stipends, a few years ago, on account of religious scruples concerning lay patronage, their congregations, or such of them as sympathized in opinions with the outgoing ministers, subscribed to build them new churches and provide them with new stipends. With such earnestness has this work been carried on within the last few years, that new churches are springing up in every quarter. A feeling of pride, or perhaps of affection towards the minister, has in most cases led to a wish that the new church should be as near as practicable to the old one from which the minister seceded. The process has gone far towards doubling the number of churches in Edinburgh: and not only churches, but all the other buildings pertaining to a particular denomination of Christians. There are already, or are to be, a Hall of Assembly, a College, and a Normal School, belonging to the Free Church in Edinburgh, all similar in their general character to the analogous institutions belonging to the old or established Scotch Church, but kept wholly in the hands of the new or Free Church. The religious or moral effects of this last among the many secessions from the Church of Scotland, we have nought here to do with: the architectural effects have been to add considerably to the public buildings of Edinburgh; the specimens being in some cases very pretty.

John Knox's house, then, is about to come down. A strange old building it is. There are nooks and corners in the front, salient and re-entering angles, gables sticking out in all directions, windows large and small, which seem to have no sort of order in their arrangement. There is a flight of stone steps leading up *outside* to what an Englishman would call the first-floor; there is a sort of shop by the side of these steps, and a shop-cellar under the steps. Over the principal entrance is an inscription, which it is now no easy matter to read, running thus:—"LUFE . GOD . ABOVE . AL . AND . YOUR . NICHBOUR . AS . YOUR . SELF." The house is said to have been inhabited by the Abbot of Dunfermline before the Reformation; but when Knox became preacher at the High Church, he came hither to reside. At the extreme corner of the house is stuck up a very rudely-executed effigy of the great Reformer, as if holding forth to the people in the street. About thirty years ago the person who then rented the house, and who carried on the profession of a barber, bedizened up this figure to a degree of smartness quite unparalleled. A red nose, black eyes, white Geneva bands for a cravat, a black gown, a beautifully fringed canopy over his head, bright sunny rays, dark green clouds—all were painted with a very Chinese degree of minuteness. It is said that Knox used to preach to the people from a window near this effigy; but the stern old man would have been rather shocked if he could have known what a figure of fun would have been made of him three centuries afterwards on the walls of his own house. Whether this painting and brightening have been often repeated, we do not know; but the effigy, the window, the inscription, the steps, the house itself—all look ruinous enough now; and very soon they will all be numbered among things of the past.

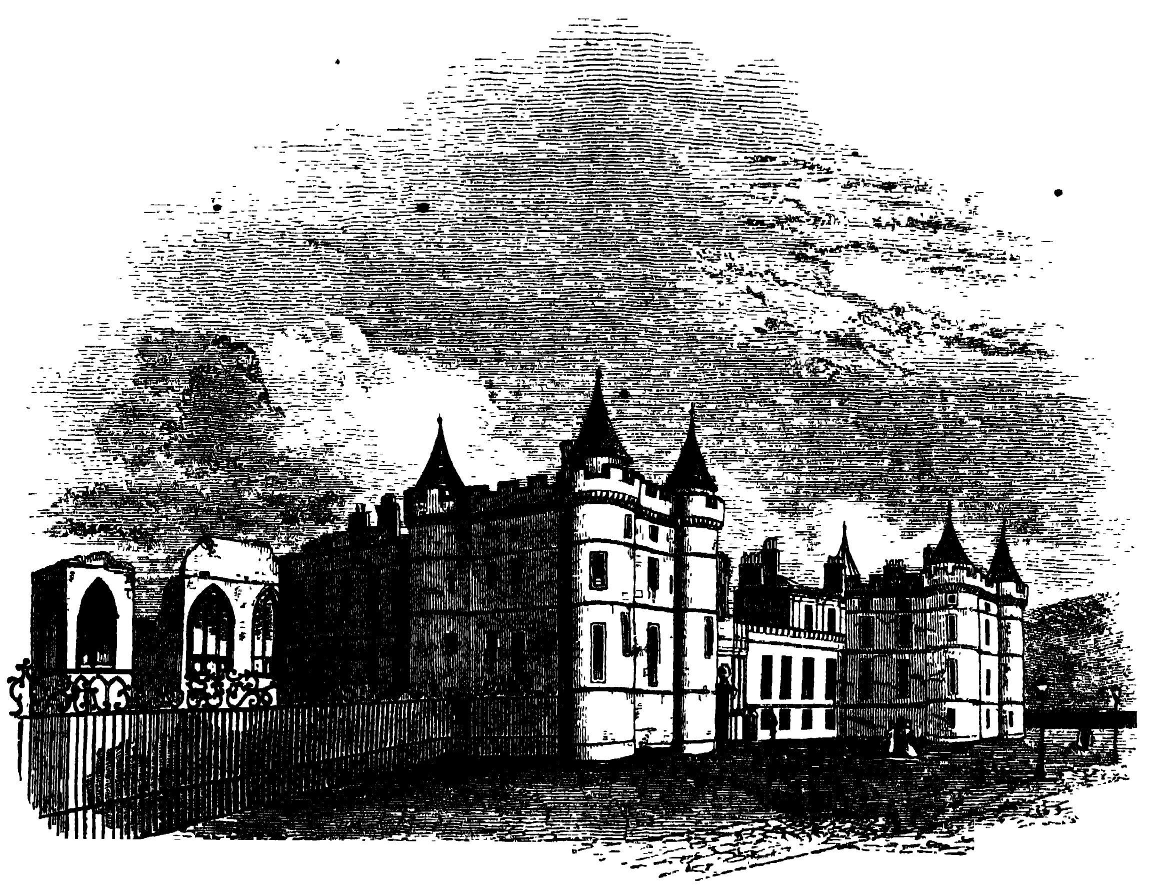
At a few yards eastward of Knox's house is the north and south avenue, formed by Leith Wynd and St. Mary's Wynd, the former extending to the north valley, and the latter to the south. These marked the eastern limit of the old royalty of Edinburgh; beyond them eastward commenced the Canongate. This Canongate is not so interesting at the present day as the High-street it has suffered a greater depth of fall from the days of its prosperity. The poor houses are many, and the poor people are many. It has not so much bustle as the High Street, and what it has is formed mostly by a working population. Yet is it a place not to be passed over without notice. Altered as its houses now are in appearance, many of them are really the old houses inhabited once by the nobility and clergy of Edinburgh. Here was a house once belonging to Lord Balmerino; there was the Mint of Scotland, afterwards occupied as a residence by the Duchess of Gordon; at one spot stood the house of Wedderburne, afterwards Lord Loughborough; and at another that of the Duke of Queensberry.

Leitch Ritchie gives a capital description of a regular, thorough-going, old-fashioned Edinburgh house, such as the High Street, the Canongate, and the Wynds yet exhibit:—"In these vast edifices, as in Paris, each story forms one or more dwellings, all accessible by a single spiral staircase — *Scoticè*, a 'turnpike-stair.' The floor nearest heaven, called the garret, has the greatest number of subdivisions; and here roost the families of the poor. As we descend, the inmates increase in wealth or rank; each family possessing an 'outer door,' answering to the street-door of those who grovel on the surface of the earth. The ground-floor is generally a shop or other place of business; and the underground floor is also devoted, not unfrequently, to the same purpose, but in a lower sphere of commerce. . . . . The Scottish 'turnpikes,' like those of Paris, were, and frequently are, dirty in the extreme. The water was carried up on men's shoulders, which may partly account for its scarcity; and besides, as the stair belonged to no one in particular, it was neglected by all; while its convenient obscurity rendered any sins against cleanliness likely to pass without discovery. The various families, thus continually thrown into contact by the necessity of passing and repassing each other's territories, were necessarily well acquainted. To inhabit the same 'land' gave one a sort of right to be known to his neighbour. Besides, the difficulty of access to the street kept up a constant series of borrowings and lendings, which drew still closer the bond of intimacy. Moreover, if you fancy a bevy of from half-a-dozen to a dozen serving lasses

meeting constantly on a common staircase, you may imagine that no great mystery could be long preserved, as regarded the affairs of the different families."—(*Scott and Scotland.*)

Holyrood House now stands before us, nearly fronting the eastern extremity of the Canongate. The central ridge, the north valley, and the south valley, all converge nearly to a point at Holyrood, and all come at that point to the same level. Our view (Cut, No. 5,) is taken from a spot which commands also a corner glimpse of the Chapel.

Holyrood has been mixed up with many a busy scene in Scottish history. An Abbey was built here by David I., in 1128; and it became so wealthy before the end of the same century, that the abbot was entitled to hold his court; and accordingly held regular courts of regality like other barons. It is supposed that the first royal palace on the spot, distinct from the abbatial buildings, was a small hunting-seat, built by James V. in 1528, near the south-west corner of the Abbey Church; the fields near Arthur's Seat being then a capital hunting-ground. It is evident, however, that the apartments of the Abbey must have been before this of a palatial character; for many of the Scottish kings are known to have resided there on great occasions. During the minority of Queen Mary, Henry VIII., frustrated in his plan of marrying the young queen to his son, afterwards Edward VI., determined to resent the affront in a way worthy of his brutal mind. He sent troops to Scotland, expressly to burn Holyrood, and even Edinburgh itself; and so completely, we are told by local chroniclers, were his orders effected, that "within vii myles every waye of Edenborrough, they lefte neyther pyle (castle), village, nor house, standynge unbrente, nor stakes of corne, besydes great nombres of cattayles which they brought dayly into the armey." The Abbey of Holyrood, with the spire and cross of its church, were among the objects destroyed leaving only the body of the church standing. To what degree the mansion or palace was destroyed is uncertain, but Holyrood was very speedily brought again into habitable shape. A considerable part of the palace having been destroyed by Cromwell's soldiers in 1650, the present edifice was built from the designs of Sir William Bruce. From the time of the union of the two kingdoms, Holyrood Palace has remained in the hands of an hereditary keeper, the Duke of Hamilton. Here lodged the Young Pretender, during his short sojourn in Edinburgh; and after him came his conqueror, the Duke of Cumberland. Charles the Tenth of France resided here during the revolutionary troubles, and again found a refuge



5.—HOLYROOD HOUSE.

in the same spot more than thirty years afterwards, when driven from his throne. George IV. visited Holyrood in 1822, and Queen Victoria in 1842.

Such are a few of the regal events which mark this celebrated spot. As at present existing, Holyrood House forms a quadrangular building, with an open court in the centre. There is a quaintness in its exterior which connects it with the semi-classical semi-picturesque structures of France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Its front is flanked with double castellated towers. The north-west corner is the oldest portion, for here are the veritable apartments occupied by the unfortunate Mary of Scotland. The other apartments are of varied architectural character, and of different ages. Upon entering within the quadrangle, the visitor soon finds that the art of establishing fees is as well known in Scotland as elsewhere. There is one good lady to show the remains of the beautiful chapel; another to show Queen Mary's apartments; and another to show the modern state-apartments, as they are called. The magistrates of Edinburgh have endeavoured to make some arrangement with the Duke of Hamilton to limit this system of fee-exaction; but the result, as yet, does not seem to be very favourable; for the three sets of locks and keys, and the three expectant guides, are obvious enough.

A feeling of gloom comes over one on visiting poor Queen Mary's apartments. The embroidered bed, the chairs, the little basket, the tapestry, the pictures, the various trinkets, deposited in the two or three rooms exhibited to visitors, all have a dusky half-decayed appearance. The colours are fading fast; and although care is taken to preserve the furniture from actual decay, the finger of Time seems to mock at the fringed and embroidered finery of the rooms. The little apartment where David Rizzio was murdered once formed part of Queen Mary's apartment; but after that dreadful event she had it separated and walled in. On the floor of this small room is a large discoloured spot, which every visitor for generations past has been told is the stain from the real blood of David Rizzio; and if you venture any doubt on the matter, the good lady who is its guardian protectress, becomes naturally shocked at your scepticism. In the introductory chapter to the second series of 'Chronicles of the Canongate,' Scott, in the person of Mr. Chrystal Croftangry, gives a ludicrous story, which bears the impress of having been founded on truth:—A cockney Londoner, agent for a house that dealt in a multiplicity of articles, including a superior patent kind of 'Scouring Drops' among the number, while rambling through these rooms was told the usual tale about the indelible stains on the floor from Rizzio's blood; whereupon he suddenly conceived the idea of trying the virtue of his scouring-drops on the darkened floor. Imagine the horror of the housekeeper! The practical man of business plumped down on his knees, and began to apply the elixir with a corner of his handkerchief; the good lady screamed for assistance; and Mr. Croftangry, who was in the neighbouring picture-gallery, pondering in his mind why the kings of Scotland, who hung around him, "should be each and every one painted with a nose like the knocker of a door," came to the rescue, and had some difficulty in convincing the Londoner "that there are such things in the world as stains which *ought* to remain indelible, on account of the associations with which they are connected." Sir Thomas Dick Lauder is rather indignant at any incredulity in this matter. In his 'Account of the Queen's Visit to Scotland, in 1842,' he says: "Those who childishly doubt that the dark stains in the floor are the blood of the poor Italian, only show their ignorance of the fact, that whether blood be that of a murdered man or a slaughtered animal, it becomes quite impossible to eradicate its stain from a deal board if it has once been allowed to sink into it."

The kings of Scotland with noses like knockers, alluded to by Chrystal Croftangry, consist of one hundred and six portraits of Scottish kings, hung on the walls of a picture-gallery 150 feet in length. They are worthless, both as works of art and as historical memorials: no one seems to know when they were painted, or by whom, or how long they have occupied their present position. The Young Pretender gave his grand balls in this gallery in 1745. In the present day it is used for the election of the representative peers of Scotland, and for the levees of the Lord High Commissioner sent by the Sovereign to the General Assembly. In other parts of the palace are apartments of a more modern date, inhabited by noblemen and families who have received permission to reside within the palace, as at Hampton Court. A few groups of family pictures, and state-beds, and reception-rooms, and so forth, are exhibited.

The ruins of Holyrood Chapel lie behind the palace, and form a prominent object as seen from Arthur's Seat or Salisbury Crag. After dilapidations of various kinds, the roof sank in 1768, and the whole has since been an utter ruin. Yet it is pleasant to be able to meet with such a remnant of antiquity in the immediate vicinity of a large city: it connects the twelfth century with the nineteenth, and reminds us how busily the interval has been filled up.

The reader has now accompanied us through the great main artery of the Old Town, from the Castle in the west to Holyrood in the east. We will next take a ramble along the valley which bounds this central ridge on the south, and then glance at the South Town generally.

On entering this valley from Holyrood, the street is first called 'South Back of Canongate.' It is a poor sort of street, bounded on the south by tolerably open ground, and having on the north a few wynds and closes leading up to the Canongate. But when we advance farther west, and enter the Cowgate, the characteristics of Old Edinburgh show themselves more distinctly. St. Mary's Wynd joins the High Street and the Canongate at one end, and the Cowgate and the South Back of Canongate at the other: along it was built the boundary wall of

the city in 1513. Here we come to lofty houses, once 'genteel,' but now occupied by poor families; while the wynds and closes become very numerous. There is an odd feature in the physiology of the Cowgate, the Canongate, St. Mary's Wynd, and Leith Wynd, for which we have met with no theory,—Irishmen perform the functions of Jews. The old clothes-dealers congregate in this spot; and most of them are Irishmen, as the names and the features sufficiently indicate. When we have come sufficiently westward in the Cowgate to reach Freemasons'-hall and Niddry-street, we see before us the lofty arches of the South Bridge, (which bridge connects the central ridge with the south ridge); and on passing under this bridge, and walking still farther west, we come to a second elevation,—King George the Fourth Bridge,—built in a similar way and for a similar purpose. Passing under this again, we arrive at an irregular spot, where Cowgate, West Bow, Candlemaker Row, and Grassmarket, all meet. In the Horse Wynd, turning out of Cowgate, resided at one time the Earl of Galloway; and, in another house, Lord Kennet. Lord Brougham's father lived in a house in the Cowgate, just opposite Candlemaker Row; it was at that time a boarding-house, at which he first met the lady who afterwards became his wife, and the mother of the great orator and statesman. Lord Brougham was born in St. Andrew's-square, to which our rambles will conduct us by-and-by. Such are the great names connected with that 'Cowgate' which is now a poor and dirty street!—and it is connected with other great names in a way strange to modern taste. It was a custom in the last century for ladies of rank and station to join gentlemen in racketty tavern amusements in Edinburgh. There were in the Cowgate and in the High Street certain *Oyster-cellars*, to which the titled and the wealthy went in their carriages, by appointment. They feasted on oysters and beer, in a 'laigh-shop,' or underground cellar, lighted only by tallow candles; and the zest of the thing consisted not only in a feast so conducted, but in unrestrained sallies of wit and conversation, such as would not have been sanctioned in the houses of the very same parties, or indeed anywhere else but in these cellars. It was a sort of pre-arranged abandonment of decorum for certain evenings; but it evidently brought no disrepute with it. Towards the close of the century, the Duchess of Gordon and Lord Melville, happening to meet at Edinburgh, after an absence from it of many years, made up an oyster-cellar party by way of a frolic; and devoted one winter evening to an entertainment which had by that time become obsolete. The convivialities of Edinburgh in the last century, as set forth by Robert Chambers in his 'Traditions,' are in some respects startling, and such as run sadly counter to the common English notion about sober Scotchmen.

When we arrive at the West Bow, at the western extremity of the Cowgate, there are before us many indications of recent change. About twenty years ago a very large sum of money was expended in modernising this district. A street and bridge were thrown across and over the Cowgate, from the Lawnmarket on the north to Bristow Street on the south, and named after the monarch who had recently visited Edinburgh. A new street, called Victoria Street, has been opened from the western side of George the Fourth Bridge, and carried in a curved line to the southern part of what used to constitute the West Bow; while the West Bow itself has been almost wholly pulled down. A new road, nearly in continuation of this Victoria Street, has been cut in the southern flank of the Castle Rock, to give an improved outlet to the west end of the town. Whether the usefulness of the change has been adequate to the expense, we cannot say; but the old picturesque scenes have suffered sadly. The West Bow was one of the most curious streets in Edinburgh: it commenced at the western end of the Lawnmarket, where it was called Bow Head, and extended, by a very steep and crooked course, down to the eastern end of the Grassmarket, where it was called Bow Foot. The houses were lofty, shaped in the most fantastical form, and some of them much ornamented in the front. Much of the ground near here at one time belonged to the Knights Templars; and the houses built on that ground were distinguished by small crosses planted on their fronts and gables. Many persons of note once lived in this West Bow; and as it formed the chief entry for wheel-carriages to the "High Town" before the building of the various bridges, its inhabitants witnessed many a splendid procession, and many an exciting scene. In later times it became almost exclusively inhabited by whitesmiths, coppersmiths, and pewterers, whose incessant 'tinkling' made it one of the noisiest parts of the town. But Knights Templars, residents of gentle blood, tinkers, crosses, processions, —all have left the spot: very few indeed of the old houses are now left.

One of the spectacles of Edinburgh used to be the melancholy procession of culprits descending the West Bow from the Tolbooth, for execution in the Grassmarket. It partook of some of the features of the bygone cavalcades from Newgate to Tyburn. It wound down the narrow and crooked West Bow, where every window presented its group of eager spectators. When standing in the midst of the Grassmarket, we can hardly fail to think of the stirring 'Porteous' scenes. This area (an oblong square rather than a mere street) was for many years, or perhaps ages, a place of execution. "It was not ill-chosen for such a scene," says Scott, "being of considerable extent, and therefore fit to accommodate a great number of spectators, such as are usually assembled by this melancholy spectacle. On the other hand, few of the houses which surround it were, even in early times, inhabited by persons of fashion; so that those likely to be offended or over-deeply affected by such unpleasant exhibitions, were not in the way of having their quiet disturbed by them. The houses in the Grassmarket are, generally speaking of a mean description: yet the place is not without some features of grandeur, being overhung by the

southern side of the huge Rock on which the Castle stands, and by the moss-grown battlements and turreted walls of that ancient fortress."

The Grassmarket is scarcely changed at all since Scott wrote his description of the execution of Porteous. The houses are mostly old, and present the same unequal, disarranged, medley-like appearance which marks most rows of old houses in Edinburgh. A curious illustration of its relative position with respect to the houses in the Old Town, is afforded by a story told of Sir David Baird, the distinguished General in our Indian armies:—A house used to stand on the Castle Hill, behind the north side of the Grassmarket, and inhabited by the Duke of Gordon. After changing hands several times, the house came into the possession of the Baird family, and Sir David was born within its walls. When the old General returned from the wars, in his later years, he asked permission to look over the house, which was then in other hands. On going into the garden, he found some frolicsome boys engaged in the very same sport which he had himself indulged in when a boy,—viz. throwing stones down the chimneys of the houses in the Grassmarket, which lay far beneath!

The Grassmarket may be considered as pretty nearly the western extremity of the valley which separates the Old Town from the South Town; which South Town occupies a wide area of ground, exhibiting many interesting combinations of the old and time-honoured with the new. South-westward of the Castle Hill, in the low ground beneath, is an area which is not yet fully laid out, but which will form a respectable district, bounded on the west by the Lothian Road. Beyond this Lothian Road is another district of a somewhat similar character, containing a sprinkling of fair-looking squares, crescents, and streets; and also containing the terminal stations of the Caledonian Railway and the Union Canal. But as nothing particular calls for our attention here, we will trace our steps eastward through the South Town towards Arthur's Seat.

Considerably southward of the Grassmarket stands the Merchant Maiden Hospital; near this is Watson's Hospital; and farther north is the celebrated Heriot's Hospital. All of these are benevolent educational institutions. Merchant Maiden Hospital was founded, in 1695, for the maintenance and education of the daughters of merchant burgesses of Edinburgh: one hundred girls are kept here till the age of seventeen, and receive rather a superior education. George Watson's Hospital is for the benefit of the children and grandchildren of decayed Edinburgh merchants: it accommodates about eighty boys. Heriot's Hospital was founded by the rich old Goldsmith, for the maintenance and education of poor and fatherless boys, or boys whose parents are in indigent circumstances,—"freemen's sons of the town of Edinburgh." Merchant Maiden and George Watson's Hospitals are of no especial mark as buildings; but Heriot's Hospital is a fine structure. It is situated on one of the highest parts of the Southern Town, and is a conspicuous and lofty object as seen from the southern brow of the Castle Hill. Even as seen from the Grassmarket, in the South Valley (Cut, No. 6), it presents a noble and towering elevation. It was planned by Inigo Jones, and is regarded as the finest Elizabethan structure by him. It is a quadrangular building, measuring 162 feet each way, and having an open court in the centre. Round the north and east sides of this court are covered arcades or ambulatories. On the second story of the north side is an effigy of Heriot, placed in a niche. The gateway is in the north front; and over it is a small projecting tower, with a dome, lantern, and clock. The four corners of the building are occupied by projecting towers or turrets. The general elevation of the building is three stories in height; but in some parts it is four. There are two hundred windows, all of which are said, in accordance with a whim of Heriot's, to be decorated differently. An elegantly-fitted Chapel projects from the southern part of the building; and the four sides of the quadrangle are occupied by the various school-rooms, dormitories, kitchens, and other apartments. Here are boarded, fed, clothed, and educated, nearly two hundred boys, out of estates left for that purpose by George Heriot. Many a respectable and influential inhabitant of Edinburgh was, in early days, a 'Herioter,' and looks back with affection to his old companions and his school-boy associations. Round the wall of one of the school-rooms may be seen a broad black board, on which is chalked lines of music, adapted for the learning of singing in classes,—a significant indication of the prevalence of musical study in schools in our day. The hospital and its funds are managed by the Town Council and city Ministers of Edinburgh, who have recently established, out of the same funds, free-schools for children of both sexes in various parts of the city.

Nearly adjoining Heriot's Hospital, on the east side, is the Greyfriars' Church. A monastery of Greyfriars, used formerly to be situated in the Grassmarket; and this church and its surrounding churchyard stand on the site of the garden of that monastery. In this churchyard lie the remains of many Scottish worthies, including George Buchanan, Allan Ramsay, Principal Robertson, Dr. Black, Dr. Blair, and Colin Maclaurin. Near this are the Charity Workhouse, the Bedlam, and one or two other public buildings. Northward stretches the fine broad street of handsome shops, known as George the Fourth Bridge; immediately east of which are Brown Square and Argyle Square, and at some distance to the south, George Square,—those famous centres of fashion in the last century. It is somewhat difficult, at the present day, to realize the idea that these were the squares, the building of which, by their splendid attractions, discomfited the plans of the Town Council in respect to the formation of the New Town.

George Square was the locality of Scott's early days. In Hamilton's Entry—a small close turning out of Bristow Street, near the square—he went to school;

and in his Memoirs are many reminiscences of this vicinity. The following incident is given in the Introduction to his collected works:—"The author's father residing in George Square, in the southern side of Edinburgh, the boys belonging to that family, with others in the square, were arranged into a sort of company, to which a lady of distinction presented a handsome set of colours. Now this company or regiment, as a matter of course, was engaged in a weekly warfare with the boys inhabiting the Cross Causeway, Bristow-Street, the Potter Row,—in short, the neighbouring suburbs. These last were chiefly of the lower rank, but hardy loons, who threw stones to a hair's breadth, and were very rugged antagonists at close quarters. The skirmish sometimes lasted for a whole evening, until one party or the other was victorious." A celebrated hero of these miniature civil wars was one 'Green-breeks,' a daring young urchin, of whom Scott gives a capital sketch.

Resuming our eastward course, we next come to that fine long North and South avenue, formed by North Bridge, South Bridge, and Nicholson Street, containing some of the best shops in Edinburgh. Leaving the North Bridge for notice further on; we find on or near the west side of this line of street, the College or University, Nicholson Square, and a number of churches and chapels; while on the eastern side lie the Infirmary, the Surgeon's Hall, the Blind School, and a number of other buildings. The College is a very large and comprehensive building: it is what the Scotch term 'self-contained,' that is, isolated from all other buildings: it forms a parallelogram, 356 feet long by 225 broad, having an open court in the centre. There may be considered to be eight fronts to the building; for the four which look upon the surrounding streets, and the four which bound the central court, are all regular architectural compositions. The quadrangle is entered by a lofty



6.—HERIOT'S HOSPITAL, FROM THE GRASS-MARKET.

portico on the east side, and the doors to the several corridors lie around the quadrangle. There is a covered gallery or ambulatory round part of the court. Within the building the apartments are very numerous. One is a library, nearly 200 feet in length, and contains about 100,000 volumes; it was intended originally "for the use of the citizens," but it has now become exclusively a College Library. The Museum, occupying several galleries and apartments, comprises a collection of stuffed animals, birds, insects, shells, minerals, and other objects: it is at present undergoing repairs and improvements which will make it a valuable depository of natural objects. The various class-rooms, council-rooms, private apartments, &c., call for no note. The funds for constructing this vast and important building were collected in a curious way. King James VI. granted a charter for a University, in 1582; and by subsequent grants and benefactions this University became large and celebrated throughout Europe. The buildings forming it were added from time to time, as occasion offered, until at last they formed an incongruous and unsightly mass. In 1789 the Town Council resolved to build a new one; and to show their respect for learning, they undertook to defray the expense out of the town funds. But they utterly overrated their means: the town revenues and local subscriptions combined could only finish part of the front in twenty years. The Government then stepped in; and by the expenditure of £10,000 a year for many years, the present fine building was finished. Two thousand students are generally located here during the terms, and it need hardly be said how brilliant has been the list of eminent men who owed their education to this institution. At the commencement of the present century it contained within its academic walls, at one time, Robertson, Playfair, Black, Cullen, Robison, Blair, Dugald Stuart, Gregory, and Monro: a constellation of 'lights' not readily equalled elsewhere.

Nearly opposite the College is Surgeon's Hall,—a much smaller but still beautiful building, having a Grecian front of much elegance and simplicity. The chief feature of this institution is a Museum of anatomical and surgical preparations, of considerable extent. This Museum, as indeed most of the public buildings and institutions of Edinburgh, is conducted in a liberal spirit with regard to affording access to the townsmen and visitors. Near the Hall is one of those benevolent and interesting charities—a Blind School. The baskets, and rugs, and mats, and similar objects, made by the boys; the tippets, and gloves, and other articles of needlework made by the girls; the school-room, with its globes, maps, and books, all having raised characters which may be traced by the fingers of the poor sightless students—these cannot be seen without exciting warm admiration of a system which has done so much good with such slender means.

Eastward of the main north and south avenue, of which Nicholson Street forms a part, is another, much narrower and much more poverty-stricken, formed by St. Mary's Wynd, and a long crooked street called Pleasance. This was evidently at one time a place of no small importance; for the old maps of Edinburgh represent it as forming a main artery into Edinburgh from the south. Eastward of this Pleasance, the strip of inhabited district is very narrow before we come to the roads and paths that lie at the western foot of Salisbury Crag; and the streets, the houses and the inhabitants are mostly of a humble character. Southward of the whole of this South Town of Edinburgh is a pleasant open country, occupied by meadows and Bruntsfield Links or Playgrounds, backed by Braid Hill further south.

As our perambulations have, for a second time, brought us to the vicinity of Arthur's Seat, we may fittingly here describe the noble hills which bound Edinburgh on the east.

While walking along the back of Canongate, or the Pleasance, or St. Leonard's Street, we see Salisbury Crag shooting up like a wall to the east and south-east of us. It is a kind of triangular rock, extending south-west to a sharp point, and then branching off south-east. The highest summit is near this sharp western point, from whence it declines in altitude towards the south-east and the north-east. The rock presents a steep sloping grassy ascent to a certain height, above which is a perpendicular crag of bare rock, forming an object whose outline is remarkably distinct and well defined as seen from a distance. A pathway runs along the whole extent, at the top of the slope, and just beneath the perpendicular crag. Eastward of this crag is a gentle slope leading down to a valley called the Hunter's bog, on the opposite side of which is Arthur's Seat. The whole of this crag—the summit, the high path, the lower path nearer to St. Leonard's—was a favourite resort of Scott's. In his notes to the tale which has made this almost classic ground, he says:—"If I were to choose a spot from which the rising or setting sun could be seen to the greatest advantage, it would be that wild path winding around the foot of the high belt of semi-circular rocks called Salisbury Crag, and marking the verge of the steep descent which slopes down into the glen on the south-eastern side of the city of Edinburgh. The prospect, in its general outline, commands a close-built, high-piled city, stretching itself out in a form, which, to a romantic imagination, may be supposed to represent that of a dragon, now a noble arm of the sea, with its rocks, isles, distant shores, and boundary of mountains; and now a fair and fertile champaign country, varied with hill, dale, and rock, and skirted by the picturesque ridge of the Pentland Mountains. But as the path gently circles around the base of the cliffs, the prospect, composed as it is of those enchanting and sublime objects, changes at every step, and presents them blended with or divided from each other, in every possible variety which can gratify the eye and the imagination. When a piece of scenery so beautiful, yet so varied—so exciting by its intricacy, and yet so sublime—is lighted up by the tints of

morning or of evening, and displays all that variety of shadowy depth, exchanged with partial brilliancy, which gives character even to the tamest of landscapes; the effect approaches near to enchantment. This path used to be my favourite evening and morning resort when engaged with a favourite author or new subject of study." It is from this elevated spot that our view (Cut, No. 1,) is taken.

Lofty as these crags are, they yield the superiority to Arthur's Seat, which lies behind them on the east. Sometimes this name is given to the highest summit alone, while at other times it is applied to the whole hilly group, with the hollows beneath them. Extending over a space about a mile in length by three-quarters of a mile in width, are many of these alternations of hill and dale, to which are given the names of Arthur's Seat, Whiny Hill, Crow Hill, Hawk Hill, Nether Hill, Sampson's Ribs, Echoing Rock, Salisbury Crag, and Hunter's Bog. The whole series is now encircled by a splendid carriage-drive, called Victoria Road; than which, perhaps, there is nothing finer of the kind in the kingdom. Commencing beneath the westerly point of Salisbury Crag, it proceeds around the entire hilly group in an irregular oval course, nearly three miles and a half in extent. At every step a changing view meets the eye. It is everywhere higher than the surrounding country, so that a complete panorama is ready for him who will make the circuit. Much of the road was formed by blasting the solid rock; and at the south-eastern part of the course this blasting has taken place at a considerable elevation. Duddingston Loch and Dunsapie Loch lie spread out beneath us, and the whole country for miles presents a rich and fertile view to the sight. This Victoria Road has been mostly constructed since the Queen's visit in 1842, and, we believe, at the royal expense.

Arthur's Seat itself, the summit which gives name to the whole group, lies toward the southern part of the encircling road. Who Arthur was, where he lived, and how he came to occupy this 'Seat,' are mysteries beyond the power of the nineteenth century to solve. England, Wales, and Scotland have all been busy in finding out occupations and favourite localities for this renowned hero. There is Arthur's Fountain in Clydesdale; Dumbarton Castle is supposed to have been Arthur's Castle in early times; there was also Arthur's Palace near Penryn—Ryoneth in Wales; Stirling Castle was supposed, in the middle ages, to have been the festive scene of Arthur's Round Table; Arthur's Oven is on the Carron; in Cupar Angus is a stone called Arthur's Stone; while there are no less than three Arthur's Seats—one near Loch Long, one in Forfarshire, and the more celebrated one which now engages our notice. This summit is 822 feet above the level of the sea. It is so steep that there are only two paths by which it can be readily ascended. At the top is a black mass of basaltic rock, found to be magnetic; and on this is fixed the Signal-staff used by the Ordnance-officers in conducting the trigonometrical survey of Scotland. It is the highest spot within a distance of many miles, and from it may be obtained a view of great magnificence. Beneath is the Old Town of Edinburgh, crowned in the back-ground by the Castle; on the left of this is the South Town, with Heriot's Hospital shooting up in the distance; on the right is the splendid New Town, with its squares and streets of white stone buildings:

> "Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;
> Here Preston-Bay, and Berwick Law;
> And broad beneath them roll'd
> The gallant Firth, the eye might note,
> Whose islands in its bosom float
> Like emeralds chased in gold."

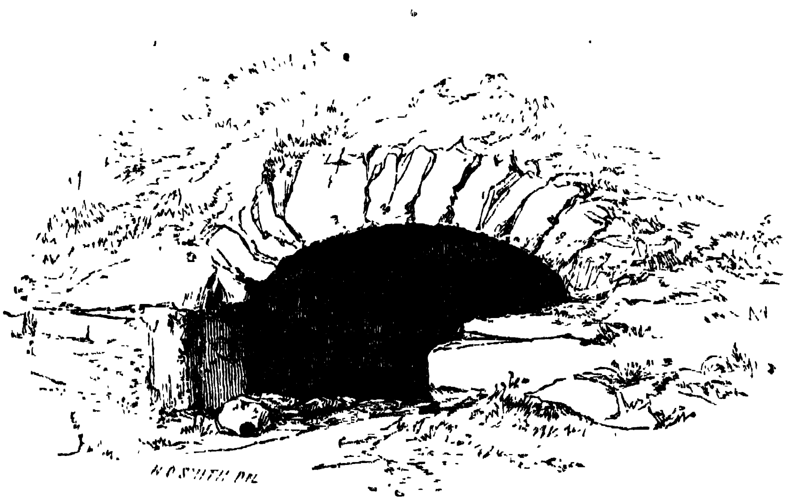
Looking towards the east, the eye glances over a wide expanse of the flat lands of Haddingtonshire. To the south-east are Dalkeith Palace, Melville Castle, and many fine residences, embosomed in green fields and luxurious woods. Southward, we look towards Braid Hill and Blackford Hill; and westward towards Corstorphine Hill.

The vicinity of the lofty hill is speckled over with many interesting spots. The Hunter's Bog is a deep grass-grown valley intervening between Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crag. When the Young Pretender, as Charles Stuart is frequently called, entered Edinburgh in 1745, he left the bulk of his troops in Hunter's Bog, while he and a chosen few proceeded to Holyrood to reconnoitre the state of affairs. Immediately at the foot of Salisbury Crag is the suburb of St. Leonard's, and a pathway called Dumbiedykes—two names that will not soon be forgotten by the readers of the 'Heart of Midlothian.' Then, by the side of the small road leading from St. Leonard's to Duddingston, is a small old house, said to have been the one which Scott had in his mind as a residence for David Deans, the father of Jeannie and Effie: at all events, such is now the tradition; and in some modern maps it receives, without any circumlocution, the designation of 'David Dean's House.' Passing round to the north of Arthur's Seat, we find St. Anthony's Well and Chapel. (Cuts, Nos. 7 and 8.) The crumbling ruins of the latter stand out prominently on a craggy rock, at a considerable height from the valley below, in a most picturesque situation. The building was once a hermitage or chapel, dedicated to St. Anthony the Eremite. The water of the well had certain mystic virtues ascribed to it in past times; and even at present, the visitor is invited to drink some of it from tin cups proffered to him by the juveniles who hope to make a profit of old St. Anthony. Near this chapel is the place pointed out as the site on which once stood Mushet's Cairn. Nicol Mushet, or Muschat, murdered his wife on this spot under circumstances of great barbarity some generations ago; and the travellers who passed by, to mark their execration of the deed, each threw a stone or two on the spot, by which a heap or *cairn* of stones was collected. Scott makes this Cairn a meeting-place between Jeannie Deans and Robertson on the dreadful night before Effie's trial; and if the tourist at the

present day is of easy faith, the self-appointed 'guides' to the lions of Arthur's Seat will point out to him a heap of stones as the veritable Cairn itself, although the aforesaid heap is marvellously near to an open and frequented road.

Exactly north-westward of Arthur's Seat stands another of the many hills which render Edinburgh such a remarkable city, viz. the *Calton Hill*. This is a rounded eminence, forming the eastern extreme of the New Town, and rising to a height of 345 feet above the level of the sea. It is more steep in its elevation towards Edinburgh than towards any other side, and from its summit one of the most beautiful views of the city can be obtained. Burford, the unequalled painter of panoramas, is said to have first conceived the idea of such paintings while viewing the scene from Calton Hill. (The same point of view has been chosen for the steel engraving placed at the head of this article.) Towards the east, north-east, and south-east, the hill descends gently to the level of the surrounding plain. A portion of its eastern slope is laid out in gardens; and around these gardens, having a look-out towards the higher part of the hill, are some fine terraces and rows of houses, partaking of the palatial character which so distinguishes New Edinburgh. The summit or rounded height of the hill is diversely occupied. It forms a sort of honorary cemetery. One of the objects is a monument to Dugald Stuart, modelled after the choragic monument of Lysicrates in Greece; another is a monument to Professor Playfair; another is the Astronomical Observatory. The loftiest object is the Nelson Column: this consists of a shaft springing from an octagonal base; it has a sort of refreshment-room at the bottom, and a look-out gallery at the top. As a work of art it is not worthy of mention, but its elevated position gives it a very commanding view, not only over the surrounding country, but across the Firth of Forth to Fifeshire. A project has been recently started for making it serviceable to ships out at sea, by the adoption of a 'time-ball,' similar to that used at Greenwich Observatory; such a ball—say four or five feet in diameter—if let drop at a given instant of time, determined by astronomical observations, serves as a guide to captains of ships in adjusting their chronometers before departing on a voyage: the Greenwich time-ball can be seen from the Thames, and the Calton Hill time-ball would be visible from the Firth of Forth. But the most notable structure on this elevated hill is one which might have been honourable to Scotland, if some prudence had marked its plan and conduct: as it is, it is a laughing-stock. We allude to the National Monument. At the conclusion of the last war a project was started for erecting a monument to the memory of the Scottish heroes who fell at Waterloo. It was to be a copy of the Parthenon at Athens; but so wofully did the constructors miscalculate their means, that they expended all the subscribed funds in building twelve columns, which now stand isolated, resting on a stylobate beneath, and supporting a portion of entablature above; it consists simply of the pillars at one end of the temple: the rest is—nowhere!

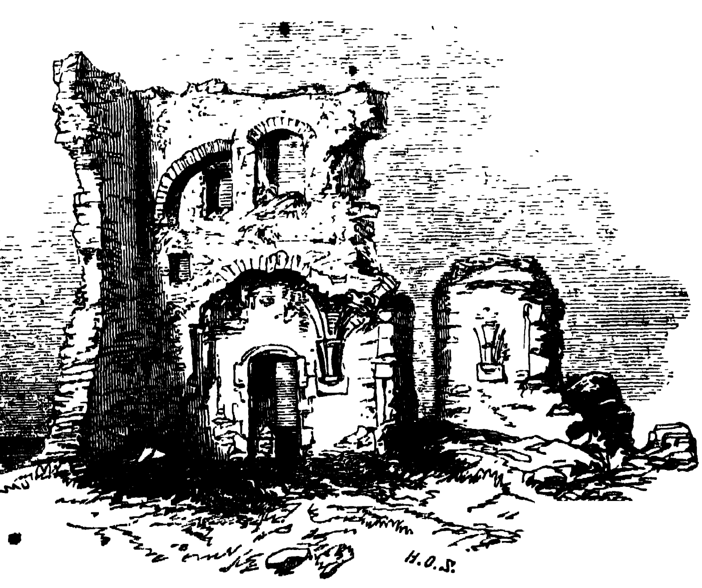
A deep valley separates the Calton Hill from the New or North Town, and as this valley is connected with the north valley between the New and the Old Towns, we may continue our ramble by threading our way along these two valleys, from east to west: this will prepare us for an after examination of the splendours of the New Town.



7.—ST. ANTHONY'S WELL.

In the old Map of Edinburgh, before alluded to, we find this low ground thus appropriated:—North of Holyrood is a point of junction where three roads meet; one, called Abbey Hill, goes eastward towards Portobello and Musselburgh; another winds round the eastern margin of the Calton Hill, forming the eastern road to Leith; and the third extends south-westward towards the town. This latter, at a place called the Water Gate, divides into two: one branch ascending the old hill and forming the Canongate, the other keeping to the low ground on the north and forming the 'North Back of Canongate;'—this latter road has for the most part gardens on its left or south side; while the north side is occupied by the lower portion of the ascent of Calton Hill, very sparingly dotted with buildings. At a point where the College Church then stood, the western road to Leith branches out to the north, round the western side of Calton Hill; while on the left commenced Leith Wynd, which ascended thence up the slope to the Nether Bow of the Old Town. Westward of these cross roads is a 'Physick Garden,' and a considerable amount of open space. Beyond the site of the present North Bridge comes the North Loch, an irregularly-shaped marshy spot, which extended thence throughout the remainder of the valley. With the exception of the markets, nearly all the ground on both sides of this Loch are occupied by gardens and fields.

Such was the northern valley a century ago; but such it is no longer. The whole region, except some portions near Leith Wynd, has been metamorphosed. The east or 'Easter' road to Leith is still maintained; but instead of there being only one road from thence along the southern side of Calton Hill, there are two, a splendid new road having been cut half-way up the slope of the hill itself. This is called Regent-Road: on the north of it are rows of fine houses, called Regent Terrace and Carlton Place. South of the most elevated portion of the hill is a group of modern buildings, all very near each other; comprising the High School, the Jail, the Debtor's Jail, the Bridewell, the Governor's House, David Hume's Monument, and Robert Burns' Monument: all these being on a lower level than the Calton Hill, but on a higher than the North Back of Canongate, and having some architectural pretensions, impart rather a fine appearance to the locality. The High School is a very noble structure. As long ago as 1519 there was a High Grammar School belonging to the town; in 1578 a new school was constructed, and in 1777 a third; all of these were in the Old Town; but the growing requirements of the place led, in 1825, to the planning of a new and larger edifice on the southern slope of the Calton Hill; the expense, partly defrayed by subscription, has amounted to about £30,000; and the present edifice is certainly a great ornament to the town. It is built of fine white stone. It consists of a central part and two wings, extending to a length of 270 feet. The central portion of the front is a pediment advanced upon a range of Doric columns; but the end buildings are nearly flat-roofed. A spacious flight of steps leads up to the building from the enclosing wall in front. The front is rendered more striking by two temple-like lodges, which occupy the extreme ends, considerably in advance of the main portion of the building itself. The interior is fitted up with the hall, class-rooms, masters'-rooms, library, &c. It is essentially a classical school; but the range of study is made to embrace many branches of modern education.



8.—ST. ANTHONY'S CHAPEL.

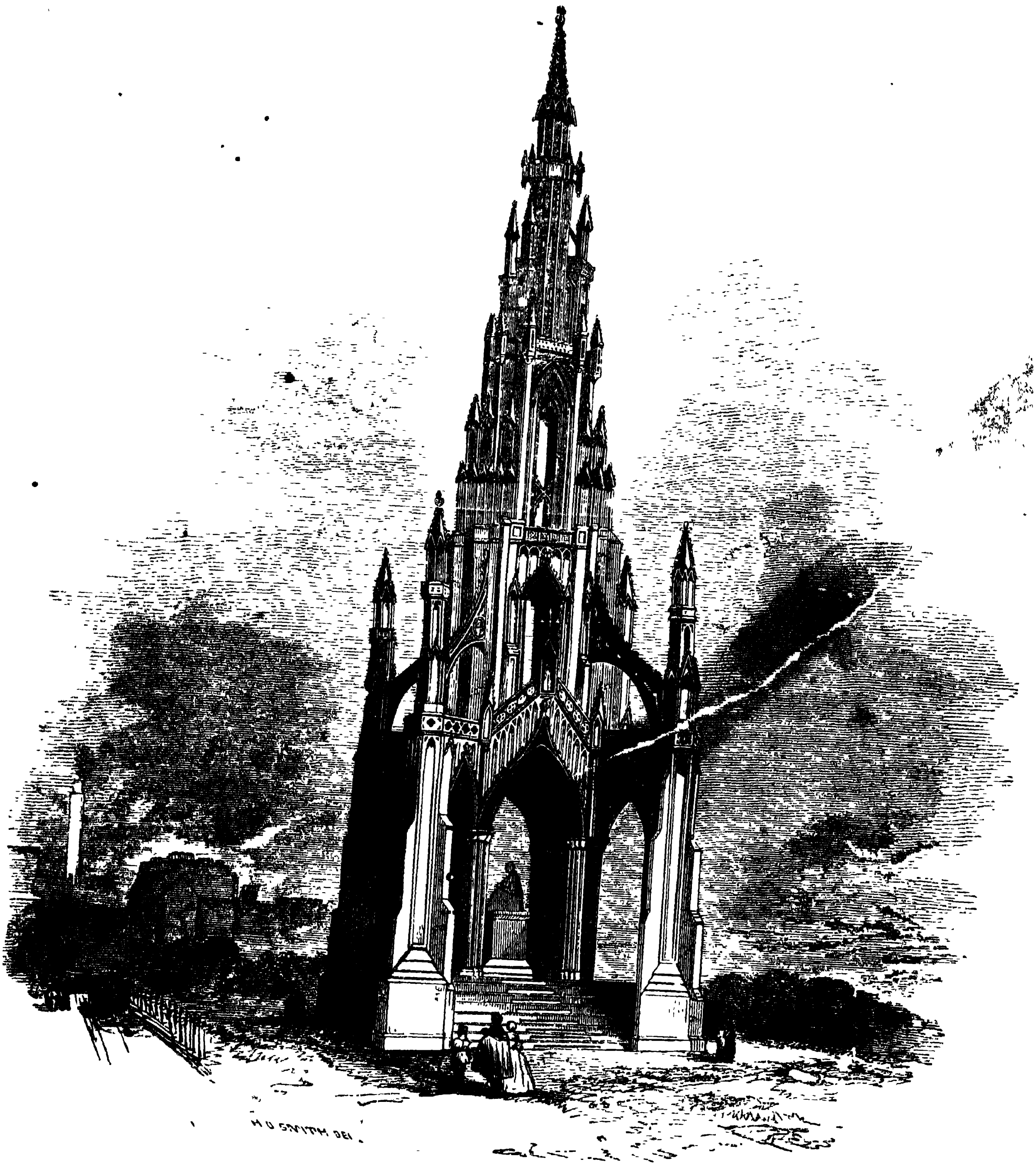
The fine road in which these buildings are situated opens into Waterloo Place, the superb eastern entrance into the New Town; but as we are at present engaged with the humbler locality of the North Valley, we postpone for a while our gossip about the New Town.

The North Back of Canongate now consists mostly of poor dwellings, between and among which run up some of the narrow wynds that communicate with the Canongate. A workhouse, a gas-factory, and a few other large buildings, stand southward. This street ends at Low Calton, a street running nearly north and south, connecting Leith Walk on the north (winding round the western base of Calton Hill) with Leith Wynd in the south. Very soon after this we arrive at the North Bridge, stretching high over our heads from the Old to the New Town. Looking downwards from the parapets of this bridge, we see the busy hum of a series of markets below, and the still more stirring operations of three separate railway stations, all of which congregate in one spot. Looking upwards from the piers of the bridge, we see houses rising to an astonishing height on all sides. On the south they appear to be literally piled one on another, so steep is the ascent from the low ground to the High-street; while on the north, verging on the New Town, there are houses which present five or six flats or stories, communicating with a street-door on a lower level; and other houses of five or six stories built upon these, having an entrance on the level of the North Bridge. We may more correctly, perhaps, represent it thus: that near the ends of the bridge are houses of vast height; of which the ground story or flat is in the valley below, the fifth or sixth story is on a level with the bridge, and the tenth or twelfth story is—up in the clouds. Certainly we may range London from end to end, and find nothing to correspond with this. The nearest approach to similarity, perhaps, is afforded by the houses near the north and south ends of Waterloo-bridge.

The markets — a remarkable series of them—lie immediately westward of the North Bridge. You see, on the lowest level, a vegetable-market; you mount a flight of steps, and come to a flesh-market; you mount another, going southward in both cases, and you meet with another flesh-market; twenty or thirty stone steps more bring you to a fourth market: and so you go on, climbing up the southern slope of the Old or Central Town by a series of flights of steps, and meeting with quadrangular market-places on the way, until at length you arrive by a narrow wynd in the High Street. How many scores of these steps there may be we have not had patience to reckon; but they serve remarkably well to illustrate the difference of level in the ground on which Edinburgh is built. Odd little nooks and corners meet the eye all around these markets. Houses stand on almost impossible places: their parlours are above the roofs of neighbouring houses, while they are in like manner overtopped by other houses only a few yards southward of them. As to whether the fronts of these houses are north, south, east, or west, it is in some cases difficult enough to guess; the builders seem to have poked them in at random, and to have left the inhabitants to exercise their ingenuity in obtaining access to them. In one of the wynds at this spot, called Fleshmarket Close, almost every house is a sort of tavern, as different as possible from the smart public-houses of London; these dark and oddly-shaped abodes seem to form the 'chop-houses' of Edinburgh,—of which, by the way, there are but very few in the better streets and neighbourhoods. A Londoner, passing through the streets of Edinburgh and Glasgow, can hardly fail to remark the extreme paucity of butchers' shops in those cities. The occupation of a 'flesher,' as a butcher is there called, is almost exclusively confined to the markets; and, moreover, it must be admitted that the Scotch, man for man, do not eat so much meat as the English; and this is a second reason why a flesher's shop seldom meets the eye in the public streets.

The railways join precisely at the spot to which the lowest of the markets brings us. Never, surely, was there so admirable a spot for a railway-station in the very heart of a city! It would seem as if Nature and society had both agreed on this matter: Nature made a deep hollow, running between two elevations; and society has left that hollow almost unoccupied, until the railroad times in which we live. The Edinburgh and Dalkeith Railway had, a few years ago, a terminus at St. Leonard's, near Salisbury Crag; the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway had its terminus at the western extremity of the town; and the Edinburgh and Granton Railway terminated in Scotland-street, at the northern extremity of the town: but now all have joined. The North British line, into which the Dalkeith has become absorbed, enters Edinburgh by a tunnel under Calton Hill, and ends in the valley near the North Bridge; the Glasgow line is extended eastward from its former terminus, by a tunnel under the western part of the town, and meets the North British, end to end; while the Granton line (which also accommodates Leith) is carried southward by a tunnel under a long line of street, and meets the other two nearly at right angles. All the principal hotels, and the great centres of commercial activity, are very near this spot. If the hissing locomotive should at times disturb one's thoughts, and break the romance that hovers round the Castle Hill and Arthur's Seat, we must endeavour to find in the reality a compensation for this romance—or still better, we will combine the two.

Westward of the railway-station is a sort of earthen road, called Waverley Bridge, elevated somewhat above the level of the valley, and forming a line of communication between the Old and New Towns. But still further westward is a much more anomalous sort of bridge,—one that the Edinburgh folks would gladly see superseded by a good bridge were it practicable. This is the 'Mound,' which forms a high level road from the Old to the New Towns. If we go back to the early history of this mound, we find the following, written by Maitland, in 1773 ('History of Edinburgh'):—



9.—SCOTT'S MONUMENT, PRINCES STREET.

"There has of late been much talk about erecting a Bridge across the North Loch, for a communication with the country on the northern side; which, or something better, may easily be accomplished at little expense, by obliging all builders and others to shoot their rubbish made at the building or repairing of houses into a part of the said Loch, as shall be agreed upon; whereby, in a few years, a ridge or earthen bank might be raised to the required height, which would answer other good ends besides that of a bridge." In other words, make a dust-heap, and then use the surface of it as a road. This has literally been accomplished. Sir Walter Scott, in his 'Provincial Antiquities,' spoke of the "huge deformity which now extends its lumpish length between Bank Street and Hanover Street, the most hopeless and irremediable error which has been committed in the course of the improvements of Edinburgh, and which, when the view that it has interrupted is contrasted with that which it presents, is, and must be, a subject of constant regret and provocation. At the time when Scott wrote, the rubbish of the Mound was in a most unsightly disarranged state; but it must in justice be stated, that, since then the east and west slopes have been trimmed and planted, and a splendid structure (the Royal Institution) erected on the northern end of the Mound; still it has a straggling unfinished appearance to the eye of one walking over it, and is a clumsy and inelegant obstruction to the view eastward or westward along the valley. The North Bridge puts it to shame in every particular. That it is 'no trifle,' may be seen from its dimensions: it is 800 feet long, about 300 wide, and, at the south end, nearly 100 feet high; and it is estimated to contain two million cart-loads of earth! The engineer of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway has had much difficulty to work a tunnel underneath this mound, on account of the looseness and heterogeneous nature of the materials which form it. Westward of the Mound is a garden (somewhat like the enclosed plantation of our London squares), to which the inhabitants of Princes Street have access; and this garden occupies the rest of the valley, bounded on the south by the Castle Hill.

Such, then, is the Northern Valley,—the formidable obstacle which had to be bridged over in the last century, before any attempt could be prudently made to lay out and build the New Town. We may now glance at the features which this new town presents; and as the eastern half of it was the place first built, we will commence our rambles thence:—

When George IV., riding through Princes Street, looked through Waterloo Place towards Calton Hill, he exclaimed, "How superb!" And well might he say so, for the effect is really striking. Waterloo Place is composed of sumptuous stone buildings, of which one is the Post Office, one the Stamp Office, and others hotels and fine shops. At one part we find an open balustrade on both sides of the street; and, on looking through this, we are suddenly met by a glimpse of a busy world below, far less aristocratic than the world above. The truth is, that this Waterloo Place is carried, by very lofty arches, over the old street called Low Calton: it is, in fact, a bridge connecting the New Town with the Calton Hill, over the intervening hollow. How to manage to carry habitable streets from the high ground to the low ground, has puzzled the road-makers not a little. There is a knot of streets, following almost every imaginable direction, and called Leith Street, Leith Terrace, Low Calton, and High Calton, in which this kind of adjustment has been brought about in a very curious way.

Running westward from Waterloo Place is one of the finest terraces, perhaps, in the kingdom—Princes Street. It is a terrace in so far that there are scarcely any houses on the southern side; a railing alone intervenes between this and the valley. The north side of the street is occupied by houses, all built of white stone, and comprising among them some of the finest shops in Edinburgh. From the windows of the numerous hotels in this street the northern brow of the Old Town is seen to great advantage; the houses rising one above another, and, in the evening, flickering with countless lights: the Castle Hill is seen towering above, and the railway station is far beneath; for you need not see this station at all, unless you look designedly for it: it is by no means obtrusive.

The chief public buildings in Princes Street are the Register Office, the Theatre Royal, the Scott Monument, and the Royal Institution. The Register Office is a very labyrinth of passages and rooms. It was planned by Robert Adams in 1774, for the reception of multifarious registers and records bearing upon Scottish legal matters; but it was not completed until 1822. The structure comprises a square, measuring about two hundred feet on each side, with a small quadrangular court in the centre, which is surmounted or covered in by an elegant dome, fifty feet in diameter. The outer fronts of the building are of the Corinthian order. Each corner is surmounted by a cupola-topped turret. The central saloon is occupied as a library, and the rest of the building is parted off into a large number of apartments, mostly of small size; the greater part of them arranged for the reception of registers, of which the number is immense.

Of the Theatre Royal the less we say the better: it is, externally, one of the ugliest of theatres, and is a blot to the street in which it is built. The Scott Monument, on the same side of the way, but further westward (Cut, No. 9), is one of the best honorary structures of which Edinburgh can boast. Unlike the 'National Monument' on Calton Hill, the projectors have not attempted too much, and what they have done has been done well. This monument was designed by Mr. Kemp, who died before the work was completed. It was commenced in 1840, and finished in 1846, at an expense of about £16,000. It consists of a sort of Gothic tower or steeple, reaching to the great elevation of two hundred feet. This tower is divided into stages, one above another, to all of which access can be obtained by a stair within. Every stage

exhibits several niches for the reception of statues, amounting to nearly sixty altogether. The full scope of the design is to occupy all these niches with sculptured figures of the most notable characters introduced by Scott in his novels and poems,—a very felicitous idea, because it can be wrought out a little at a time, if funds should permit, while the monument itself is a sufficiently finished object, even in its present state. Underneath the centre of the tower is a marble statue of Sir Walter, by Mr. John Steel. The decorations of the monument generally, all in carved stone, are most elaborate. Some architectural critics, who are great sticklers for precedents in such matters, find fault with certain parts of the design; but it is, as a whole, unquestionably a great ornament to the city. Would that our 'Wellington Statues' and 'Nelson Columns' exhibited as good a result for the money expended on them!

The Royal Institution, situated at the northern extremity of the earthen mound, is a fine building in the Greek style. So rotten and loose is the material of the mound, that nearly £2,000 had to be spent in preparing a foundation for this structure by piling—one of the benefits of the earthen blunder! The Royal Institution exhibits columnar fronts on every side. The northern front has an octastyle portico, three columns in depth, of the Doric order, surmounted by a pediment, behind which is a sculptured figure, on a sort of Attic story. The sides also exhibit ranges of columns, the uniformity of which is broken by projecting wings at the angles. The building was erected for the accommodation of several societies connected with the arts and sciences; such as the Royal Society of Edinburgh, the Royal Institution of Fine Arts, and the Board of Trustees for the Encouragement of Manufactures. In the spring of each year some of the rooms are appropriated to an exhibition of pictures. This building, the Castle, and the tunnel under the mound, are well seen from behind the Scott Monument (Cut, No. 9).

Princes Street may be regarded as a standard from whence the other streets of the New Town spring, for most of them either lie parallel to it on the north, or branch out from it at right angles; and a fine array they make. Behind Princes Street is George Street; behind this Queen Street; and behind this again Heriot's Row. These are crossed by seven wide streets at right angles,—St. Andrew, St. David, Hanover, Frederick, Castle, Charlotte, and Hope Streets. All these are as straight as a line, and of noble width; they form a parallelogram, about three-quarters of a mile in length. One of the series—George Street—is no less than 115 feet in width; and what with its length, width, and fine stone buildings on both sides, has few parallels among our cities and towns. There are monuments and public buildings in great number, which add to the noble appearance of this district. At the crossing of George and Hanover Streets is a statue of George IV. by Chantrey; at the crossing of George and Frederick Streets is another, of William Pitt, by the same sculptor; on the east side of St. Andrew Street is a statue of the Earl of Hopetoun; and in the middle of St. Andrew Square, lying between St. Andrew and St. David Streets, is a monument to Lord Melville. This last-mentioned monument is in the form of a column, 136 feet high, surmounted by a statue of the Earl, 14 feet high. St. Andrew Square was one of the earliest-built portions of the New Town. It was finished about seventy years ago, and was, in its day, the most aristocratic *locale* in Edinburgh. Mr. Chambers gives a list of notable personages who lived in the square in its palmy days: it includes the names of Major-General Leslie, Earl of Leven, Lord Ankerville, Lord Gordon, Lord Dreghorn, Sir James Stirling, Sir John Whiteford, Earl of Buchan, Duchess of Gordon, Countess of Dalhousie, and Earl of Haddington. David Hume lived at the house in the south-west corner; and Lord Brougham was born in the house at the north-west corner. How shorn of its bright beams now! The Most Nobles and the Right Honourables have vacated St. Andrew Square, and left its houses to be occupied as banks, hotels, warehouses, &c. The tide of Fashion set in west and north-west from this square; and it was in those directions that the New Town mostly developed itself.

Among the buildings comprised within the parallelogram of streets above described, one of the most splendid is the Commercial Bank, situated in George Street. Edinburgh and Glasgow are distinguished for the sumptuous character of the buildings occupied by the various Joint-Stock Banking Companies. As a class, they certainly excel the banks of London. It is said that many of them have been built out of unclaimed deposits; but, be this as it may, they are highly ornamental to the two cities. The Royal Bank, the British Linen Company's Bank, the National Bank, the Edinburgh and Glasgow Bank, the Commercial Bank, and one or two others, all lie very near each other; but the last-named quite eclipses all the others. It cost upwards of £60,000; and its vestibule and principal room are truly magnificent. The Assembly Room and Music Hall form a fine large building, of which the chief front is in George Street. It has a tetrastyle Doric portico; but the sides and back are rather plain. The interior arrangements are fitted for the requirements of assemblies and concerts, for which it was built. The Music Room is nearly a hundred feet long, and not much less in width; the principal Ballroom, also, is nearly a hundred feet in length. The New Club (on the model of our Pall-Mall Clubs), the Veterinary College, the College of Physicians, the Synod House, and several churches, are other public buildings comprised within this parallelogram of new streets. In a district of brick houses, many of these buildings, being built of stone, would stand out as distinctive features; but in a region of stone houses they only form parts of a splendid whole.

Queen Street may be regarded as the northernmost of those which occupy the actual high ground of the New Town, or the northern ridge, as we have termed it.

Beyond this, the ground slopes gradually downwards towards the sea. There is a fine long range of ground laid out in gardens and plantations, having Queen Street on the south, and Heriot Row and Abercrombie Place on the north: these three are all terraces, having houses on one side of the way, and they have a fine frontage towards Queen Street Gardens, as the plantation is called. Northward of these gardens several other streets and squares of new houses are met with, declining gradually towards the Water of Leith—a little river, which may be considered to bound Edinburgh on the north. Eastward of all this district again, lying on both sides of Leith Walk, the high road from Edinburgh to Leith, are many streets and crescents of new houses, moderate in their pretensions, but still stone-built, and studded with churches and chapels.

But the *magnum opus*, the acme of Edinburgh street-building, lies north-westward of the parallelogram lately described. As Brown Square eclipsed the Canongate; as George Square eclipsed Brown Square; as this, in turn, gave way to St. Andrew Square; as the parallelogram of streets eclipsed St. Andrew Square; so does now the immediate neighbourhood of Moray Place assume the superiority over all, in respect to the architectural character of the houses. This is a comparatively new portion of the town; and as the ground begins to slope very rapidly on the northern side of this spot, much skill has been shown in adapting the shape of the streets to the locality. One feature in the arrangement is particularly striking. The ground descends so rapidly to the Water of Leith, that the Dean Bridge, a fine structure in the immediate vicinity, and on the same level as these new streets, is no less than 106 feet above the level of the river which it crosses. The backs of the houses in Randolph Cliff, Randolph Crescent, Great Stuart Street, Ainslie Place, and Moray Place, all look out upon the banks of the river, and have a steep descent of garden-ground down to near the river's brink; so that the houses themselves have an unusually bold and imposing appearance, as viewed from the opposite or north-western side of the river.

By little and little Edinburgh is creeping onwards towards the west, extending its limits out into what were open fields a few years ago. Beyond Charlotte Square, which bounds the parallelogram of streets at its western end, a new neighbourhood is springing up on either side of the road to Glasgow. Rutland Square, Coates and Athol Crescents, and several other ranges of stone-built buildings, contain the private residences of many of the Edinburgh men of business. It is here as in Glasgow and Liverpool: the better sort of houses in the centre of the town become gradually absorbed into the vortex of commerce, and the suburbs thus naturally become extended by the erection of private residences.

The reader has now accompanied us through the length and breadth of this fine old city. We have glanced along the three parallel hills, or elevated plateaus, and the two valleys which separate them, the hills which bound them on the east, and the remaining valley of Low Calton. It is true that we have not seen everything of interest; and it is equally true that we might ramble over the town for weeks, and still find some odd little nooks and corners which had before escaped notice, but which are well worthy of a visit. Edinburgh has been the centre of so many political and social events, it has been the scene of so many novels, and poems, and songs; its "old town" still contains so many curious and venerable buildings, that there is no lack of material for almost any amount of gossip concerning it. Mr. Robert Chambers has filled a goodly volume with delightful chat about its old houses, old streets, old people, old customs—old everything.

Large as the subject is, however, we spare a little space to glance hastily around at the environs of Edinburgh, to see what sort of open country or what pleasant spots are available to the citizens; in short, what are the Hampsteads, and Richmonds, and Gravesends of the northern metropolis. We will make a circular ramble, beginning westward of the good town.

Near the water of Leith, and entirely westward of the town, in the midst of green fields and pleasant country roads, are three structures, which form a most remarkable group: benevolent in their object, and striking in their architecture, they form a worthy western outpost to the city. These are John Watson's Hospital, the Orphan Hospital, and Donaldson's Hospital. George Watson's Hospital, before described as lying near Heriot's, is an establishment for the benefit of the children and grandchildren of decayed merchants of the city of Edinburgh; John Watson's is for the maintenance and education of 120 destitute children. The Orphan Hospital, which formerly occupied a building in the centre of the town, now occupies a new structure at this spot: it maintains and educates about a hundred orphan Scottish children, of both sexes. Both of these buildings, especially the Orphan's, are handsome structures; but they are quite eclipsed by the third—Donaldson's Hospital. This, when finished, will be, perhaps, the most magnificent modern building in Scotland. It is situated on rising ground, and can be viewed uninterruptedly on every side for a considerable distance. It is in the Elizabethan style, and presents four complete fronts, with a profusion of towers and turrets at the various angles. The founder was an Edinburgh printer, who died in 1830, and left a fortune of more than £200,000 for the building and endowment of this hospital. When finished it will maintain and educate about three hundred poor boys and girls. It can hardly fail to strike an attentive observer, how richly Edinburgh is supplied with educational institutions such as the above. Although called 'hospitals,' they are (like Christ's Hospital in London) schools: the English appellation of hospital to a place for the cure of diseases is not much used in Scotland. These free schools, added to

the parish schools connected with the Presbyteries, give to the humble classes an extent of education far exceeding that afforded in England, taken *pro ratâ*. The result may be seen in many ways. If a wayfarer on the Scottish roads asks his route to a particular spot, he not only obtains precise information, but he is very likely reminded by his informant of the vicinage of some locality made memorable by Scott, or by Burns, or by Queen Mary, or by the hostile clans, or by the border chieftains. Cross the Cheviots, and ask the same kind of questions of an English countryman; how rarely such can tell you anything of English history or English poets!

At a short distance westward of the three hospitals described in the last paragraph, there is an intersection of the Granton branch with the main line of the Caledonian Railway; and behind this rise the Corstorphine Hills, which form a splendid background to the picture. Were we to continue along the road which bounds these hills on the north, and then bounds Dalmeny Park on the south, we should arrive at Queen's Ferry, a small town situated at the narrowest part of the Firth of Forth, and forming (at least before the introduction of steam navigation) the principal spot for crossing the Firth to Fifeshire and Perth; but the erection of Granton Pier, much nearer to Edinburgh, the establishment of powerful steamers thence across the broad arm of the sea to Burntisland, and the formation of railways from Edinburgh to Granton and from Burntisland towards Perth and Dundee, have considerably modified the course which the northern traffic takes.

The Granton Branch of the Caledonian will pass close to Craig Leith Quarry,—a spot to which Edinburgh owes no small debt, since the stone for her New Town has been obtained from thence. It lies about a couple of miles west from Edinburgh. Captain Basil Hall, in the Miscellany before quoted, says, "Of the many objects of interest in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, I am not sure that there is any one better worthy of a stranger's examination than the quarry of Craig Leith, out of which the aforesaid formal New Town has been built. It is not so extensive as those of Rome and Syracuse; but the excavations, instead of straggling along for several miles, having been confined to one spot, form an enormous amphitheatre, 250 feet in depth, and of proportionate width, all hollowed out of the living rock! In this area, with very little additional carving, a million of people might easily be accommodated with seats; and I never looked at this stupendous indenture in the earth's surface, without thinking of the noblest of amphitheatrical buildings ever erected above its level—I mean the Coliseum at Rome." The Captain's "million of people" may perhaps be doubted; but the excavation is most unquestionably a remarkable one. The new town of Edinburgh may be said to have been lifted out of this cavity, and placed in its present position.

Bending round towards the east, in the district between Edinburgh and the water-side, we find a number of little pleasant villages and country spots, which are gradually assuming the character of suburbs of Edinburgh. First, leaving the regular streets of the New Town, we find the admirable Deaf and Dumb Institution and the Edinburgh Academy, the latter being a sort of subsidiary high-school. Then, further in the suburbs, we encounter the Zoological Gardens, the Botanic Gardens, the Experimental or Horticultural Gardens, and the Edinburgh Cemetery. These are similar in their character to the analogous gardens elsewhere. The Zoological Gardens, in the road to Newhaven, is rather scantily supplied with 'wild beasts;' but in other respects it is a pleasantly laid-out spot. The Botanic and Experimental Gardens are, however, highly valuable, and are stored with rare plants, systematically arranged.

Warriston and Bennington now bring us to the vicinity of the Firth, where the piers of Granton, Newhaven, and Leith, meet the view. Granton is a newly-born place—an infant that may have a busy middle age by-and-by, when the various railway projects are completed. But Newhaven and Leith are old stagers; they had arrived at maritime importance centuries ago. Through various municipal arrangements, in which Edinburgh has had part, Newhaven has not maintained that social rank to which her geographical position entitles her. It has a stone-pier and a chain-pier, for the accommodation of steamers; but its real curiosities are its *fish-wives*—those unmistakeable matrons, who may be seen about the Edinburgh streets or in the market-places in the forenoon. Nearly all the Newhaven men are weather-beaten and athletic fishermen, accustomed to encounter all the vicissitudes and storms of the Firth; and nearly all their 'better halves' are Amazons, employed to sell the fish which has been caught. Their hardy features, their jerkins of coarse blue cloth, their yellow petticoats, their blue stockings, their head and neck handkerchiefs,—all give to these women a distinctive mark. They carry their fish in creels, or large wooden baskets, borne on their back; and as these creels are heavy, and have to be held by the muscular power of the head and neck, the women wear no head-dress but a handkerchief; they attach to the creel a broad belt, which they rest across the forehead when moving, and let slip over the head when about to exhibit the fish for sale. Thus equipped, the fish-wives sally forth from Newhaven in the morning, traverse the streets and markets of Edinburgh, and return home when their merchandise is sold. Abundant are the odd stories told of these—mermaids. If common report be truthful, we learn that they are, with their husbands and families, an exclusive race, rarely intermarrying but among themselves—that when the men are detained from sea by tempestuous weather, the women coolly assign them domestic duties to perform, while they themselves go out in search of employment—that when provoked they exhibit a vigour and unscrupulousness of tongue hardly to be matched, even at Billingsgate—that they are rather extortionate in their mode of transacting

business with their customers—but that they form a peaceable and sober community among themselves.

Leith, a little way eastward of Newhaven, is not the most picturesque of sea-port towns. Its sandy shore presents at low-water a very dreary dead level, and the streets for the most part are narrow and dirty. There are, however, a few good streets and buildings, and when we get to the southern outlet of the town, the fine road to Edinburgh, called Leith Walk, and the open spot called Leith Links, impart a more cheerful aspect. There are 'links' on the south side of Edinburgh called Bruntsfield Links; and there are others in other parts of Scotland. It may not be superfluous, therefore, to state that this name is given to an open down or field, where the inhabitants of the neighbouring district carry on various sorts of open-air sports. Leith Links, for instance, is used as the playground of a company of golfers, and as the bleaching ground and public promenade of the inhabitants of the town. The game of golf, here alluded to, is played with a club and a ball. The club is a flexible and finely-tapered piece of ash, from three to four feet long, having a head faced with horn and loaded with lead. The ball is made of feathers covered with leather, and is about as large as a tennis ball. The game consists in striking the ball into a number of small holes successively, the holes being about a quarter of a mile apart: the player who does this in the smallest number of blows wins the match. Each player is accompanied by an assistant, who carries a number of clubs of different lengths and degrees of elasticity, any one of which is used according to the force with which the ball is required to be struck, which force of course varies according to the distance of the ball from the hole. We southrons have no idea of the ardour with which the Scotch engage at this ball-play. If we refer to Oliver and Boyd's Edinburgh Almanack (a book containing a dense mass of information concerning Scotland, which it would be difficult to get access to elsewhere), we find a list of the members of the 'Edinburgh Burgess Golfing Society,' instituted in 1735; the 'Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers,' whose institution is lost in antiquity, but whose regular series of minutes go back to 1744; and the 'Bruntsfield Links Golf Club,' instituted in 1761. All these have their captain, treasurer, secretary, chaplain, council, medal-holder, ball-maker, and club-maker. It is recorded, as instances of the skill acquired by practice in this game, that one player, standing within Parliament-square, in Edinburgh, struck a ball completely over the top of St. Giles's steeple; and that another struck a ball over Melville's Monument, in St. Andrew's-Square, which rises 150 feet from the ground.

Leith was once fortified; but if the braggadocia of Captain Colepepper, in the 'Fortunes of Nigel,' had any historic warranty, the fortifications must have been of a humble class: "You speak of the siege of Leith; and I have seen the place. A pretty kind of a hamlet it is, with a plain wall or rampart, and a pigeon-house or two of a tower at every angle. Daggers and scabbards! if a leaguer of our days had been twenty-four hours, not to say months, before it, without carrying the place and all its cock-lofts one after another by pure storm, they would have deserved no better grace than the provost-marshal gives when his noose is rieved."

Approaching now further to the east, we find Portobello, Fisherrow, Musselburgh, and a number of small hamlets and villages. In 1762, there was one house, and one only, on the spot where Portobello now stands: it was built by an old sailor, who had taken a part in the capture of Portobello in America, and he named his house from that town. Circumstances afterwards led to the selection of this neighbourhood as a site for private dwellings for the Edinburgh folk, and a very pretty sea-side town has hence arisen. The Portobello sands furnish a fine spot for sea-bathing, and the town is full of the usual kind of holiday visiters during the bathing season. But it never has been, and probably never will be, a port; the coast offering none of the necessary facilities. The next town in the coast is Fisherrow, at the western side of the mouth of the Esk. It has been well said, that this town "presents the beau-ideal of whatever is at once hardy, weather-beaten, and contemptuous of civilized refinements, in a sea-faring and fish-catching life." It is, like Newhaven, a fishing town, and derives all its subsistence from the sale of fish at Edinburgh. The women do not yield to those of Newhaven in masculine character; they used, some years ago, to play at golf on holidays, and on Shrove Tuesday there is said to have been a regular systematic match at foot-ball, between the married and the unmarried women, of whom the former were generally the victors. The powers of endurance shown by these 'gentle' creatures are almost incredible. It is stated in Fullarton's 'Gazetteer:'—"When the boats arrive late in the forenoon at the harbour, so as to leave them (the fish-wives) no more than time to reach Edinburgh before dinner, the fish-wives have sometimes performed their journey of five miles by relays, shifting their burdens from one to another every hundred yards; and in this way they have been known to convey their goods to the fish-market, from Fisherrow, in less than three-quarters of an hour. It is even a well-attested fact, that three of their class went from Dunbar to Edinburgh, a distance of twenty-seven miles, in five hours, each carrying a load of two hundred pounds of herrings."

The river Esk divides Fisherrow from Musselburgh. The latter, though its name has a "fishy odour," is not a fishing-town. It is an old-fashioned place, that has a few antiquities to mark its connection with old times, and a few manufactures to connect it with the present. Its tolbooth was built in 1590, of materials derived from the chapel of Loretto, which had existed there from an unknown period, and which had been a shrine of peculiar sanctity in the eyes of all who sought the aid of our Lady of Loretto in their distresses. Musselburgh has always been on the great high-road from Berwick to Edinburgh, and has witnessed many

a royal 'progress,' and many an army, in times when railways had not, as at present, placed it at the end of a branch, as if lying out of the world. Until about forty years ago, there still stood at Musselburgh the house which had been inhabited by Randolph, Earl of Moray, the second in command under Robert Bruce, at the battle of Bannockburn, five centuries ago. The manse of Inveresk, the south-west part of the town, shone with the talents of Robertson, Home, Campbell, Logan, Mackenzie, Smollett, Hume, and Beattie, while in the occupation of Dr. Carlyle, in the last century; and at a later period, Scott and Monk Lewis are said to have enlivened the town with their presence. With regard to industrial pursuits, the Musselburghers have had many battles to fight. At one time they manufactured coarse woollen checks, which found a large sale in America; but these were driven out of the market by showy cottons. They then established a cotton manufactory; but the Firth has been no match for the Clyde in this matter. A china manufactory was established; but the wares were too costly for the purchasers, and the enterprise died a natural death. Dye-works and starch-works once existed; but they are gone. Nevertheless, the Musselburghers have not been dispirited: beaten in some department, they have taken up others. Tanning and leather-dressing are carried on to a considerable extent; a salt-work exists in the immediate neighbourhood; sail-cloth is largely manufactured; a peculiar manufacture of horse-hair cloth occupies a good many hands, who made the horse-hair floor-covering introduced by Dr. Reid into the House of Commons; and there are two or three manufactories of fishing-nets, in which the meshes and knots are formed by highly ingenious machinery. The Musselburgh market-gardens, too, supply a good deal of vegetables for Edinburgh consumption.

Were we to follow the route eastward of Musselburgh, we should meet with many pleasant spots connected with by-gone stories and events, or possessing a living interest on other accounts. For instance, there is Preston Pans, on the coast of the Forth, where the Young Pretender gained a victory over the royal troops in 1745. There is the parish of Tranent, with its villages of Tranent, Portseaton, Cockenzie, Seaton, and Meadow Mill. There is North Berwick, situated on the sea-coast, and near that most remarkable mountain, North Berwick Law, which rises in a conical shape to a height of nearly a thousand feet, and forms a most conspicuous landmark from the surrounding plain, and from the sea. There is the far-famed Bass Rock, the insulated rock shooting up to a height of 420 feet above the level of the sea, at a short distance from the coast, a little eastward of North Berwick; where St. Baldrid is said to have chosen his residence in the seventh century; where the Covenanters were confined during the reigns of Charles II. and James II.; and where myriads of sea-fowl and solan geese congregate. There is Tantallon Castle, standing on a lofty precipitous rock, actually overhanging the sea, and marking the scene of many a baronial strife when it was in the hands of the Douglases, from three to five centuries ago. Since its dismantlement, in the early part of the last century, it has formed a noble yet desolate ruin; but Scott, in 'Marmion,' gives a fine description of its former condition:—

> ———————— "Tantallon vast,
> Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,
> And held impregnable in war.
> On a projecting rock it rose,
> And round three sides the ocean flows,
> The fourth did battled walls enclose,
> And double mound and fosse;
> By narrow drawbridge, outworks strong,
> Through studded gates an entrance long,
> To the main court they cross.
> It was a wild and stately square,
> Around were lodgings fit and fair,
> And towers of various form,
> Which in the court projected far,
> And broke its lines quadrangular;
> Here was square keep, there turret high,
> Or pinnacle that sought the sky,
> Whence oft the warder could descry
> The gathering ocean storm."

Leaving the coast, and bending round towards the south of Edinburgh, we encounter the Lammermuir Hills, forming the northern boundary of the valley of the Tweed, and rendered memorable by the associations connecting it with one of Scott's stories. Then comes that beautiful valley, formed by the Esk river in the north, and the Gala Water in the south. At and near the spot where the last-named river joins the Tweed, there is a circle of country which forms the very home of romance and poetry. Stationing ourselves at Selkirk—itself a pleasant old Scottish town—we have, a little to the south-west, the mouth of the Ettrick Water, which has flowed through Ettrickdale, the home of the Scotch poet, James Hogg, whose familiar appellation of the 'Ettrick Shepherd' is derived thence. Separated by a low range of hills from this, is another valley, that through which the lovely Yarrow flows — the Yarrow celebrated in the Scottish lays—"Willie's drown'd in Yarrow;" "Thy braes were bonnie, Yarrow's stream;" "The Braes of Yarrow;" and the "Rose of Yarrow;"—the Yarrow which was "Unvisited," "Visited," and "Re-visited," —in Wordsworth's three poems. The next valley, northward of this, is the one through which the upper waters of the Tweed flow, and which contains Ashiesteel, Inverleithen, Peebles, Neidpath Castle, and other names which will give rise to pleasant remembrances to those familiar with Scottish literature. Very near the spot where the Tweed, the Ettrick, the Yarrow, and the Gala Water join, are Abbotsford, Melrose, and Galashiels. Glancing round a little to the north and east of Selkirk, we come to the little Allan Water, the town of Lauder in Lauderdale, Dryburgh Abbey in Tweeddale, and Jedburgh Abbey on the Jed Water. It would, perhaps, be difficult to find another spot in

Scotland where so many "homes and haunts" of poesy are grouped within so small a space.

This district, however, is at a considerable distance from Edinburgh; and we should not have mentioned it in connexion with the environs of that city, were it not that railways will very shortly bring it within easy holiday distance. The Hawick Branch of the North British Railway will pass through the centre of the district close to Melrose, and at a moderate distance from all the places we have named. This same railway is so managed, that either its main line or its numerous branches will shortly give easy access to almost every part of south-east Scotland.

But, without going so far from Edinburgh, we find that the Hawick line of railway will set us down in another pleasant spot. Suppose we alight at the Dalkeith station; we have, at the east of us, the magnificent palace and park of Dalkeith, belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch. The river Esk runs through the middle of the park, and two smaller rivers bound the park on the east and west—the three joining each other before they leave the park. The palace contains a goodly collection of pictures, though far inferior to that of the Duke of Hamilton, at Hamilton Palace near Lanark. A quiet sort of country place is this Dalkeith: rather dull when no notable personages are visiting at the palace, and when it is not market-day in the town; yet on the Thursday in each week is held a market, which is said to be the most extensive ready-money corn-market in Scotland; and on another day is a market for meal and flour, also extensive: so that, what with these markets, the collieries in the vicinity, and the ducal palace, the town of Dalkeith bids fair to have a prosperous future in store for it. A little to the west of Dalkeith is Melville Castle and grounds, the property of Viscount Melville. Southward of Dalkeith is Newbattle Abbey, a residence of the Marquis of Lothian, and built upon the site of the Abbey of Newbattle, founded by David I. for a community of Cistercian monks. South-westward of Newbattle are Dalhousie Castle and Cockpen. The former of these is a modernised building in the castellated form, belonging to the present Governor-General of India, the Earl of Dalhousie. Of Cockpen there seems little to say, but that it is the place whose 'Laird' has furnished the theme for a Scottish song. Rather farther away from Dalkeith, a little to the east of Leith, lie two castles which have had much celebrity in their day —Borthwick and Crichton. Borthwick Castle was built in 1430, and still remains a fine old habitable mansion, belonging to one of the Borthwick family. It is in the form of a double tower, reaching to a great height, and visible for many miles on every side. Crichton Castle, instead of being a uniform structure like its neighbour, was built at various periods: it forms a large quadrangular mass, now in ruins, enclosing a central court. Scott has given a fine description of it in 'Marmion.'

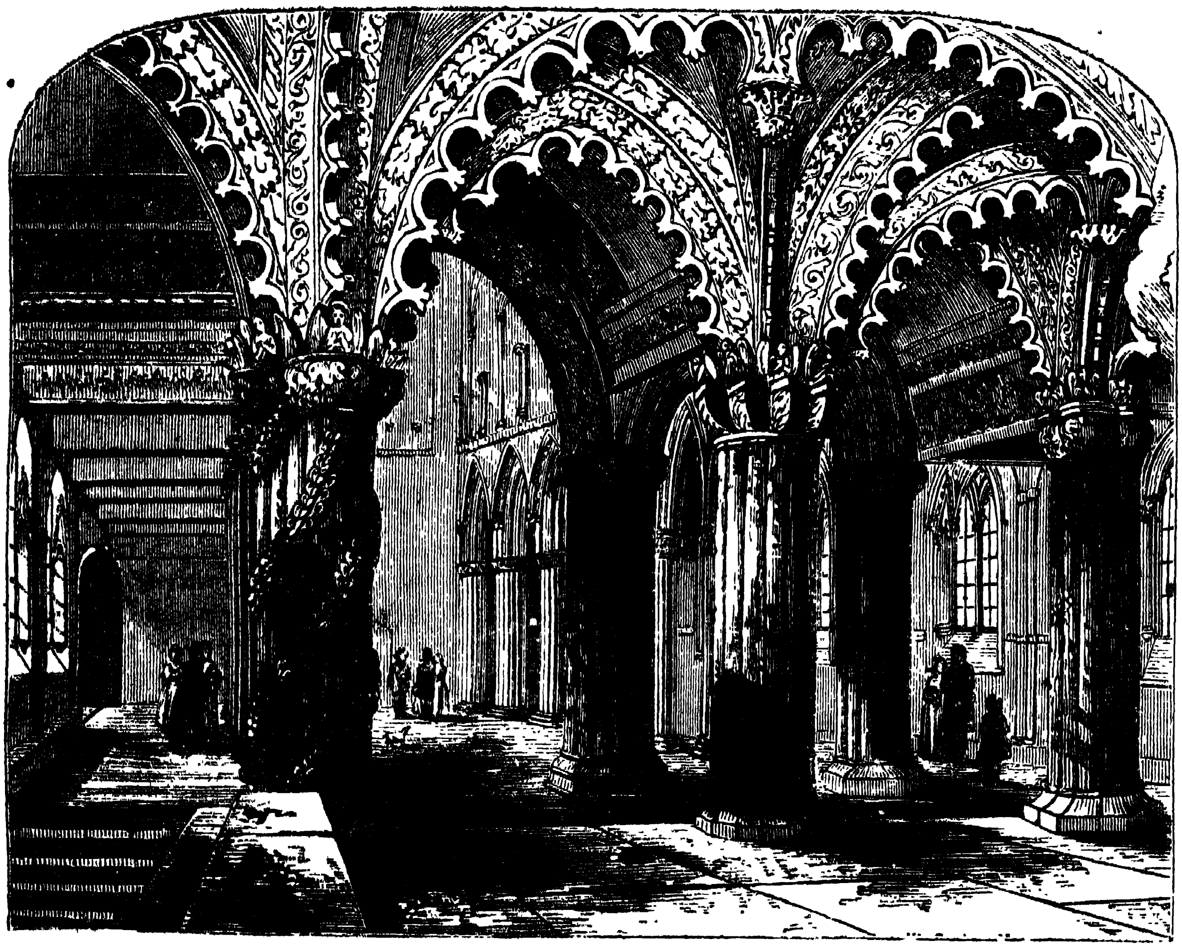
A road from Dalkeith, towards the south-west, passes through Lasswade and Loanhead to the beautiful neighbourhood of Roslin. The North Esk is the river which gives a charm to this district: it is one of the most irregular and frolicsome of little rivers; now rushing over a ledge of rock,—now winding round the base of a hill,—now hiding itself behind rocks and woods. Hawthornden stands on its southern bank: it was inhabited by the poet Drummond, a contemporary of Shakspere and Ben Jonson. Jonson is even said to have walked from London to Hawthornden to see his friend Drummond. Queen Victoria paid a visit to the spot in 1842,—as much, we may presume, for its poetic associations as for its natural beauty: the house is most magnificently situated on a lofty cliff overhanging the river. Under the mansion are some very extensive caves, which are supposed to have served as hiding-places in times of persecution.

Roslin Chapel, the gem of the neighbourhood, and one of the prettiest gems in Scotland, is about seven or eight miles southward of Edinburgh. The town, the chapel, and the castle, are all at distinct spots, but very near each other. The chapel was built in 1446, by William St. Clair, Earl of Orkney and Lord of Roslin. After remaining perfect for nearly two centuries and a half, it was much injured towards the close of the seventeenth century; but the successive Earls of Roslin have prevented so beautiful a structure from going quite to decay. It has been remarked that this chapel combines the solidity of the Norman with the minute decorations of the Perpendicular styles: it does not belong to any one style, but partakes of many. The pillars and arches of the nave are most elaborate, as may be seen from our view (Cut, No. 10); one of them in particular, which is designated the ''Prentice's Pillar.' The story told concerning it is as follows:—" The master-builder of the Chapel, being unable to execute the design of this pillar from the plans in his possession, proceeded to Rome, that he might see a column of a similar description in that city. During his absence, his apprentice proceeded with the execution of the design, and upon the master's return he found this beautiful column completed. Stung with envy at this proof of the superior ability of his apprentice, he struck him a blow with his mallet, and killed him on the spot." A sad story this for so beautiful a work; but, whether true or not, it will cling to the pillar as long as the pillar clings to its place. On the architrave over this pillar is a Latin inscription from the Book of Esdras. Beneath the Chapel lie the bones of the Barons and Earls of Roslin, many of whom were buried in complete armour,—a circumstance which Scott has made the burden of his ballad of *Rosabelle*. The Castle of Roslin is a mouldering ruin, almost inaccessible from the surrounding ground, except by a small bridge over a deep valley. It is very ancient; but nothing is known of its foundation, except that it probably belonged to the same powerful barons who owned the Chapel. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it met with the

destructive usage which has brought it to its present skeleton state.

Bending round again to the west of Edinburgh, we pass Penicuik House, the residence of Sir George Clerk; thence we come among the Pentland Hills, lying south-west of the city, and shortly after this the Caledonian and the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railways remind us that we have completed our hasty circuit. Even yet we have not noticed all the riches—tourist's riches, as we may term them—of the neighbourhood. There is the fine old Craigmillar Castle, standing on an eminence within three miles of Edinburgh, and separated only by a valley from Arthur's Seat. There is Merchiston Castle, a little out of Edinburgh on the south-west, where once lived Napier, the celebrated inventor of logarithms. There is Craigcrook Castle, not far from Craig Leith, inhabited by Lord Jeffrey, the garden of which is supposed to have been the prototype of Scott's 'Tullyveolan.' Farther west there is Hopetoun House, one of the best of the last century mansions.

He must be a hard man to please, and made of rather leaden materials, who could not find wherewithal to give him many a delightful day's ramble in and around EDINBURGH.



10.—ROSLIN CHAPEL.

THE SOUTH-EASTERN COAST.



1.—BRIDGE-GATE, SANDWICH.



2.—FISHER-GATE, SANDWICH.

A ramble round the South-Eastern Coast affords ample matter for observation and inquiry. The scenery is considerably diversified—exhibiting the coast and sea in very various aspects of picturesque and poetic combination. And there is much of historical and other interest in the route. Places will be visited where, in former days, invading armies have often landed, and which are still supposed to be especially vulnerable to hostile attack; places, too, which are connected with deeds of memorable importance; and others, which are regarded with hope or with dread by the mariner; while many a spot will illustrate the continual war that is going on between the land and the ocean, and the encroachments which they are alternately making on each other's domains. Nor will the people be found a barren page to him who can read them aright; or the works of man undeserving of examination and study. Incidentally, we may be able to notice most of these things; but only incidentally and cursorily, as we pass along from place to place, shall we pretend to notice them.

Our sketch of this district may very well commence from the Isle of Thanet, which has been already described in vol. i., p. 146, *et seq.*

SANDWICH.

A stranger to the old towns along the south coast will not fail to look about him with some surprise as he paces the streets of Sandwich. You enter it from Thanet by a rude gate-house, to which you pass over a drawbridge, (Cut, No. 1.) There are few symptoms of traffic as you approach the town, but some half-dozen vessels of moderate burden are seen on either side as you cross the bridge, and it is taken for granted that within the town there will be the bustle usual in a seaport. Instead of this, however, there is a lifeless quiet, more marked than in many a country village of the smallest size and most sequestered situation. Unless on a market morning (which occurs once in a fortnight) you may walk from end to end of the long dreary High-street, and scarcely meet an individual—and if you meet one he is sauntering listlessly along, as though there were nothing in the world for him to be doing. We have seen a cart once or twice in the streets, but it was generally empty—the only exception being the country carts that pass through the town. But there is undoubtedly business done in Sandwich, and, we are told, a good deal too; but when, how, where, or of what kind, is more than we can pretend to guess.

Still, Sandwich is hardly a place that a stranger would pass an hour in without wishing to know something more about. The streets are narrow and irregular; the houses generally rude, mean, and low; but then the streets cover a considerable space, the houses many of them are old, and appear to have been of a better grade, and the churches show signs of having belonged to a more important place and a more active population than they now belong to.

Sandwich has a history worth telling in detail: we have neither time nor space for that, even had we inclination, but a sort of outline of it seems needful, in order that we may understand something of the process of decay in these towns:—a nearly similar history belongs to several we shall visit in the present journey. Sandwich, no doubt, came into existence on the decline of Richborough, the Roman Ritupæ; of which an account has been already given (vol. i., p. 149). The name Sandwich, or the Town on the Sands, occurs in early Saxon records. If we turn to the Saxon Chronicle, we shall find frequent mention made of Sandwich. Under 851, is a notice of the first of the many sea-fights that have taken place off here: "King Athelstan and Elchere the Ealdorman, fought on shipboard, and slew a great number of the enemy at Sandwich in Kent, and took nine ships, and put the others to flight." At this time Sandwich was undoubtedly the chief port in this part of the country, and hence it was the frequent object of attack by the Danes. Thus we find it recorded in 1006, that "after Midsummer came the great fleet to Sandwich, and ravaged, burned, and destroyed it." Other descents are mentioned down to 1046, when "Lothen and Irling came with twenty-five ships to Sandwich, and there took unspeakable booty, in men, and in gold, and in silver, so that no man knew how much it all was." It was in Sandwich haven—as the mouth of the Stour from the town to the sea is called—that the royal navy, when one was collected, was wont to assemble. In 1008, we are told that Ethelred "commanded that ships should be speedily built throughout the English nation;" and in the following year that they were got ready: "and there were so many of them as never before, according as books say unto us, had been among the English nation in any king's days. And they were all brought to Sandwich, and there they were to lie, and defend this land against every foreign enemy." Many similar notices of Sandwich occur, but it is needless to quote more. Sandwich appears to have been the port at which Canute embarked and disembarked in his frequent voyages, after his first landing in England. One of his visits here must have had some considerable influence on the town; for, under 1029, it is said, "This year King Canute came home again to England. And so soon as he came to England, he gave to Christ Church, at Canterbury, the haven at Sandwich, and all the dues that arise therefrom on either side of the haven." The archbishop and monks of Canterbury retained the lordship of the port till the reign of Edward III., when they were induced to resign it in exchange for lands granted them elsewhere. In the time of Edward the Confessor there were 307 inhabited houses in Sandwich: at the Domesday Survey there were 383.

The importance of Sandwich before the Conquest is evinced by its being one of the original Cinque Ports ncorporated by Edward the Confessor. In our notice of Hastings we gave some account of their origin and nature (vol. i., p. 274); but as all the original Cinque Ports lie within the region we are now to traverse, it will be proper to supply so much information respecting them as may suffice for the reader of the present paper, and may serve as supplementary to that contained in the former.

It has been supposed that the Cinque Ports grew out, or were founded in imitation, of a Roman institution formed for the defence of the South-east Coast; and that the Lord Warden was the successor of the Count of the Saxon Shore. There can be little doubt that it was for defensive purposes that the five ports of Sandwich, Dover, Hythe, Romney, and Hastings were at first united under a distinct and peculiar government.

While there seems no reason to doubt—though it has been doubted—that the Cinque Ports were incorporated by the Confessor, it appears pretty certain that it was William I. who formed them into a compact and powerful union. It was one of his first objects, after landing, to secure uninterrupted communication with the continent, and hence he took care to obtain complete possession of the whole tract included within the boundaries of these ports before he marched to London. And, when he had gained the throne of England, he showed of how much consequence he thought it to have this coast under his direct control, by severing it from the ordinary civil jurisdiction of the counties, and placing it under the governance of an officer appointed immediately by himself, and responsible only to him. The Warden of the Cinque Ports, as this officer was called, had supreme civil and military sway within the limits of the Ports, and was also admiral of the coast. The management of the municipal affairs was entrusted to barons and jurats, answering in a great measure to the aldermen and freemen of the towns that retained their Saxon constitution; but the arrangement altogether was somewhat Norman in its character. To these ports were granted very extensive privileges and immunities, in return for which the service devolved on them of maintaining a fleet of fifty-seven ships for the king's use. Some duties connected with the defence of the coast, and other land service, seem also to have been required; but their nature, owing to the loss of the early charters, is unknown. The Cinque Ports continued to furnish the whole of the shipping required for the use of the state, down to the time of Henry VII., when a permanent navy was first established by the sovereign; but the Cinque Ports continued to aid the service with ships till the reign of Charles II. Of the privileges and immunities of the ports, we, perhaps, spoke at sufficient length in our account of Hastings. Nearly all of them that remained to our day, were swept away by the Parliamentary and Municipal Reform Bills.

Sandwich, in the first instance, appears to have furnished five ships, as its proportion of the fifty-seven; in the reign of Edward III. it is said (but perhaps erroneously) to have contributed twenty-two ships; somewhat later, its proportion was ten and three-quarters; in the general charter of Charles II. its contribution is again reduced to five. For some centuries the Cinque Ports navy seems to have commonly

assembled at Sandwich, and we find it mentioned as the usual place where the army embarked for the continent. The visits of royal or eminent persons, on their way to or from the continent, are also of frequent occurrence, and sometimes under unusual circumstances. Thus, on the 20th of March, 1194, Richard I., on his return from imprisonment, landed here, and, in token of gratitude for his deliverance, walked on foot from hence to Canterbury. Here, too, it was that Edward the Black Prince landed in 1359 with his royal captives. It was from Sandwich that Thomas à Becket took boat, on his flight from England in November, 1164; and here he landed on his return, thirteen months afterwards. Nor did the town escape hostile visits. It was burnt in 1217 by Louis, who is said to have landed here with 600 ships. It was also plundered and burnt by the French in the reign of Henry VI., but, if we may believe old Hall, with little outlay of courage on the part of the assailants, and with small gain from their adventure.

But, before this landing, Sandwich had lost much of its former consequence. The old haven in which the British navy was accustomed to ride was gradually filling up by the accumulation of sand, and the channel no longer permitted the ascent of vessels of large size. It continued to silt up at such a rate that, in the reign of Edward VI., the mayor and jurats, in a supplication which they presented to the king, declare that "the haven at this present is utterly lost and destroyed;" and with the haven, of course much of the commerce of the town was lost also. Attempts have at various times been made to improve or restore the haven, but they were unsuccessful; and there is now no hope of its restoration, except by some physical change. Only vessels of small draught can now get up to Sandwich, and the commerce of the place has accommodated itself to the change.

The town of Sandwich has now as little as any town well can have to attract the stranger. There are many streets, but they are narrow, ill-paved, and dirty. The houses generally are of the most ordinary description, though, of course, here and there, one of a rather superior kind is met with. About some of the narrow streets are a few old houses with projecting upper stories; but they have been repaired, and altered, and whitewashed, till all that was good-looking or venerable has been removed or hidden. The natives have, indeed, small care about such matters: they regard with utter indifference the destruction or mutilation of their antiquities. The old town was walled, and the entrances into it were by four fortified gate-houses. No very long while back they were all standing,—now, only one of them is left. They were destroyed apparently out of wantonness—for they could not have stood in the way of the traffic. It is probable, however, that they were displeasing to the tasteful eyes of the magnates, which may account also for one being left—it being now in a low quarter, out of sight, from the road having been diverted: it may also be found to yield more, let out as it is as a mean tenement, than could be obtained by the sale of the materials. The churches have been botched and damaged as much as the ingenuity of the inhabitants, or the taste and skill of the churchwardens, would allow. The fine old Norman tower of St. Clement's, for example, has been surmounted with a wooden balustrade. The interior is lumbered up with enormous pews, and plastered over with whitewash and paint; and the old windows have been injured or removed. The other church is in even a worse condition. In short, out of the narrow and crooked streets, and beetling houses, and old churches, and fragments of antiquity, it is not possible to find a spot where you would say, "How antique!" or "How picturesque!" or even "How odd-looking!"—to say nothing of the pleasing or the beautiful.

Yet, unpromising as Sandwich would appear to be, we fancy that, as in many other of our old towns, there yet remain a good many relics that might be discovered on a diligent search. Without any very careful inquiry, we found in a couple of the old houses some signs of its former prosperity. In Fisher-street we saw one, now of very humble external appearance, that had evidently been of a better class. On the ground-floor is a fireplace of good design, with the royal arms and the initials I. R. in bold relief over it. The ceilings, both of the ground-floor and the room above, are of the time of James, and are elaborately ornamented in stucco. The pattern is bold, and handsome; in the course of it a griffin, rampant, is often repeated. Another house (now in the occupation of Mr. Standley) has round the walls of the first-floor a series of paintings representing the procession of Charles II. and his Queen through Sandwich; * and also the sea-fights between the English and Dutch, as well as portraits (of three-quarter size) of Charles and his Queen; the Duke of York (afterwards James II.), who was Warden of the Cinque Ports; and of the Mayor of Sandwich (Thomas Browne), who is distinguished by his badge of office, the black-knotted stick. The pictures are evidently of contemporary execution, and though not exactly to be classed with Vandyke's, are not despicable as specimens of provincial art. If there were a museum or a public building in the town, or even a good inn, we might hope for their preservation; as it is, they will probably be soon destroyed, as the property will shortly be sold.

There are two or three charitable institutions at Sandwich that deserve notice, and will be found worthy a visit. In the town are the hospitals of St. John and of St. Thomas. St. John's had a 'harbinge' for the entertainment of strangers very similar to that which some of our readers may have visited at St. Cross, near Winchester. At St. Thomas's are a few curious remains of the old buildings. But the most interesting is the hospital of St. Bartholomew, a short distance

* The visit of Charles occurred in 1658; on which occasion, as the town records testify, "the mayor presented his Majesty with a glass of sack at the 'Bell Tavern' door, which his Majesty drank on horseback."

south of the town. It is said to have been founded in 1244. It consists of a curious little hamlet, of small houses, each with its garden attached, collected together in the most confused manner imaginable. The houses are occupied by decayed inhabitants of Sandwich, who have each, besides the house, a small annuity. Over every door is painted the name of the occupant, with the addition of the word 'brother' or 'sister,' as the case may be. In the midst of the little hamlet is a small chapel of very pretty design, and very early date—it being of the early English period, with lancet windows. In the chapel are some interesting monuments. Divine service is only performed in it about once a month. The visitor to Sandwich should stroll out as far as St. Bartholomew's, which is really a nice, retired, comfortable-looking little colony.

The Gatehouses, of which we have spoken, and of which we give engravings, require just a word of notice. The Bridge Gate (Cut, No. 1,) is a rude structure, partly wood and partly stone, of comparatively recent construction; but it is a picturesque object as you approach the town, and with the swing-bridge (which is made to open for the passage of vessels) is always noticed and remembered by the visitor. The Fisher Gate, (Cut, No. 2,) or, as it is more commonly called by the natives, Key Gate, from standing at the end of Key Street, is one of the old Gatehouses: it is built of stone, and is a substantial pile. It stands opposite what used to be the ferry, and gives a curious idea of the state of the town when this was one of the principal entrances to it, and the narrow street to which it leads was a main thoroughfare. They must have had carts at Sandwich then, if they used carts, not unlike those strange ones still employed in Yarmouth.

The Downs: Goodwin Sands.

Not even the dulness of Sandwich can equal that of the low tract of land we are to pass over between it and Deal. There are two roads: ours, of course, is that nighest the sea. But the passenger would do well to leave the road, and proceed as quickly as may be to the sea-side. Till we get close to the shore, nothing can surpass the dreariness, especially seaward, where a long range of low, bare sand hillocks rise just high enough to shut out the view of the sea. A dismaller walk, in proportion to its length, a pedestrian would not wish for on a wet day. By way of cheering him, perhaps he may notice a monument, that stands by one of the foot-paths, in the shape of a grave-stone, with an inscription recording the murder of some luckless wight on this spot. But if the sand-hills be passed or ascended, there breaks upon the eye a prospect that cannot fail to stir the heart. Directly before us, and on either hand, stretch the famous Downs, crowded, perhaps, with hundreds of ships of every size and country, riding securely at anchor, or floating along with full-spread sails. Wordsworth, it may be, had these Downs in his memory when he wrote his well-known sonnet; at any rate, the opening lines perfectly describe the prospect:

> "With ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh
> Like stars in heaven, and joyously it show'd;
> Some lying fast at anchor in the road;
> Some veering up and down, one knew not why."

The Downs are a roadstead, some eight miles long, and five or six broad, lying right in the highway of British commerce. They are formed by the Goodwin Sands, between which and the Kentish coast they lie. The coast serves to shelter them on the west and north-west; while, from north-east to south-east, the Goodwin Sands form a natural breakwater; and thus is formed a tolerably secure haven, and safe anchorage, in all ordinary weathers. Four or five hundred vessels may often be seen riding here. The area of the Downs is about 7,000 acres. The Goodwin Sands are about ten miles long, of very irregular form, and varying considerably in width; in some parts being four miles across, in others, not more than one. Their distance from the shore varies from three to seven miles. There is a tradition that they are the remains of an island, called Lomea, which belonged to Goodwin, Earl of Kent, and was destroyed by the sea in 1097. Scientific writers have generally discredited this tradition, but Mr. Lyell seems disposed to attach some value to it. He says, "That they are a remnant of land, and not 'a mere accumulation of sea-sand,' as Rennell imagined, may be presumed from the fact that, when the erection of a lighthouse on this shoal was in contemplation by the Trinity Board in the year 1817, it was found, by borings, that the bank consisted of fifteen feet of sand, resting on blue clay. An obscure tradition has come down to us, that the estates of Earl Goodwin, the father of Harold, who died in the year 1053, were situated here; and some have conjectured that they were overwhelmed by the flood mentioned in the Saxon Chronicle, *sub anno* 1099. The last remains of an island, consisting, like Sheppey, of clay, may perhaps have been carried away about that time." —'Principles of Geology,' 7th ed., p. 300.

While the Goodwin Sands are of such value, as forming the Downs, they are themselves extremely dangerous, "from the great extent of shoal water they present, and from the indraught upon them by currents across them." So dangerous are they, that in a westerly gale, captains are afraid to run to the shelter of the Downs: to use the words of an old seaman, Captain Richardson, who "for thirty-four years had been continually going up and down [the channel]," when examined before the Commissioners on Harbours of Refuge, "nine people out of ten become nervous when they get into that part of the world: they have such a dread of the Goodwin Sands." In former times there was an opinion prevalent that the Sands possessed some strange "ingurgitating" quality, so that a vessel which unfortunately struck upon them must necessarily be lost,—swallowed up, without chance of rescue. It is almost needless to say that the Sands

have no such quality, but are precisely like the sand along the neighbouring shore. As they are partly uncovered every tide, it naturally came to be considered, whether some method could not be devised to render them less dangerous to navigation. Many plans have been suggested; the most ingenious, perhaps, being that of Captain Vetch, who proposed to form, by means he has stated in his memoir on the subject, what he calls "a spinal embankment" of iron along the ridge of the sand, which should serve as "an axis of accumulation," it being constructed so as to receive the sand when thrown up by the action of the sea on either side. The crest of the Sands would thus, he thought, be, in time, raised "above the high-water mark, so as to render them at all times visible, and to stop the indraughts and currents across them." There would be, he thought, the further advantages that "the conversion of the Goodwin Sands into a permanently dry bank, would much improve the shelterage of the Great Downs, at all times of the tide, from north-east to south-east; while, if the Goodwin Sands became an island, it would always present a safe lee-side, where vessels in distress might find a shelter." The advantages are obvious, and the plan appears feasible; but there is no likelihood of its being carried into execution. The probabilities of success are so doubtful, and the difficulties and costliness of the work would be so great, as to overbalance any reasons that may be urged in its favour.

Besides the Goodwin Sands, there is another large sand-bank, which lies between their northern extremity and the shore. This bank, which is called the Brakes, is about five miles in length, with a depth upon it, at low water, of from three to twelve feet. Between this bank and the shore is an anchorage of about 1,000 acres area, called the Small Downs, which is sheltered by the Brake in the same way as the Great Downs are by the Goodwin Sands. The Small Downs "are the general anchorage of the smaller class of merchant vessel having occasion to bring up in the Downs, thus leaving the Great Downs more clear for ships of larger draught of water." (Commissioners' Report.)

It has been recommended to convert these Small Downs into a Harbour of Refuge, and a plan was prepared by Sir John Rennie for doing so, by means of "a solid work along the spine of the Brake, to be brought up two feet above the high-water mark." The cost of this was estimated at above three millions and a quarter. Capt. Vetch also drew up a proposal for effecting a like end at a less cost, by means similar to those he proposed for converting the Goodwin into a dry bank. But in addition to other obvious objections, a careful survey of the Brake has suggested a most extraordinary one, namely, that the Brake—a body of above five miles in length—is itself in motion; that it has, in fact, moved bodily towards the shore, about 600 yards in forty-five years! The announcement of so remarkable a change of position, and one of which there had been no suspicion, naturally excited some scepticism; but the evidence appears too clear to admit of doubt as to its having taken place. The discovery was made by Capt. Bullock in 1840, who surveyed the Brake with such care, as to leave no doubt of the accuracy of his statement. It was thought, however, that there might be some incorrectness in the engraving of the chart of Græme Spence, who made the survey in 1795; Capt. Washington therefore re-examined the Brake, with a view to remove any uncertainty as to its having shifted. In his Report to the Commissioners he says, "For this purpose, I obtained from Capt. Beaufort, hydrographer to the Admiralty, the original drawing of the survey of the Downs by Græme Spence in 1795, and that of Mr. Thomas, R.N., in 1832; and on these original documents, and on their own points, I laid down the angles that we observed in April, 1844, all of which prove, as I had fully anticipated, that Capt. Bullock's recent chart of this sand is perfectly correct as to its position; that the Brake Sand has gradually moved bodily to the westward, the four fathoms edge having, in 1832, moved about 500 yards, and in 1844 as much as 100 yards more, making a total move of 600 yards in the space of fifty years; perhaps, considering its position, one of the most remarkable changes of a body of sand on record." Capt. Washington states, however, that "in spite of these changes, he sees no reason why the Brake should not be fixed by a skilful engineer in its present position; and thus converted from an evil into a benefit." It is worthy of notice that, with all this change of position, the Brake does not appear to have materially altered in shape. The result of its shifting has been to increase the width of the Gull Stream, as the passage between it and the Goodwin Sands is named, by above a third of a mile; and by the increase of width, its safety is, of course, increased also. The Goodwin Sands also appear to have moved, though in a far less degree than the Brake.

Sandown Castle.

We have now to consider another object of inquiry that suggests itself in connection with the south-eastern coast. The question of the defence of this coast is one, as we have seen, that from the earliest time has engaged the attention of the Government of this country. We are now by a fortress erected just three hundred years ago, when circumstances led the monarch to believe that a descent upon the coast was not unlikely to be made. This, therefore, seems a fitting place to glance at a subject that, after the interest it has so recently excited, it is neither desirable nor possible we should pass without notice. Into the disputed points it is not our business to enter. With regard to them we shall content ourselves with remarking that there are two arguments which have been put forward of late with some complacency that are evidently of little value, and that we must be permitted to pass unregarded in any future observations we may make on the subject. The first is, that coast defences are unnecessary, because nations are growing too wise

or are coming to have too clear a conception of their own interests, to render war a probable contingency. But the whole course of history, and the current of events, alike show that it is altogether beyond the power of any government or people, however peacefully inclined, to prevent war. And the declarations that may be made of the peaceful intentions of a nation will only be implicitly relied on by statesmen when nations generally shall have attained a far higher stage of "progress" than has yet been reached by any. Nor does the other argument—that to make defensive preparations in time of peace, is the way to provoke hostilities, or at least to create such mutual distrust and ill-feeling as may eventually lead to them—seem of much more value. It has however the recommendation of novelty: since heretofore men who have been most famous for political wisdom have ever urged, without opposition, that it is in peace a country should strengthen itself against warlike attack: it would almost seem as plausible to argue against the use of bolts and bars, the danger of their provoking to burglary: it does not seem to be the duty or the policy of a government to wait supinely the coming of danger, but to forecast the probability, and provide against it. The provision against a danger when it is close at hand is always made at a disadvantage and at a wasteful expense. That the coast is exposed to greater risk of a sudden descent, since the introduction of steam into the war-service of nations, has, in a great measure, overcome the opposition of winds and tides, there can be little doubt; nor much more, that a hostile power would avail itself of the opportunity it affords, if the chances of success were sufficiently promising. It has been said, and no doubt with entire truth, that Englishmen would rise as with one soul to repel an attempt to subject the country to insult or invasion. But it is not therefore the less certain, that a provident government will see that firmness and sustenance should be given to that spirit by the preparation of the means necessary for its support and success.

As it seems to us, the real questions as regards the coast are—Whether it is of such a character as to afford facilities for the landing of an enemy, or to require defensive works? and if so, whether those at present existing are insufficient, or in an inefficient condition? Of course there then comes the very important financial question—Whether the danger is so great or imminent, as to justify a government in the expenditure of the sum, whatever it may be, necessary for the construction of efficient defences?

This, of course, lies not within our province to discuss. What we have to do appears to be simply, in looking along the south-eastern coast, to show what is the nature of the coast, and to state generally what are the existing defences, and their condition; and perhaps it will then be unnecessary for us to draw any inference. Upon the need for a larger military force, or the formation of a militia, we shall not in any way touch.

Speaking generally, there is a tolerably continuous string of fortresses along that part of the coast we are to pass over, and of these, as we proceed, we shall just so far speak, as, without running into details, may serve to indicate their number and connection. Between Sandwich and Sandown Castle there are two weak-looking brick batteries which were erected at the commencement of the present century. They have been strangely neglected for many years past, and are in a very dilapidated state. They are now, as are most of the batteries along this coast, employed as stations for the coast-guard; but if batteries are needed here, and it was intended that these should be employed if required, it must have been very bad economy to suffer them to fall into their present half-ruinous condition. They are so placed as with the guns of Sandown and Deal Castles entirely to cover the intermediate coast line, and also the Downs. But it became evident, from the experience of the last war, that land batteries alone are of little service for the protection of the merchantmen lying in the Downs, or the bays, from privateers; and there would, no doubt, should another war unfortunately happen, be steamers stationed in the Downs, which would effectually guard vessels there, and, with the batteries and castles, form a sufficient protection against any sudden descent on the coast between Sandwich and Walmer.

Sandown Castle was one of several fortresses erected along the coast about 1539, by Henry VIII., when he believed it to be the intention of "divers great princes and potentates of Christendom to invade the realm of England, and utterly to destroy the whole nation of the same." "Wherefore" says old Hall, "his majesty, in his own person, without any delay, took very laborious and painful journeys towards the sea coasts. Also he sent divers of his nobles and counsellors to view and search all the ports and dangers on the coasts, where any meet or convenient landing-place might be supposed. And in all such doubtful places his highness caused divers and many bulwarks and fortifications to be made . . . . The same time the king caused all the havens to be fortified, and rode to Dover, and caused bulwarks to be made on the sea-coasts, and sent commissions throughout all the realm, to have his people muster: and at the same season, on Easter day, was there three-score unknown ships lying in the Downs; wherefore all Kent arose, and mustered in harness the same day."

The form of the Castle will be understood from the engraving (No. 3). It consists of a large central round tower, and four round bastions with port-holes; and on the sea side it is strengthened with an additional battery. Originally it was surrounded by a moat, but the sea now washes one side of it. The entrance is by a draw-bridge. It is a stone building, and the walls are from 11 feet to 20 feet thick. It is a grim-looking pile, and would, no doubt, be still formidable, though of course not a kind of building that military engineers would be likely now to erect. The guns cover a wide range, crossing those of Deal Castle on the one hand, and No. 2 battery on the other. It still mounts some

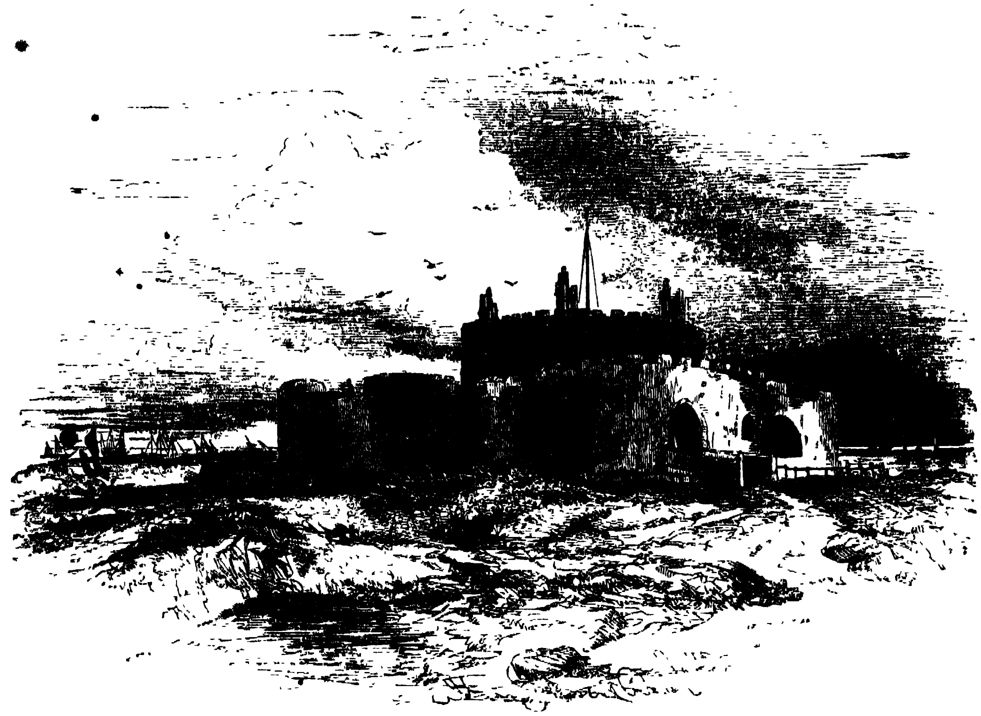
guns, and stores are kept in it: in charge of which and of the Castle there is now a garrison of *three* artillery-men. Like the batteries we have passed, it has been entirely neglected for many years and is in a very bad state of repair. The sea is here gaining on the shore, and, as we mentioned, now washes the walls of the Castle; the moat has only been destroyed within a few years, and there are said to be people yet living in Deal who remember when a good-sized slip of land—"with a hay-stack on it"—stood between the moat and the sea. Probably had a groin or two been carried out a few years back, the Castle would have been safe from the danger which now threatens it.

Sandown Castle has not had to sustain any hostile attacks; and the only scrap of interest in its history is, that it was the place chosen for the prison of the brave Colonel Hutchinson, whose memory has been so charmingly transmitted to posterity by his lion-hearted wife. Mrs. Hutchinson gives a graphic account of the condition of the Castle when he was sent to it—and a sad idea of the hearts of those who persisted, in spite of petition and remonstrance, in keeping such a man in such a place. "When he came to the Castle, he found it a lamentable old ruined place, almost a mile distant from the town [of Deal] the rooms all out of repair, not weather-proof, no kind of accommodation either for lodging or diet, or any conveniency of life. Before he came, there was not above half-a-dozen soldiers in it, and a poor lieutenant with his wife and children, and two or three cannoniers, and a few guns almost dismounted, upon rotten carriages; but at the Colonel's coming thither, a company of foot besides were sent from Dover to help to guard the place,—pitiful weak fellows, half-starved and eaten up with vermin, whom the governor of Dover cheated of half their pay, and the other half they spent in drink. These had no beds, but a nasty court of guard, where a sutler lived, within a partition made of boards, with his wife and family; and this was all the accommodation the Colonel had for his victuals, which were bought at a dear rate in the town, and most horribly dressed at the sutler's." His own chamber "was a thoroughfare-room, having five doors in it; one of which opened upon a platform, that had nothing but the bleak air of the sea, whilst every tide washed the foot of the Castle walls. This air made the chamber so unwholesome and damp, that even in the summer-time, the Colonel's hat-case and trunks, and everything of leather, would be every day all covered over with mould—wipe them as clean as you could one morning, by the next they would be mouldy again; and though the walls were four yards thick, yet it rained in through the cracks in them, and then one might sweep a peck of saltpetre off of them every day, which stood in a perpetual sweat upon them." Yet, that she might share this miserable place with him, this heroic woman "made all the means she could through her friends to procure liberty that she might be in the Castle with him, but that was absolutely denied; whereupon she and her son and daughter went to Deal, and there took lodgings"—from whence they walked over the beach to the Castle and back every day. The close confinement in this wretched place soon destroyed his health; and in five months from his first coming here, he died, "after eleven months harsh and strict imprisonment—without crime or accusation."

Deal

When Leland wrote his 'Itinerary' in the reign of Henry VIII., Deal was but "a little fisher-village, half a mile from the shore of the sea." Now it is a good-sized town running close along the shore. The Deal of which Leland speaks, however, is what is now called Upper Deal, while the present town has grown into existence since his time. It has arisen in a great measure to supply the wants of the seamen belonging to the ships passing up and down the Channel, or riding in the Downs. And it is in appearance just the place that might be expected from its origin—a rough-looking, irregular, sailor-like place; full of narrow streets, with shops of which those appropriated to that multifarious class of strange articles styled "slops," to marine stores, and to other less mentionable articles which are among the requirements of sailors, form the larger and most noticeable proportion. It is, in short, a sort of Wapping,—though neither so noisy, nor so dirty, nor so unfragrant. Not but what there are streets in Deal which are both dirty enough, and unfragrant enough, to kindle the zeal of the most apathetic of sanitary commissioners; and to put his analytic and descriptive powers to the test in the separation and classification of the rich variety of odours that combine to form the "*parfum de mille-fleurs.*" And sometimes, it must be confessed, there is noise enough also, when Jack and his companions have taken too much grog aboard. But on the whole Deal is, at least in the better parts, a clean, quiet town; and as there is an excellent beach, it is not wonderful that it is a great deal resorted to for sea-bathing—especially as it is in good repute for moderate charges; which is more than could once be affirmed of it, if we may judge from Mrs. Hutchinson's indignant exclamation against "the cut-throat town of Deal."

Deal was annexed to the Cinque Ports, as a member of Sandwich, in the thirteenth century—and, though now a place of much greater importance, still ranks as one of its members. It is a borough, governed by a mayor and corporation, and contains 8,000 inhabitants. The town stretches along a considerable space, and has about the outskirts some good houses: and withal has a pleasant social celebrity. Deal Castle, which stands at the south end of the town, was erected by Henry VIII. at the same time as Sandown Castle, and is of similar construction. It is, however, kept in a far better state of repair; while from the Governor's house,—a rather smart modern pile,—and some other buildings, having been added to it, it has a very different and much more peaceful appearance. Not far from the Castle is the Naval Store-yard. At the Walmer end of the town is a naval and military



3.—SANDOWN CASTLE.

hospital, and somewhat further, a large barracks. Deal has no harbour, nor is one necessary. There is a good pier—to the head of which the stranger should stroll out if he wishes to enjoy a delicious sea-blow; and a glorious view—the wide ocean alive with numberless sails, in never-ceasing passage up and down the Channel, and varied with hundreds of ships riding at ease in the Downs. The northern end of the town—the quarter especially sacred to boatmen and pilots—wears a very picturesque air from the pier, especially if the visitor be fortunate enough to see it in a good stiff westerly breeze—as one and another of the hardy crews is trying to beat up towards it. (Cut, No. 4.)

Beyond all others, Deal boatmen are famed for skill and daring. In weather that a petrel would shrink from, they will put off without hesitation, if a vessel is thought to be in need of pilotage or assistance. And seldom does it happen that they do not succeed in rendering the help that is needed—if human exertion be available. The boatmen, whether fishermen or pilots, or the sort of race compounded of both, are a fine stalwart, broad-shouldered set; bluff-built, and well weather-beaten; not over-refined in manners, nor choice in language, but with much real good-nature as well as bravery, under the rough coating. The fishermen in their tight craft, make long voyages, in pursuit of their especial calling; but they are not fishermen merely—though now their employments are all kept pretty well to the windward of the law. In former days they were in high fame as smugglers; and they no doubt well deserved their fame—it would not have been easy to find their equals. Their propensity is said to have been, to a great degree, connived at by the authorities, as a sort of acknowledgment of their services to the navy; but that is no longer the case, and smuggling is here, as elsewhere along the coast, nearly put an end to. Of course it is not quite stopped, nor while Deal boatmen remain what they are is it likely to be: but it is now chiefly practised by way of varying a little the even tenor of ordinary life. The Deal boats are all Deal built—for the town is almost as celebrated for its boats as for its men, and boat-building forms a considerable item in its manufacturing industry. They float on a rough sea like a cork, and are worthy of the gallant crews who man them.

Perhaps the Deal pilots should hardly have been placed along with the fishermen; for while they are as brave and as skilful, they are by no means so unrefined. They are a select body, being members of the Fellowship of Pilots, which is regulated by Act of Parliament. By the last Act, the number of 'Branch Pilots,' as they are called, is in these parts limited to fifty-six at Deal, and as many at Dover. They are divided into Upper and Lower-Book classes, and have a Warden at their head, whom they elect from the Upper Book. It is worth while to add that they have a fund, out of which the widows of any of their number receive an annuity of £12 per annum—a very useful provision, for, as will be sup-



4.—DEAL.

posed, a premature death is but too frequently their lot.

The visitor to Deal will perhaps remember that it was the birth-place of Elizabeth Carter—the most learned of the blues of the last century, and no way inferior to the most learned of the present. Mrs. Carter was mistress of ten languages, skilled in philosophy, and knowing in history; but not all her languages, or even her translation of Epictetus, would probably have preserved her memory, had it not been embalmed in the Life of Johnson. Her name is still remembered in Deal, where an oak planted by her is said to be carefully cherished. Her father, Dr. Nicholas Carter, was curate of Deal Chapel for fifty-six years.

Walmer Castle.

Continuing our ramble, we soon come upon Walmer Castle, another of the fortresses erected by Henry, in 1539. Originally it resembled Sandown, and the other castles built at the same time; but having become the official residence of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, it has been greatly altered. As will be seen by the engraving, a considerable addition has been made to it, in the shape of a dwelling-house, which, however substantial it may appear, ill accords with the defensive character of the fort. (Cut No. 5.)

The wardenship of the Cinque Ports being an office which is considered to appertain to the premier, during whose ministry it may become vacant, has, of course, been held by some of the most eminent of English statesmen. The Duke of Wellington is the present Warden,—William Pitt was among his predecessors. To the taste of these several occupants the castle owes much of its present appearance, as each in his turn has altered or added to some of its parts. The cheerful look it now has, from the luxuriant screen of trees which surrounds it, is, we believe, owing chiefly to the Duke, who has also had the garden—in which he is said to take a good deal of interest—brought into its present admirable state.

Except while the Duke is resident in it, the interior is permitted to be seen. The general arrangements are similar to those in the other castles, but with the very great difference of every thing having been done to lessen the inconvenience, and increase the comfort. The alterations that have been made during the wardenship of his Grace, have converted a very gloomy awkward abode into a tolerably cheerful and pleasant one. To one who is not used to a military lodging it does not even now seem very splendid. The rooms are mostly small, and of no very symmetrical forms; and they are connected by long, narrow, and circuitous passages. The furniture, too, is singularly plain, and the walls are merely decorated with a very few prints. The whole presents so striking a contrast to other ducal castles which he may have examined, and even to what he has heard, or perhaps seen, of *the* Duke's London house, that the visitor is often as much disap-

pointed as surprised. And yet he looks around him with no ordinary interest, when he recollects that the noblest and loveliest in the land have delighted to congregate here around the Great Captain.

But in this respect it is, of course, 'the Duke's room' that is turned to with the most curiosity. This *sanctum* is a room of but moderate size, without ornament, and very plainly and scantily furnished, but neat, accurate, and orderly in arrangement; altogether bearing very much the appearance of the single room of a military secretary in garrison. On the right is an ordinary iron camp-bedstead, with a single horsehair mattress upon it; and thereon, whatever be the season, without curtains or any paraphernalia about it, the 'Iron Duke' rests when at Walmer. Over the bedstead is a small collection of books, which is seen, on a rapid glance, to have been selected for use: the best English writers of Anne's 'Augustan age,' both in poetry and prose; a few recent histories and biographies; some French memoirs; with military reports, official publications, and parliamentary papers, form the little library. In the centre of the room is a mahogany table, well ink-stained, at which, for two or three hours in the day, the master of the room takes his place and plies his pen. Near it is a more portable one, so contrived as to be used for reading or writing on while in bed. These, with two or three chairs, comprise the contents of the room, and are sufficiently characteristic of its owner. The window looks out upon the sea, and a door opens upon the ramparts—upon which (until his last illness) the Duke never failed to be every morning by six o'clock, and there, for an hour or more, take his morning walk. The view from the ramparts, by the way, is a most magnificent one; from the position of the castle, the prospect is unbroken, both south and north; while, directly in front it is only bounded by the French coast. The visitor who has thought the Duke's room characteristic, will probably, in passing along the passages, be reminded, by a direction very uncommon in a private residence, of the unmistakeable plainness of style of the Duke's notes:—on every door that does not merely open into a chamber, is a printed direction, in very large letters, "Shut this door;" and he will not be surprised to learn on inquiry that it is put up by the Duke's express orders.

We are not in the habit of jotting down memoranda or recollections of the people whose houses we visit, or administering to idle curiosity about an eminent individual; but as what we have noticed is patent to any one who chooses to visit Walmer Castle, and probably has all appeared in print before, we thought ourselves at liberty to notice the only thing for which any one would care to visit the castle. We cannot be accused of any violation of confidence; and at any rate, what we have noticed is, we hope, harmless.

The village of Walmer is a pleasant one, and an hour or two may be very pleasantly spent in its exploration. The church has some points of architectural interest: about the parish are traces of an encampment that has occupied the attention of antiquaries; and the walks around are agreeable and diversified. There are some good houses in Walmer, and altogether it seems a thriving place.

It is generally said that it was at Deal, or between Deal and Sandwich, where Cæsar landed B.C. 55, and again the following year. On the whole, we are inclined to believe it was rather at Walmer, or between Walmer and Deal. We learn from the 'Gallic War' (iv. 23), that his ships first came to anchor off the British coast, at a place where the sea was so bound in by steep mountains, that a dart might be flung from them upon the shore. All the heights being crowded by armed natives, Cæsar deemed this by no means a suitable place for disembarking; he therefore, after waiting some hours for the remainder of his ships to arrive, weighed anchor, and proceeded about seven miles farther, till he came to an open and level beach, where he stationed his ships, and prepared to land. There seems to be little doubt that the first place Cæsar stayed at, was either Dover or somewhere close by it. It is generally admitted, since Horsley's time, that he then proceeded in a northerly direction. Now in that direction, Walmer is the first place suitable for landing that would present itself to him, and it is unlikely that he would proceed farther than was necessary. For it was the ninth hour (three o'clock) of an autumn afternoon when he weighed anchor, and he had to land a large body of heavily-armed men, who would be compelled to make their way through the waves, encumbered as they were, from the sides of ships, which, as he expressly mentions, were so large that they could not be brought into shallow water; and that, too, on an unknown shore, and in the face of a large hostile army. We may fairly conclude that he would, under such circumstances, disembark as early as possible. Walmer exactly corresponds to Cæsar's description. It has an open level beach, and is *above* seven Roman miles from Dover.

Thus far the coast has been low, the only elevation having been the sand hillocks (*dunes*) that gave its name to Sandown. We now come upon some chalk cliffs, not very lofty at first, but which soon rise to a perpendicular elevation of some hundred feet. Till the little collection of fishermen's huts, called Kingsdown, and the coast-guard station, be passed, the cliffs lie at some short distance from the sea; but then they approach it so as to have intervening, even at low-water, only a narrow shingle beach, and the broken masses of chalk that have fallen from above, and now lie along the foot of the cliffs. The walk along the beach here is rather rough, but very delightful to one who does not mind the roughness. The cliffs tower far up aloft against the blue sky, in every variety of picturesque form, and break, as you advance, into continually changing masses of light and shadow. The sea, rolling in a heavy surge over the steep shingle bank, affords at once delight to the eye and the ear; while sea, and cliffs, and sky, and shingle beach, mingle into pictures of such perfect harmony, or quiet

grandeur, as fill the heart with delight, and leave no room for thoughts of more majestic or more famous scenes. Having once passed Kingsdown, it is too late to think whether the wider view from the top of the cliffs would yield more pleasure. No spot will be found where they could be ascended, till you reach St. Margaret's Bay, where there is a deep dip. This bay is exceedingly picturesque as you come upon it from the north. Its southern boundary is formed by the bold projection called the South Foreland, an unbroken mass of chalk, rising perpendicularly above 300 feet, and against whose base, except at low water, the waves beat violently, and break into vast sheets of foam; while its summit is seen crowned by the lighthouse. At St. Margaret's Bay there is a coast-guard station. Between Walmer and Dover there is no battery along the coast; nor, perhaps, is there any need of one. The only available landing-place is at St. Margaret's Bay; and that is too near Dover to render a hostile landing there at all agreeable. But though there is no fortress along here, there are signal-stations on the summits of the cliffs, so that intelligence of any danger would be speedily communicated.

At St. Margaret's the stranger should mount the hill to the village. St. Margaret-at-Cliff is a rather large scattered village — very pleasant, remarkably healthy, and now a good deal resorted to as a quiet rural watering-place. The church should be examined. Christianity gained its earliest hold in this part of England; and, as might be expected, there are in the different parishes many valuable remains of early ecclesiastical architecture. The Normans, to whom English architecture owes so much, have left many memorials of their genius in this part of Kent. This church is one of those memorials: it has been altered and added to at various periods, but it is yet a fair sample of the Norman style. The massive proportions, and manner of construction, so well adapted to its position, will be sure to be observed. The details, too, should be looked at: the doorways with their carvings, the windows of the chancel and the clerestory, are especially noteworthy; and the interior is equally deserving of careful regard: it was repaired three or four years ago, and is now in good condition.

A mile or so beyond St. Margaret's, near the edge of the cliff, are the South Foreland lighthouses. From them are splendid views, both over the sea, and inland; and Dover has a striking appearance. The views are less extensive, especially inland, from the cliffs; but they are such as may very well content the wayfarer. The French coast is now distinctly visible with the naked eye if the weather be clear; and with a common pocket-telescope the buildings may be readily made out. The walk from the Foreland along the cliffs to Dover is a most pleasant one; while, as you drop down Castle Hill, the view of the town, with part of the castle in the foreground, and the sea filling up the distance, forms a picture, that you accept as a very grateful supplement to the sea-side stroll.

Dover.

To an observant foreigner, who lands here on his first visit to England, Dover must appear an interesting and curious place. Its castle, visible almost from the moment of his quitting the opposite shore, at first towering aloft in the clouds, and then gradually unfolding the strength of its position and the long range of fortifications connected with it; the town, lying so snugly embayed between the lofty hills, and backed by the beautiful verdure of the valley that ascends behind it,—must strike his imagination very forcibly long before he enters the harbour; and the interest with which he is prepared to regard it is not likely to be weakened as he traverses its plain busy streets, and, looking back on the narrow channel that divides it from the land he has just left, he reflects on the amazing difference of habit and character that everything he beholds indicates. But, whether thoughtful or not, Dover must interest any foreigner. Though the very outpost on the high-road to the continent, there is nothing continental in its appearance. Calais, Boulogne, every place on the opposite shore which Englishmen go to in numbers, puts on something of an English dress. But there is no 'reciprocity' here. Though the nighest point to France, it is entirely English. The houses are English, the people are English, the business is done in an English manner, and the amusements—or lack of amusements—are altogether English. Not an idea nor an innovation has been borrowed from 'over the water.' There is not a fountain, or a column, or a statue, or a picture, or a showy piece of architecture, to be seen in the whole town.

Dover is of high antiquity. It is connected with the very earliest authentic mention of our country,—for there can be little doubt that it was the Height of Dover that bristled with the armed multitude whose appearance almost scared the heart of the mighty Cæsar. From their first possession of the land, Dover (Dubræ, Portus Dubris,) was regarded by the Romans as an important station. It yet retains a memorial of their abode here, in the watch-tower, or pharos, that has stood unshaken the storms of sixteen centuries, and may stand as many more. The name of Dover is doubtless derived directly from its Roman title, but there is reason to believe that that was merely the Latin form of its British designation—Dwr, or Dwfyrrha, and that, consequently, it was a British town antecedent to the Roman conquest. Local historians delight to record with exquisite particularity the doings and buildings here of the British kings, who

> "Did drive the Romans to the weaker side,
> Till they to peace agreed; and all was pacified."

Especially do they love to tell of

> "The dread of Romans, hight was Arvirage;
> Then Coyll; and after him good Lucius;"

all of whom were eminent benefactors to the good town.

Of the existence of these great kings we confess to not being so well satisfied as the said historians. And as

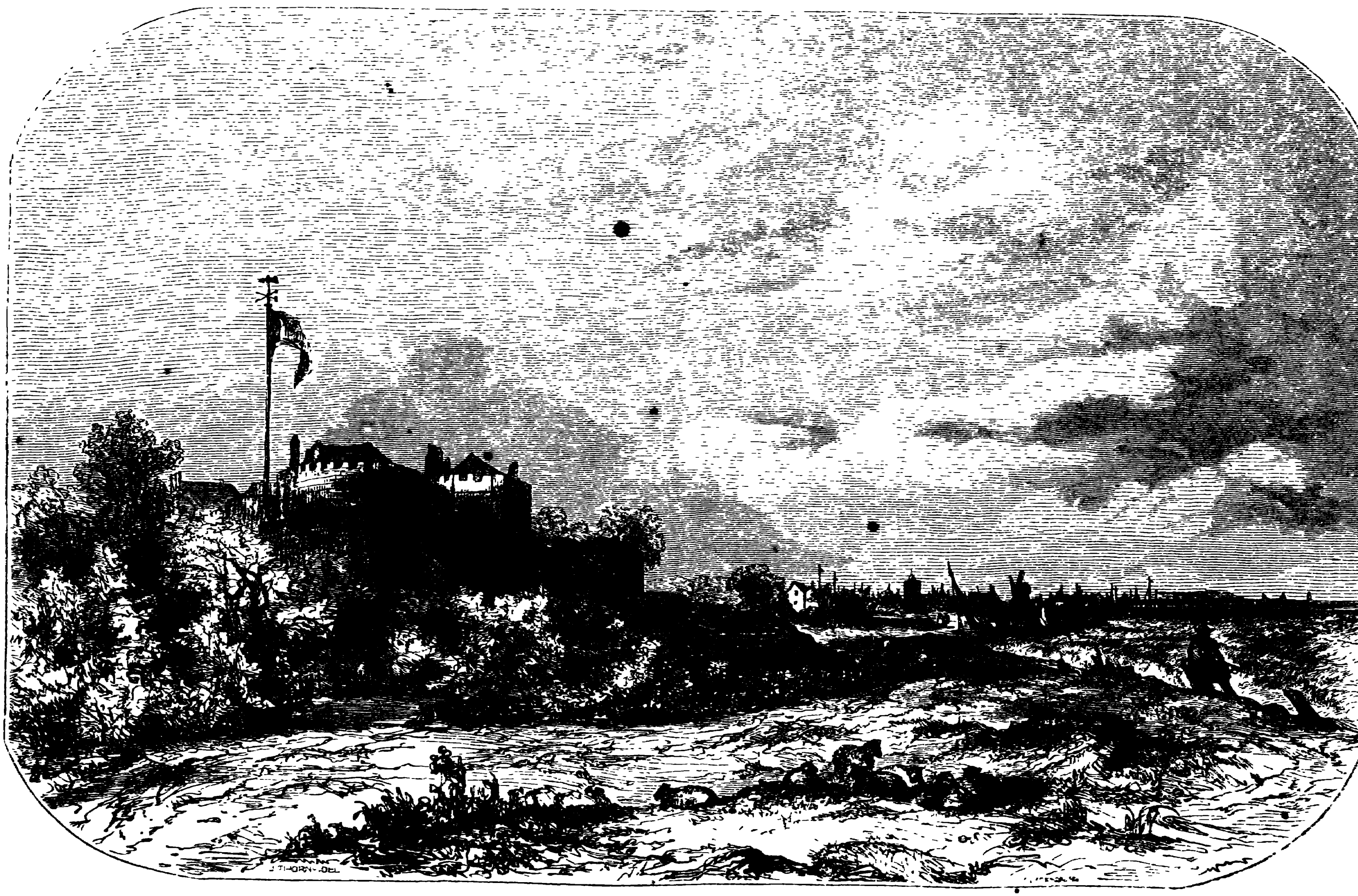
we do not very well see how, if they never existed, they could have blocked up the haven, or raised walls and fortifications about the town, or even built a church in it—we shall pass all their deeds without further notice. And for a similar cause we shall leave untold how the grandsons of Woden, the mighty Hengist and Horsa, dwelt here; and also how, for a while, the mightier Arthur kept his famous table in the Castle. Indeed, we fancy it will be enough to say of its history previous to the Conquest, that Edward the Confessor marked his sense of its importance by incorporating it as one of his Cinque Ports; and after the Conquest, there is not much to tell of the history of the town apart from that of the castle and harbour, except the passage of royal or eminent persons through it. One or two circumstances may, however, be mentioned.

Dover withstood the Conqueror, and was punished for so doing. But it was seen by him to be too important a stronghold to be suffered to go to decay, and, after he was securely seated on the throne, he did not fail to enlarge and strengthen the castle, and adopt measures for the restoration of the town. From his time it was never neglected by the sovereign, and, indeed, was regarded as 'the key of the kingdom.' The port grew into prosperity, and it gradually came to be the chief way of transit to the continent; and indeed, for awhile, must have been the only way for ordinary passengers. In the reign of Edward III. (1339) it was enacted that, "All merchants, travellers, and pilgrims, should embark at the port of Dover only." In the reign of Richard II., the price of the passage was fixed at sixpence for a man, and one shilling for a horse, during summer; and double that sum in winter.

Dover is associated with one of the most humiliating passages in English history. It was here that the craven-hearted John made, in the midst of a large army, his despicable submission to the pope; and the climax of his abasement—the surrender of his kingdom to the papal nuncio—took place in the church of the Templars. In 1295, a French fleet, which was sent into the narrow seas while the Cinque Ports' Navy was cruising on the Scotch coast, after ravaging Hythe, and some other towns along this coast, "sailed straight into Dover, and the admiral, landing with his people, robbed the town and priory." The townsmen fled into the country, and, having raised the country people, who assembled in great numbers, towards evening returned to the town, and falling upon the Frenchmen, who were busy plundering, slew great numbers of them; the rest, with the admiral, escaped to their ships with such pillage as they could carry off. Those, however, "who had gone abroad into the country to fetch preys, and could not come to their ships in time, were slain," says the old chronicler, "every mother's son." He reckons that, "by one means and another, there was little less than 800 of the Frenchmen slain;" while there were "not many of the men of Dover slain, for they escaped by swift flight at the first entry made by the Frenchmen: but of women and children there died a great number, for the enemies spared none." Dover was again burnt by the French a few years later. The town does not appear to have suffered afterwards from a repetition of such attacks; the castle was often assailed, as we shall presently notice. The receding of the sea sometimes threatened the ruin of both town and harbour; but means were found to avert the anticipated evil. The destruction, too, of the religious houses caused some distress, but that, also, proved but temporary; and, on the whole, the town may be said to have continued to enjoy a course of steady prosperity. Towards the close of the last, and during the present century, it has received a great impetus. When the fashion of resorting annually to the sea-side sprung up, Dover soon came to enjoy a large share of popularity; the attention that was directed to it on the threatened invasion of England, and the consequent erection of it into a principal military post, and the large expenditure that arose from the construction of the extensive fortifications that were deemed necessary; the great increase of traffic arising from the introduction of steam-vessels, and the establishment of Dover as the chief packet-station for the continent; and the opening of a railway communication with the metropolis—all have contributed largely to advance the prosperity of the good town. And the proposed Harbour of Refuge promises, when it is completed, to increase it very much more.

Dover lies at the extremity of a very lovely valley, along which a small stream, the Dour, makes its way. The town extends some way up this valley, and also stretches out on either side, as far round the bay as the cliffs will permit. On both sides the hills rise to a great height—those on the north being crowned by the castle, while on the south is the famous Shakspere Cliff. The town, which contains 18,000 inhabitants, covers a considerable area, of which, however, a good portion is occupied by the harbour. The town itself has no claim whatever to splendour or beauty. There is not a good-looking street in it. They have adapted themselves to the irregularities of the surface, and to the peculiarities of form which the hills and the Pent have forced on them, but without in any case achieving even the picturesque in appearance. There are of course—in such a town there cannot fail to be—some, at least, substantial public offices, and good well-built inns, and handsome shops, but, from not being congregated together, they only produce a scattered fragmentary effect. Along the beach and under the cliffs, northwards, there are crescents, and parades, and terraces, which have houses in the most assuming style of watering-place architecture—but they are strictly in that style; improvements, however, are talked about.

The Castle would make amends for the absence of picturesqueness or interest in the town, were both much more wanting than they are. It is a wild, rambling-looking place, and it needs something of a military eye to see the connection of the parts, and to comprehend it as a whole. It is, indeed, a heterogeneous collection of buildings, belonging to very



5.—WALMER CASTLE.

various periods, and erected without much contrivance: but they are therefore the more picturesque in appearance, and, as bound together by the military works of recent date, they do form a very compact and serviceable whole. The space enclosed by the castle walls is about thirty-five acres; and within that area are structures, the work of every age almost—from that of the Romans down to the present. In looking at these several parts, the most attractive to the antiquary are, unquestionably, the remains of the tower and the church—the former an undoubted Roman building, the latter as certainly Saxon. So very few vestiges remain in England of the architecture of either of these people, that these have an uncommon value—and, perhaps, the greater from their thus standing in juxtaposition, and allowing of comparison with each other. The tower is about forty feet high; in form it is an octagon, externally, but square in the interior. Opinion is divided as to whether it was erected for a watch-tower or a pharos; but it is very probable that it was intended to serve both purposes. The terrors of the British seas and shores were well known and sufficiently estimated by the Romans, and there can be little doubt that they would provide for the secure entrance of their ships to a port like this. The situation seems admirably adapted for that purpose; and if, as is said, the remains of a building upon the heights on the other side of the haven, which were destroyed at the commencement of the present century, were those of a similar structure, we have an arrangement that would at once indicate the site of the haven in the plainest and most efficient manner. The outward appearance of the building was a good deal changed by its being cased with flint, and otherwise altered in the reign of Henry V.; but part of this casing has peeled off, and the Roman work is plainly visible. It is constructed of tufa and flint, bonded together, at regular intervals, with courses of large flat tiles or bricks—a method of construction peculiar to Roman buildings.

In a few steps we may see the change in the method of building that distinguishes the Saxon artificers. The Roman tower adjoins the western end of a church, evidently of very ancient date, and, like the tower, a ruin. In the last century this was commonly stated to be also of the Roman period; and it was even confidently ascribed to King Lucius. But that was by men who were so imperfectly acquainted with the subject, as to ascribe to the time of King Lucius work of the time of the fifth Henry; and now, probably, only Dover folks fancy this to be of earlier date than the seventh century. But, as we said, works of really Saxon date—for most that are called Saxon in guide-books and histories are Norman—are very rare. These remains consist of a nave, chancel, and transepts, with a tower springing from the intersection of the arms of the cross. The workmanship of the oldest parts is very rude; the materials are similar to those employed in the tower, and there is an evident, but unskilful attempt to imitate the Roman style of construction. There are a good many Roman tiles about the arches and elsewhere, but they are arranged with little regularity, and appear to have formed part of some building that had either become ruinous, or had been pulled down to make way for the present. Very many parts of the church are of a later date: some are pretty plainly Norman, but the groundwork of the church is undoubtedly Saxon, and probably it is the oldest Christian church we have left in this country.

The Roman fortifications are still easily traceable; they are of comparatively limited extent, being in the largest part about 400 feet by 140 feet. The Saxons are believed to have extended the works and made it a place of great strength. It was not, however, strong enough to hold out long against the Conqueror, who showed his estimation of courage in an enemy by hanging the governor of the castle and his two sons. The Norman appointed his brother, the celebrated Bishop of Bayeux, to be constable of the Castle, who soon drove the men of Kent into rebellion. They attacked the Castle, but were repulsed with great loss. The fortifications were then largely extended, and the whole seems to have been remodelled. Of the buildings of Norman date there are many yet standing, but it is unnecessary to particularize them. They are gate-houses, towers, and a massive keep, the latter being of about the middle of the twelfth century, having been built by Henry II. The keep stands in the centre of the Norman fortifications, and is the principal building in the Castle, and the most noticeable in a distant view of it. The view from the summit is magnificent. In the War of Castles, as the long struggle between Stephen and Matilda has been called, Dover was not particularly distinguished. It was at first held for the Empress, but was taken by the wife of Stephen. The ignoble deeds of John at Dover have been already mentioned. The Castle and its Constable played rather an important part in the occurrences that followed. When the dauphin Louis had been invited to England by the barons, John, with his army, withdrew from Dover, having appointed Hubert de Burgh constable of the Castle. Louis landed at Sandwich, and "being advertised," says Holinshed, "that King John was retired out of Kent, he passed through the county without any encounter, and wan all the castles and holds as he went, but Dover he could not win." He soon, however, returned to it; his father having angrily informed him that till Dover Castle was taken not a foot of land was secure, and sent with the message some besieging instruments of unusual power. For weeks Louis steadily prosecuted the siege without success, when he determined to convert it into a blockade, swearing at the same time that he would starve the place into a surrender, and then hang all he found in it. But De Burgh had imbibed none of his master's craven spirit—and for the remaining three months of that master's life he steadily refused to submit. On the death of John, Louis tried to cajole the garrison by representing that by the death of the king they were absolved from their oaths of allegiance, and ought now to yield obedience to the prince who had been called

by the nation to succeed him. At the same time he promised them the most munificent marks of his favour. De Burgh, however, was not to be so gained; nor did he waver when the prince threatened, if he did not yield, to put his brother, who was a prisoner in France, to death. The course of events in other parts of the country obliged Louis to raise the siege, and De Burgh immediately availed himself of the opportunity to strengthen all those parts of the fortifications that he had found by experience to need strengthening. This he accomplished so thoroughly, that when Louis, a few months later, again returned to the Castle, with reinforcements which he had brought from France, he soon became convinced that the attempt to reduce it was hopeless, and marched on to London. De Burgh, now satisfied of the safety of his fortress, resolved to strike a blow in return. Apprised that a fleet of eighty great ships, and many small ones, was on its way from France, bringing a number of knights and a large body of infantry to the aid of Louis, he hastily summoned the navy of the Cinque Ports, of which he was warden, and having given strict orders that the Castle should not on any account be surrendered—even though it were to save his life, should he be made a prisoner—he boldly put forth to sea. All the ships he could collect in time did not exceed forty, and many of them were of small size; but the mariners of the Cinque Ports were skilful as well as gallant sailors. They soon showed their superiority, by winning the weather-gage of the enemy; when suddenly tacking they bore down upon them. The iron peaks of the English ships were driven so forcibly into the hulls of their opponents as to sink many of them. Those that were entangled in the shock, or could be grappled by hooks, De Burgh caused to be made fast to his own vessels with chains, or to be rendered unmanageable by cutting the rigging. The daringness of the encounter appears to have so terrified the French, that they offered but a feeble resistance. The whole French fleet, with the exception of fifteen vessels, were either taken or destroyed. This victory was fatal to the hopes of Louis, and he speedily agreed to leave the kingdom, and relinquish all his claims. The strange vicissitudes in the subsequent career of De Burgh will recur to the reader; but they belong not to the present record.

We will only mention one other event in the history of the Castle—the gallant surprisal of it in 1642. At the outbreak of hostilities between Charles and the Parliament, the Castle was in the hands of the king. A merchant of the town, named Dawkes, a sturdy parliamentarian, having learnt by some means that a very weak guard was kept on the seaward side, where no attack was anticipated, determined to attempt to effect an entrance by scaling the cliffs. He selected ten of his fellow-townsmen, as skilful climbers, and as resolute in spirit as himself, to accompany him; and he arranged for another party to lie in ambush by the Castle-gate, ready to rush in, if he should be able to open it. At midnight, on the 21st of August, Dawkes and his companions were at the cliff foot, each provided with a rope, a scaling-ladder, and a loaded musket. Silently and unnoticed they made their way from ledge to ledge till they had reached the summit, and only the Castle wall had to be surmounted. This was swiftly done, and the sentinels as swiftly seized. The porter by a threat of instant death, was terrified into the delivery of his keys; and before the garrison was aroused the gates had been opened and the armed band admitted. The alarmed garrison finding the Castle thus in possession of the foe—unaware of their numbers and suspicious of treachery—thought only how to escape; and thus without a blow this important stronghold was lost to the king. Thus runs the story; but it is difficult to believe that it was thus easily accomplished, without concert with some party inside. Be that as it may, it was never recovered by the king. The Kentish royalists collected an army for the purpose, but they were unable to make any impression, and were compelled to a hasty retreat on the approach of a superior army sent by the parliament under the command of Colonel Rich.

This was the last piece of actual warfare that Dover Castle witnessed: and the building appears not to have been taken much account of for a good many years. The threats of a visit from the Pretender led to the extension of its works in 1745, under the advice and direction of the Duke of Cumberland. Several new batteries were erected in the town as well as in the Castle, but they have all been removed since the completion of the more extensive works of which we are now to speak. When Bonaparte assembled his vast army on the French coast, and made such formidable preparations, with the declared purpose of invading England, Pitt, who was then at the head of the Government, ordered a careful survey to be made of the Castle and neighbouring hills; and the entire remodelling of the whole defensive works here, and the construction of an immense series of new fortifications, in accordance with the most improved methods of military engineering, were the consequence of that survey. The works are indeed on a most extensive scale. Batteries of powerful character were placed in every assailable position, and in every position which would defend the town, or annoy a foe. Extensive outworks stretch far beyond the fortress, and are connected with it by well-arranged covered ways. The cliffs are also made to contribute to the means of annoyance as well as of defence; and barracks were hollowed out of the solid rock. The arrangements were so made as that a garrison of between 3,000 and 4,000 men can be easily accommodated, and supplied with ample stores, within the walls of the Castle.

At the same time, the Heights on the other side of the town, which command the Castle, were also fortified. Barracks were built on the hill, above the town, and a passage made to them from it, by a perpendicular shaft, having three distinct sets of stairs within it of 140 steps each. The entrance to this Grand Shaft as it is called, is in Snargate-street, and the visitor would do well to ascend it for the sake of the view of the town

he will obtain from the hill above. The barracks are large and complete. Above them on the right is a good-sized battery, called the Drop Redoubt. This is connected with a much larger one to the westward, called the Grand Redoubt. Both these are surrounded by deep and wide ditches. Some way to the south-west, and on the highest part of the lofty hill, is the chief of these works, the Citadel, a very complete battery, with all the outworks and appliances of the most approved character. All these extensive fortifications are connected with each other by covered ways and regular lines of communication. The entire area inclosed within the lines is arranged so as to contain a numerous army, and though at such a lofty elevation, an ample supply of water is provided by numerous wells and tanks. The batteries are not now mounted with cannon, nor indeed have the works ever been completed, but if completed and mounted, Dover would be the strongest military position in the country.

The views from these Heights are of wondrous extent, and of a very impressive character—hardly the less impressive, as you look from a battery, from the recollection of the service the place you are standing on is intended to be applied to. The fortifications are not open to the general visitor, but he may, of course, stroll as he pleases about the Heights, outside the lines of circumvallation. He will do well, at least, to ascend these heights. Such views are not to be missed on account of the trifling labour necessary to attain them. If he wishes to see something of the nature of a fortification, he can visit the Castle, where under certain regulations the whole of the works may be seen. The views about the Castle are, as we said, both extensive and beautiful. The Castle-hill is 325 feet above the sea, and though the Heights are much loftier, perhaps the views are not much finer. The French coast is often seen with extraordinary distinctness from the Castle.

Of the ecclesiastical edifices that were once numerous in Dover, the relics are few and unimportant. Out of the seven churches that formerly stood in the town, only two are left. St. Mary's, by the market-place, is one of them, and is worth inspecting. The tower, with its rows of blank arcades, is a characteristic though not very handsome specimen of a Norman tower. The body of the church, both externally and internally, had suffered the most egregious alterations, and a few years ago presented a most pitiable spectacle. But it is now restored, and restored in a very satisfactory manner. The other old church stands near the 'Steps' which lead by many a wearying turn to the Castle. It also has some Norman features. There is a third church in Dover, which was erected a few years ago. The churches of Charlton, and Hougham-in-Dover may, from the growing out of the suburbs, be also considered as now belonging to the town. Of the churches that have fallen into desuetude, only a shapeless fragment of one remains; and it is so blocked in by the houses and hovels huddled together by the market-place, that only so much of it as rises above their roofs is visible. The tower of another church remained till 1836.

Of the monasteries and other religious houses, the remains are as few as of the old churches. The most extensive remains are those of the Augustinian Priory of St. Martin. The space inclosed by the priory-wall may be yet easily made out. A farm-house stands amidst the ruins, and the whole estate is now known as the Priory Farm. The refectory of the monks—a goodly hall 100 feet in length, is converted into a barn. A Gatehouse is the only other relic that is at all in a tolerable state of preservation.

Hubert de Burgh, the brave defender of Dover Castle, founded a religious hospital at Dover, which he called the 'Maison Dieu.' He placed it near the entrance of the town, and furnished ample endowment for a certain number of brothers and sisters, whose employment was to consist in the due performance of religious services, and the entertainment of pilgrims and wayfarers, who should claim their hospitality. As was usual with such places, subsequent benefactors added to its revenues. We shall not attempt to trace its history till it was swept away in the general suppression of monasteries; nor the succession of hands into which its lands and buildings subsequently passed. But the fate of its magnificent church, the only part that escaped early destruction, affords too curious an instance of the mutations to which even such buildings are liable, to let us pass the recent changes it has undergone quite unnamed. The opening of the nineteenth century saw this venerable pile in the possession of a branch of the Government. It belonged to the Victualling Department of the Navy. In their hands the church served many ends. Part of it was employed as a brewhouse, part as a bakehouse, part was converted into a store-house. Thirty years later, when biscuits had come to be made by steam, and other changes had taken place, the old church was found to have become too antiquated even for the baker and the brewer; and it was accordingly transferred to the Board of Ordnance. They however found their purchase an unmanageable commodity, and by way of lessening the incumbrance, pulled down the larger half of it. And now the authorities of the town cast their eyes upon it, and longed to call it their own. The Ordnance were but too glad to rid themselves of the burden, and in 1834 the Corporation of Dover became the happy possessors of the 'Maison Dieu.' The reader is delighted to think of corporate piety thus showing its regard for antiquity, and stepping in to rescue the venerable edifice from further degradations. He perhaps recollects what Dover was fourteen years ago, and how often he looked around for the churches wherein its population could find a place. He thinks, of course, that as *half* the old church was left, it would yet make a good-sized modern one, and he doubts not but it was to restore it to its ancient use that the corporation purchased it. Nothing less. The corporation had grown ashamed of the dirty-looking place which had served for their town-hall, and many

other purposes, and thought that, with some reparation, this church would make a very pretty substitute for it, and also serve for a jail and a sessions-house. And this is what they have done. The body of the church is now the town-hall. The vaults below are the prisoners' cells. The tower is made the governor's residence. The lady-chapel serves for a sessions-room.

We have staid longer than we intended at Dover, but we must not leave it without some notice of its Harbour:—and we may avail ourselves of the opportunity, to say a few words on the proposed Harbour of Refuge, and on the subject generally. The original haven is believed to have occupied part of the site of the present town. Gradually the sea appears to have receded till it wholly left the valley. In the reign of Henry VII. the harbour is spoken of as in a very decayed state. That monarch caused measures to be taken for its improvement; and still more vigorous means were adopted by his successor, whose 'mighty pier' was the theme of much contemporary admiration. His measures appear to have led to the formation of the present inner harbour, or 'Pent.' By the time of Elizabeth, however, the harbour had again become in a great measure unserviceable; and she gave to the town considerable temporary privileges, and the power of imposing a toll on vessels using the harbour, in order to furnish money for its restoration. Ultimately, after a severe storm had destroyed the works raised by the townsmen, the matter seems to have been undertaken by the Queen's Council, and the harbour was greatly improved. Holinshed, writing in 1586, breaks into a rather unwonted strain of enthusiasm respecting it, declaring that not to mention such a work in his history would be an absurdity. The works appear to have been successful; and though all the present harbour is of but recent date, the position of it has probably been little changed, except by its enlargement. When the Lord High Admiral examined the harbour in 1581, there were old inhabitants who could remember when the waves beat against the base of the cliffs in Snargate-street.

We shall not follow the changes made in the harbour; it may suffice to state that, from time to time, very large sums of money have been expended in its maintenance and improvement. The most recent alterations and extensions have made it nearly all, probably, that a tidal harbour is capable of being made in a place so exposed as this, and which can only be maintained by a continual struggle with the elements. It is one of the peculiarities of this harbour, that the shingle beach, which is in constant motion, displays a continual tendency to form a barrier at the mouth of the harbour; and this bar sometimes forms with great rapidity during a westerly gale. When the wind blows from the east, no shingle accumulates there, and sometimes an easterly wind drives away any that may have collected. Sometimes the entrance to the harbour used to be blocked up for seven or eight days at a time. About 1837, a plan was brought into operation by which the water that enters the inner pent and new basin at high tide is collected in a large reservoir, and then, at the fall of the tide, is, by means of skilful contrivances, poured forth, in a narrow and rapid current, directly against the bar, through which it seldom fails, in a short time, to force a channel. The improvements in the harbour, which were commenced in 1844, have not only nearly doubled the former quantity of wharfage, and enlarged the accommodations for shipping, and especially for steam-vessels, but have also, by clearing away the mean and dirty houses known as the 'Old Buildings,' and forming a fine esplanade, which now reaches from the Castle Cliffs to the pier-head, done more to increase the comfort and enjoyment of the numerous visitors than almost any other change could have done. The harbour itself, and the pier-head, now afford constantly fresh objects of interest and amusement to the visitor, and are among the most popular of the afternoon lounging-places. With all that Dover now has to show, it probably holds out more inducements to the general visitor than any other watering-place along the whole coast. Excepting quiet or seclusion,—which very few who go to bathing-places wish for,—Dover can offer almost every variety of attraction that can be found in any; while it affords much that none else have.

But we must return to the harbour. Notwithstanding all its improvements, it is still only a tidal harbour; and, when clear of shingle, only for about five hours on the average, is there a depth of ten feet of water at the entrance: consequently it is only to a confined extent that it is available, and for ships of but moderate burden. The number of vessels that enter it is considerable; but very many more would gladly use it, were it possible to do so—especially in foul weather: but, at such a time, the entrance is seldom safe. Often considerable fleets of merchantmen, after passing to the westward, if a westerly wind comes on, (and westerly winds are much the most frequent in the Channel,) have to run back again to take shelter in the open roadstead of the Downs. Of course the whole of these vessels would gladly run into a harbour, if there were one open to them, as they have not only the loss of way to make up again, but also to encounter—it may be in darkness or in haze—all the dangers of the Goodwin Sands. The urgent necessity for a safe harbour, into which vessels of any tonnage navigating the Channel might run, in any weather, and in any state of the tide, has long been recognised and made the subject of many inquiries. These inquiries, however, were partial and unsatisfactory, and led to no other result than a clearer knowledge of the difficulties in the way of any practical measures. But, in 1844, a Government Commission, consisting of naval and military officers and civil engineers,—men of considerable practical and scientific knowledge, as well as professional eminence,—was appointed to consider the subject in all its bearings The principal objects they were to keep in view are thus stated by themselves: "First, the formation of ports of refuge, for the safety

and convenience of vessels navigating the British Channel. Secondly, that these should be calculated to become, in the event of hostilities, the stations for ships of war. Thirdly, the consideration of expense, as compared with the public advantages likely to result from the construction of such works." Their investigations were conducted with great care and completeness. They carefully inspected the whole south-east coast, and had elaborate surveys made of every bay and harbour that appeared in any way suitable for the purpose in view; they obtained assistance and information from the officers of the Admiralty, of the Trinity, of the Cinque Ports, as well as the Coast Guard, and Customs, and other officials connected with the coast; and they "also had before them every class of persons who were thought capable of affording information—including several eminent engineers; and, in order to guard against the often misleading opinion of residents at the different ports, they examined many others, practically acquainted with the various places, whom they believed to be unbiassed by local partialities."—(*Report*, p. 6.) The opinion of men of competent ability, formed after such "deliberate consideration of the whole circumstances." could not but be listened to with great respect—and we think we may say their Report is considered as authoritative. We think we shall do better to give so much of it as concerns Dover nearly in their own words than attempt a general statement in our own. We beg, too, to state here, that we have derived much assistance, in preparing this paper, from the evidence which accompanies their Report, and which conveys, not only full information on the immediate subject of inquiry, but, incidentally, a great deal that is valuable respecting the coast generally.

In their Report, the Commissioners strongly urge the superior advantages of Dover above every other port, from Portland to Harwich. They say, "As the advanced post of England on the south-east coast, the want of a harbour here of sufficient capacity for the reception of vessels of war, and for the convenience and protection of trade, has attracted the notice of sovereigns and ministers from the earliest times, and has led to a large expenditure of money for the improvement of the present tidal harbour. In considering positions eligible for the construction of breakwaters, it should be borne in mind that an inner harbour is an indispensable requisite; and if there is no natural advantage of that sort in the position selected, there must be the double operation of building an inner, as well as an outer harbour. There are few places that, in this respect, possess greater advantages than Dover: it has a dry dock for repairs, and extensive quays, with storehouses. Besides the outer receiving harbour, there is a basin covering more than six acres (now being enlarged to double that size), and a third, called 'The Pent,' which the late Mr. Rennie, in his Report to Mr. Pitt, in 1802, says, may of itself be made capable of receiving many sloops of war and gun-brigs." And they recommend "that a harbour be constructed in Dover Bay, according to the accompanying plan, with an area of 520 acres, up to low-water mark, or 380 acres without the two-fathom edge; with an entrance 700 feet wide on the south front, and another of 150 feet at the east end. Entertaining the strong opinion we have expressed, of the necessity of providing, without delay, a sheltered anchorage in Dover Bay, we venture to urge upon your Lordships' attention the advantage of immediately beginning the work by carrying out that portion which is to commence at Cheesman's Head. Whatever may be finally decided upon as to the form and extent of the works in Dover Bay, the pier from Cheesman's Head, run out into seven fathoms water, appears to be indispensable as a commencement, and it will afford both facility and shelter to the works to be subsequently carried on for their completion. This will give sheltered access to the present harbour during south-west gales, and protect it from the entrance of shingle from the westward: it will afford time, also, for observation on the movement of the shingle within the bay, and for further inquiry as to the tendency which harbours of large area on this part of the coast may have to silt up." The Commissioners further recommend that other breakwaters, though of less extensive and costly character, should be constructed at Seaford, and at Portland, and that some improvements should be made at Harwich. But they add, "if only one is to be undertaken at a time, we give the preference to Dover; next, to Portland; and, thirdly, Seaford." . . .

"The military members of the Commission are of opinion that there will be no difficulty in providing for the defence of the proposed harbours. . . . At Dover there already exist works of defence capable of being adapted to this object." The expense of the proposed works at Dover is estimated at £2,500,000; and it is added, in conclusion—"The Commission cannot close their Report, without expressing in the strongest terms, their unanimous opinion, and entire conviction, that measures are indispensably necessary to give to the south-eastern frontier of the kingdom means and facilities, which it does not now possess, for powerful naval protection. Without any except tidal harbours along the whole coast between Portsmouth and the Thames, and none accessible to large steamers, there is now, when steam points to such great changes in maritime affairs, an imperative necessity for supplying, by artificial means, the want of harbours throughout the narrow part of the Channel. The distance chart which accompanies the Report, shows the positions where, if our recommendations are carried out, harbours of refuge, or well-protected roadsteads, will afford shelter to our commerce. By these means, and with the advantages of steam by sea, and of railroads and telegraphic communication by land, the naval and military force of the country may be thrown in great strength upon any point of the coast in a few hours. The several recommendations we have thought it our duty to lay before your Lordships must, if adopted, occasion a large outlay of the public money; but when life, property, and

national security, are the interests at stake, we do not believe that pecuniary considerations will be allowed to impede the accomplishment of objects of such vast importance." *

The pier is begun, as suggested, at Cheesman's Head. At present the advance made is nearly imperceptible, and it will of necessity proceed but slowly. The work can only be carried on in tolerably fair weather at any time; while the difficulties will continually increase as it advances into deep water. The outer wall will have to be built in from seven to eight fathoms (or from 40 to 50 feet) of water; and that, too, in an open sea. It has been proposed to build this wall on shore, in iron caissons of 100 feet length each (or of other lengths, according to circumstances), and then to float out these separate portions, and sink them in the positions they are to occupy; a plan, it is thought, which will enable the work to be carried on much more rapidly, and at a far less expense, than by the use of the diving-bell. But the method of executing this part of the work will be eventually determined by the experience gained in constructing the part that is being carried out from the shore. The delays and injuries this part will be subjected to by the south-westerly gales, so prevalent on this coast, can only be understood by those who have had frequent opportunities of witnessing these gales. Of the tremendous force of the heavy seas, an idea may be formed by the statement of the superintendent of the works at Plymouth Breakwater, that, during a storm, stones of ten and even fifteen tons weight, have been forced out of the buttress at from four to eight feet below low-water mark, and carried over the top of the breakwater; a distance, altogether, of from fifty to sixty yards.

It is intended to form the harbour by a breakwater, which shall run out for rather more than a quarter of a mile from Cheesman's Head—a slightly-projecting point of land near the railway-terminus—and enclose the bay to about half a mile beyond the pier, called Smith's Folly. The greatest width of the harbour, from the beach to the western entrance, will be nearly three-quarters of a mile; the length from east to west, will be about a mile and a quarter. It will afford anchorage for above 200 ships.

Folkestone.

The coastway from Dover to Folkestone runs along the summit of a range of lofty chalk cliffs. You take the road past the Artillery Barracks, and speedily mount the Shakspere Cliff, whose form the most entire stranger cannot fail at once to recognize as a familiar object,—so multifarious are the representations of it that have been published in every shape, and drawn in every sketch-book and album. Shakspere's lines, descriptive of the

> "Cliff whose high and bending head
> Looks fearfully in the confined deep,"

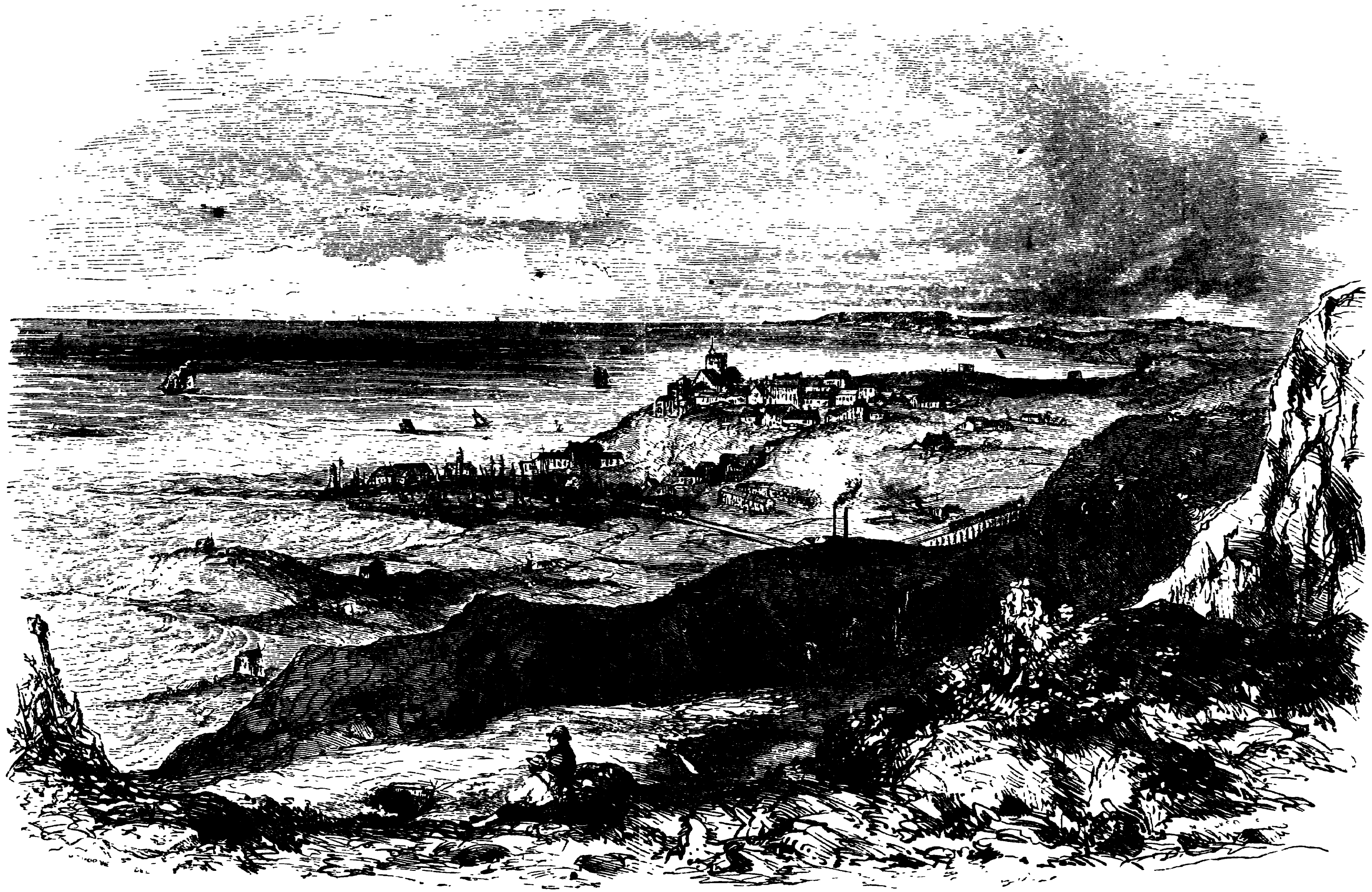
are also familiar to everybody.

The high and bending head of the cliff no longer looks fearfully into the confined deep; but then we know that from the earliest mention of it down to last winter, its altitude has been constantly diminishing, and the outline has been inclining from the sea, owing to the continual falling of large portions from the brow, while the slope of the hill is inland.

The seven miles along the cliffs between Dover and Folkestone afford a succession of views of exceeding beauty, and many of much grandeur. The sea stretches far away on either side—borrowing from the sky and the air ever new beauty and variety. The French coast lies cloud-like on the horizon before you. The town you have just left is continually assuming a sort of poetic haziness as it shrinks back among the recesses of the enfolding hills, while the castle appears more and more to raise itself aloft. The town you are approaching, on the other hand, as it becomes more and more visible, helps to give a more marked character to the landscape in front, and forms the centre of a score of various landscapes, to which the bay beyond, guarded by the long range of martello towers, affords a picturesque completion. (Cut, No. 6.) As you pass along, the giant works of the South-Eastern Railway — a triumph here of engineering skill — curiously break the uniformity of the cliffs;—now running into the heart of one huge mass, and presently emerging from another—now passing over a viaduct of complex structure, and then along the bottom of a deep cutting. For part of the way there extends a considerable undercliff—like the more celebrated one in the Isle of Wight—which has doubtless been formed by an enormous "slip" from the heights above. On approaching Folkestone the appearance is singularly chaotic, the undercliff mingling with the debris of lime works, of railway cuttings, and of the heavings of the hills themselves in strange confusion. At East Wear Bay, close upon Folkestone, the cliffs decline so as to allow of easy ascent from the beach, and here are placed three martello towers so as to effectually sweep the bay. These are the first of this kind of battery we have met with; but as the remainder of the coast is chiefly defended by them, we shall find plenty of opportunities to notice them more particularly.

Folkestone is an ancient town. It was a Roman station; the Saxons had a monastery and a castle there—in the former of which a real saint, the holy Eanswith, dwelt, and after death worked many miracles. After the Conquest, both castle and priory were rebuilt and enlarged. Like other coast towns, Folkestone suffered from the facilities it afforded for sudden approach and plunder. In its early days it was ravaged by the Danes; in its later by the French. Its strongest enemy, however, was the sea, which is said to have made continual attacks upon it. The original site of Folkestone is believed to be now covered by the waves. The Castle Cliff appears to have been

* This is a long extract; but it explains the general subject so forcibly, that we thought it unadvisable to abridge it, especially as it is from a bulky volume, and one likely to be referred to by few of our readers.



6.—FOLKESTONE.

nearly all washed away in the reign of Henry VIII. Leland says, "The Castle yard hath been a place of great burial; insomuch as when the sea hath waren on the bank, bones appear half sticking out." And he informs us that "in the Castle yard, hard upon the shore, be great ruins of a solemn old nunnery." No remains of the Castle, or solemn old nunneries remain now, unless it be a shapeless fragment or two built up in some walls. Of the several churches, which we are told on somewhat apocryphal authority it once possessed, the large but not very handsome one on the top of the hill alone is standing.

It seems to have been the custom when the sea made a sudden onslaught, to beat the town drum and turn out the townsmen to the rescue; for among the corporation records, we find one of a resolution, passed in full assembly, 1635, that every householder who does not at the beating of the drum, or other sufficient notice, repair to the harbour, provided with a shovel or other meet tool for the clearing, scouring, and expulsing of the beach, and then and there bestow his best endeavours for so long a time as the mayor shall deem fitting, shall for each default be fined the sum of six pence.

But the sea was too strong for them, and, 'expulse' the shingle as they might at a general muster, it continued steadily to gain ground, till the harbour eventually became of small service. The only ostensible trade at Folkestone in the last century was that connected with fishing—but it had a large additional traffic, and was really a flourishing place. When smuggling was by various means suppressed, the town at once fell into decay. By the aid of a government grant a new harbour was constructed some thirty years ago, but it was not very successful at first, and it gradually declined. Dirty smuggling old Folkestone seemed quite worn out and fast dropping into a comatose condition, when suddenly its neighbours were startled by seeing it galvanized into liveliness, and put on a youthful jaunty air. The directors of the South-Eastern Railway Company, on account of some disagreement with the commissioners of Dover Harbour, determined to convert Folkestone into a leading station for continental steamers, and render the inodorous old fishing-town a fashionable resort. They set about their task in earnest and were successful—for a time. Folkestone was as yet the southern terminus of the railway. The directors purchased the harbour, and, under the vigorous management of the railway engineers, the useless affair was made very serviceable. Swift steam-packets were soon in daily passage to and from Boulogne; and Folkestone thronged every day with well-dressed crowds. The railway authorities have done all they could to maintain the sudden activity. A complete custom-house establishment has been provided; warehouses have been erected; and now the railway is carried right across the harbour to its seaward side. Moreover, the company built an hotel on a scale that was intended to cast into the shade every other along this part of the coast. If all has not quite "realized our most sanguine anticipations,"—as railway-kings are wont to say—yet the success has been very great. As far as the town itself is concerned, however, there are symptoms which seem to indicate that *its* efforts were spasmodic. New streets are seen that don't seem likely to grow into old ones. Large new 'hotels,' whose doors have ceased to open to 'families,' or '*étrangeres*.' New shops with shutters fast closed, or that dismallest of phthisical signs, a few cakes and apples spread out behind wide glass panes set in a smart mahogany frame-work. And whether a serviceable harbour can be maintained here remains to be seen. It is a tidal harbour of 14 acres area, and perhaps is sufficiently under engineering control; but it already shows something like a determination to silt up. Then the continual tendency of the shingle to form a bar at the mouth of the harbour has to be overcome; and, to do so even temporarily, it has been found necessary to employ 200 men at a time. A groin has been run out from the westward for the purpose of arresting the progress of the shingle, but it is not likely to do so for many years. Still, as the difficulties are so well known, it is probable that sufficient means may be found of providing against them; and we hope modern science will be found more efficient than the old corporation muster.

Like Dover, old Folkestone seems to owe its form to the pressure of circumstances. Dover looks as though it had been built in the valley around its haven, and then, as the water kept receding, to have steadily followed it; still continuing to encompass with a reproachful sort of tenderness, the harbour that was shrinking from its embraces. Folkestone, on the other hand, originally settled quietly by the shore, looks as though it had scrambled away from its advancing foe, up the side of the steep hill, to take refuge under the shadow of the church on its summit. At any rate the old town is an odd, sideling, indescribable sort of a place. The rough rugged streets run crookedly up a sharp hill, dirty, narrow, and awkward; while, on either side of them, you see ever and anon a steep and lofty flight of steps, running up or down into another street or passage. The names of the streets too, show, on the part of the sponsors, a singularly curious unconsciousness of the meaning of words. There is a High-street, for example, pushed quite out of the way: and a Broad-street, whose narrowness is literally oppressive. Johnson recommended Boswell to 'explore Wapping:' we can safely recommend the visitor to explore Folkestone. The *voyageur* who only goes through a corner of it as he passes from the station to the pier, is able to form no notion of its real character; it must be explored,—fish-quarter and all.

We have said little of the history of the town, and are not going to say more; but it would be unfair not to notice a little bit of rhyme which good queen Bess graciously improvisatised at Folkestone (at least, if the local historians may be trusted): we do not vouch for the authenticity of the lines. It is certain, however, that the queen was here in 1573; and it is related that



7.—SALTWOOD CASTLE.

she was received by the mayor in state. His worship being, according to ancient custom, seated upon a three-legged stool, addressed her Majesty in form following, videlicet:

> "Most gracious queen,
> Welcome to Folkesteen."

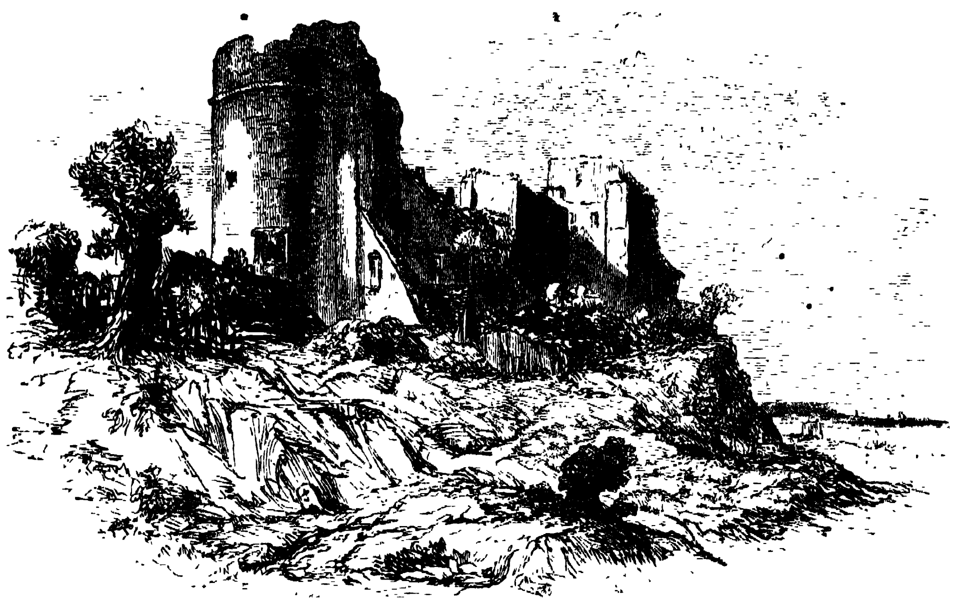
Whereunto her Majesty was pleased incontinently to reply:

> "Most gracious fool,
> Get off that stool."

We will only add, that Folkestone was the birthplace of William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. Among the new things that have sprung up in Folkestone within the last two or three years, has been a literary institution, to which the name of 'The Harveian Institution' has been given; and within the last month or two, there has been a proposal started by some of the inhabitants to erect a statue here in memory of their great townsman; but the deed is not to be wholly Folkestonian, for we see by the county newspapers, that all Kent is asked to contribute.

SANDGATE: HYTHE.

Passing through the churchyard, we come upon a footpath that runs along the very edge of the cliff, all the way to Sandgate, and affords a pleasant breezy walk, with a broad, open sea prospect. The coach-road lies at the foot of the cliff. A stranger will hardly be tempted to linger at Sandgate, by the clean, quiet, rather prim look of its one street; but visitors who resort to it in the bathing season find it a healthy little watering-place; and there are some very agreeable walks in its vicinity. Some of the houses about the hills have very extensive views. There is at Sandgate one of the castles, which were built in 1539 for the defence of this coast. When the coast was again fortified, in 1804, and following years, the castle at Sandgate was repaired and converted into a circular redoubt, with a large martello tower, mounting three guns, in the centre. In all, it was mounted with thirteen 24-pounders. Sandgate was at the same time made one of the military centres for the coast defences. A large encampment was formed on the heights, where, afterwards, extensive barracks were erected for artillery and infantry. Six martello towers were also built along the ridge of the cliffs; and the military canal was formed from Sandgate to Appledore. This canal commences by the road just outside Sandgate, and is carried in traverses (or in a zig-zag manner) along the edge of Romney Marsh, a distance of thirty miles, till it unites with the Rother, a few miles above Rye. The canal is from 60 to 70 feet wide, and about 9 feet deep. It is protected at the head by a battery; at each of the angles, which are about one-third of a mile apart, the embankment is pierced for heavy cannon, and station-houses for artillerymen were erected at certain intervals. The guns, however, were never mounted; nor was the canal ever completed as a military work: it has for some years been used for the conveyance of goods, but the traffic on it is inconsiderable.



8. LYMPNE CASTLE.

Hythe, three miles beyond Sandgate, was once a seaport town, though now above half a mile distant from the sea. It was then a far more extensive place than it now is, having, according to Leland, "contained a fair abbey, and four parish churches that be now destroyed." It is by some said to have extended as far as West Hythe, which is now above two miles to the westward; but the more probable opinion is, that East Hythe, as it used to be called by way of distinction, grew up as West Hythe decayed, owing to the recession of the sea; in the same manner as West Hythe is believed to have arisen from the loss of the haven of Lympne, some miles further inland. Hythe was at an early date a place of importance, as is shown by its having been one of the original Cinque Ports. Its history is like that of other towns we have visited, and have yet to visit, along this coast, one of plunder by foes, and of change and decay from alterations in the land and ocean. The most remarkable circumstance is the contemplated abandonment of it, in the reign of Henry IV., owing to a combination of misfortunes—the loss of five ships and a hundred men at sea; the destruction of two hundred houses by fire; the death of a large proportion of its inhabitants by pestilence; and the decay of its haven. The king, however, relieved them from their liabilities, as one of the Ports, and granted to them several favours, in order to induce them to remain. The measures taken at this time for the restoration of the town appear to have been successful.

The present town, which consists of one principal street and some smaller ones diverging from it, lies at the base of a steep hill, on the summit of which the church is seated. But it is supposed that formerly a good part of the town stood on the hill, where considerable traces of streets are easily discernible. Hythe has the appearance of a quiet and not unprosperous country town, of rather moderate size. It has accommodated itself to the changes that have occurred, and has so gradually contracted its dimensions, as to display no very evident signs of decay. It has the usual official buildings of a corporate town, and it has also a few old houses; but the only building of any general interest is the church, and that should be seen. Externally it is a massive, irregular pile; its heavy form rendered heavier by the huge buttresses with which it is strengthened. It has been built at several different periods: parts of it are Norman, while the chancel is early English: and some additions have been made at much later times. The chancel is by far the most interesting part of the building; indeed, it is, both inside and out, of very unusual beauty. Externally, the end of it, with the five graceful lancet windows, is especially worthy of notice; and not less the pleasing play of light and shadow, and of line, that is produced by the bold form of the buttresses as seen in connection with the entire gable. The interior is very striking: the lofty clusters of slender Sussex marble pillars which support the roof, and the handsome window, have a very fine effect. Other parts also deserve notice; but we must not run into details. Under the chancel is a remarkably fine groined crypt, admirably designed, and well finished. For its own sake it ought to be seen, as such crypts are far from common; but it is usually visited

for a very different reason. It contains an enormous quantity of human bones, piled up with great regularity, and preserved with much care. They were, it is said, collected from the sea-shore, and are by some thought to be the remains of Britons and Saxons slain in a battle fought on the beach, in the time of Vortimer, about the year 546; while others suppose them to have belonged to the Saxons and Danes, who, they affirm, fought there in the days of Ethelwolf. It is hardly worth while disputing about two or three hundred years in such a matter: enough for us that they are above a thousand years old, and that they were of warlike race. The skulls are in capital preservation, and as white as though fresh from the hands of the curator of Guy's. They would be just the thing to win the heart and stimulate the imagination of a craniologist. Here are skulls thick enough to have borne, one would think, the hammer of Thor without damage; there are others that might have been brained by a fan. Some of them are large enough to lead one to believe there were giants in the land in those days, while some might have belonged to a dancing-master. There seems to be no reason to doubt that these bones are very ancient; and the holes and fractures in the skulls, evidently made during life,—in many instances by a sharp-pointed instrument, like a pick,—prove plainly enough that they belonged to those who came to a violent death.

Saltwood Castle, Lympne, etc.

Before renewing our journey along the coast, we must stroll a little way inland. It is but a short way that we propose to go, but it is seldom that so much of general interest can be met with in the like distance. Ascending the hill by Hythe church, a walk of about a mile northward brings us to the ruins of Saltwood Castle; but it will be best not to go the most direct road to them. The castle stands on the brow of a hill that overlooks a narrow valley, along which a little brook runs down into Hythe. The path which leads up this valley, though somewhat the farthest, is much the better way; but you need not pursue it all the way from Hythe. You can easily drop into it at almost any point from the hill. The valley itself is very beautiful; noble trees afford a pleasant shade, and make, with the peeps of distance, and patches of blue sky which are seen between them, many a charming picture. But, just at a turn of this valley, you get a view of the castle, set in a frame of richest foliage, so glorious, that the memory will not willingly let it pass away. (Cut, No. 7.) Saltwood Castle belonged to the Archbishops of Canterbury till the reign of Henry VIII., when Cranmer surrendered it to the king, or exchanged it for other lands. The outer walls enclosed an area of about three acres. Part of the walls are standing, as are also fragments of towers which defended them, but these are in a very ruinous condition. Within the walls are some remains of a hall, a chapel, and other apartments. But the most perfect relic is the Gate House, which was erected by Archbishop Courtney, in 1381. It is very lofty, with round towers at the angles, and has battlements and machicolations. The arms of the archbishop are sculptured over the doorway. The Castle is placed on very elevated ground, and the view from the top of the Gate House reaches inland over a wide extent of splendid scenery, and over the sea, as far as the French coast. The Gate House is as handsome a pile close at hand as it appeared to be at a distance: of its time and style there are not many finer left. It is now occupied as a farmhouse. The grey massive fragments of towers and walls, with the ivy that climbs so luxuriantly over them, are also very picturesque when regarded as near objects.

From Saltwood Castle you may pass (after a glance at the church and village) by a succession of right pleasant field paths, to Lympne, where are some more architectural relics to examine, and some more noble prospects to be gazed over. But these prospects have something more than their mere beauty to render them interesting. This little gathering of houses along the hill top derives its name of Lympne, or Lymne, from its marking the site of the Roman Lemanæ, and the green meadow below is their Portus Lemanianus. Wonderful have been the changes here since Roman ships came to anchor under the cliffs on which we are standing. Now, at the nearest point the sea is more than two miles distant; but, on casting the eye around, it is soon seen that the change had commenced long before the Romans knew this spot. The hills that from Hythe have boldly swept away from the sea, we perceive, preserve all along a cliff-like steepness on the seaward side; and they continue their cliff-like character till they bear round again, some miles to the westward of us, so as to form a noble inland bay. And this, doubtless, it has been. Against these hills the waves once beat, and the low level tract that now stretches between them and the sea was covered by the waters. Now this tract—the well-known Romney Marsh—reaches in unbroken flatness a length of some fifteen miles, and a width of seven at the centre of the bay. Not within the compass of English history has this tract been much other than it now is; many an old town and village is scattered along it, and testifies to its having been firm land these 800 or 900 years; but we have ample evidence that during that time the sea has receded here, and we have evidence also that it continues to recede.

The building on the edge of this hill, popularly called Lympne Castle, is a castellated mansion of the fifteenth century. Though not a castle, it is strong enough to be one. Its massive form is very striking as a whole, and it has many good architectural features. The porch entrance on the northern side may be pointed out as one. It was originally a residence of the archdeacons of Canterbury: it is now a farm-house. Closely connected with the archdeacon's house is Lympne Church, a huge, heavy structure; very plain, but impressive, on account of its massiveness. It appears to have been constructed with the resolution

that it should defy all storms. It was once much larger than it now is. Lympne Church and Castle, as seen together on the brow of the steep hill, have a very grand appearance. (Cut, No. 8.)

These buildings, as will be seen, have no connection with the ancient Lemanæ; though, from the former size of the church, we may infer that, in the Norman era, the place retained some of its ancient consequence. But there are relics that testify palpably to the abode here of that people who seem to have stamped almost indelibly their impress upon every spot they sojourned on. The Roman road that connected this place with Canterbury is to be easily traced, and in parts remains in something like a sound state: it is yet called Stone-street. Of the various articles that are generally known as 'Roman remains,' many specimens are still found, as we shall presently show they used to be found three centuries ago. But the chief memorial is a Roman building of large size, that stands in a meadow at the base, and partly on the slope of the hill, which has Lympne Church and Castle on its summit. This time-honoured pile, which is known as Studfall Castle, is now terribly dilapidated. When Leland examined it about 1540, it was in a much more complete state; we therefore shall quote the careful old antiquary's account of it: it will be seen that he mistakes it for a British edifice, but that is of little consequence; we need hardly say that the Britons were not adepts enough in architecture to raise such a building, and we have already pointed out that the large bricks he mentions are Roman. He says: "There remaineth at this day the ruins of a strong fortress of the Britons, hanging on the hill, and coming down to the very foot. The compass of the fortress seemeth to be a ten acres, and belike it had some wall beside that stretched up to the very top of the hill, where now is the parish church, and the archdeacon's house of Canterbury. The old walls of Britons' bricks, very large, and great flint set together almost indissolubly, with mortar made of small pebble. The walls be very thick, and in the west end of the Castle appeareth the base of an old tower. About this Castle, in time out of mind, were found antiquities of many of the Romans."

Close by, on the northern bank of the Military Canal, is another historical ruin, almost as mere a fragment as that we have just been looking at, but of a very different kind. This is Court-à-street Chapel, famous as the place wherein Elizabeth Barton, 'the Holy Maid of Kent,' affirmed that she held intercourse with spiritual beings. The strange extent to which the delusion spread, and the many eminent persons who became involved in the terrible consequences attendant upon its being converted into a political measure, as well as the miserable fate of the unfortunate woman, are known to every one who has looked ever so carelessly into English history.

There are still other architectural remains within a short distance, but we will not seek after them. From Court-à-street Chapel we may return alongside the canal to Hythe, which is only about four miles distant. After proceeding for a mile, the ruined gable of another house of prayer will be seen in an out-of-the-way spot on one side of a narrow, rude lane, on the left hand of the canal. This is part of West Hythe Chapel, and is the only vestige left of Old Hythe, for not a house remains even to mark its site, unless it be the wretched hovel a little way from the chapel. The ruin is a mere fragment, yet it retains marks of ancient work. Its masonry shows it to have been of late Norman date; and probably it was erected just as the old town was sinking into a village. It is now in a shocking state of dirty desecration.

Romney Marsh: Romney.

On leaving Hythe we enter upon a bleak and dreary region:—flat, sandy, and, as Johnson said of some such a place, "naked of all vegetable decoration." Till we reach the Dymchurch Wall—which, however, is not above four miles off—the view, even of the sea, is shut out by the bank, and the eye can only rest upon the barrenness around, or note the painful efforts of a few stunted trees to draw a starveling existence from the sand and shingle.

When looking from the ridge of Lympne Hill, we were able to see where had been a magnificent bay within a geologically recent, though uncertain, period. Here we may readily make out the bounds of a small bay or haven that has existed within the reach of history. It has the general crescent-like form of a shallow bay; the extreme points being Shorn Cliff, between Sandgate and Hythe, and the spot where the Romney road first touches Dymchurch Wall; and it extends back to the hill. The chord of this crescent is rather under four miles. The whole space included between these points is sand and shingle beach, just such as would be produced by the silting-up of a harbour. Close under the hills alone, where it was first left by the receding sea, has any useful vegetation secured a hold; while southward of the Military Canal, only the hard dry grasses, and a few patches of furze, have here and there won a place as precursors of future fertility. This tract points out distinctly enough the site and the form of the Portus Lemanianus, though very likely its area was much more limited than the outline we have indicated.

At the extremity of this barren region we come upon a tract as low and flat, and, doubtless, once as barren, but now no less remarkably fertile. Let us mount Dymchurch Wall and look over this district. Very strange to one accustomed to the undulations of a hilly country is the appearance of Romney Marsh. Far away as the eye can reach, nearly, is a uniform level surface, of the richest verdure. No hedges break its continuity, and only about a scattered homestead, or where a few roofs and a church-tower point out a little village, are any trees seen. Neither waving corn-fields nor dusky fallows anywhere vary the prospect. The whole extent is laid down as pasture-ground; broad trenches serve at once to drain and to

divide it; and the sheep and cattle that are grazing upon it are the only objects that relieve the attention. Yet, for a while at least, its novelty renders it rather pleasing. Drayton, in the 18th song of the 'Polyolbion,' shows us how it appeared to a poetic eye some two centuries ago. The description is a fanciful one, but deserves quotation on other accounts than its poetic merit. As is his manner, he has personified the Marsh, which he represents as a lady anxious, by a display of her wealth, to beguile 'Rother' from the fair one to whom he has attached himself. He introduces her,

"Appearing to the flood most bravely like a queen,
Clad all from head to foot in gaudy summer's green.
Her mantle richly wrought with sundry flowers and weeds;
Her moistful temples bound with wreaths of quivering reeds. . . .
And on her loins a frock, with many a swelling pleat,
Embossed with well-spread horse, large sheep, and full-fed neat.
Some wallowing in the grass, there lie awhile to batten;
Some sent away to kill, some thither brought to fatten,
With villages amongst, oft powther'd here and there," &c.

This may be taken as the fairer view of the dame; but we have another representation. For 'Oxney,' fearing lest the rich garments of her rival might allure her lover, takes upon her to inform him, that, though very fair to the eye, she is not so good as she ought to be, and insinuates that she encourages the rather too frequent visits of the wanton sea-gods: and concludes by a hint, that her naughty ways may be guessed at by her breath, which is none of the sweetest, declaring that,

"Though her rich attire so curious be and rare,
Yet from her there proceeds unwholesome putrid air."

The state of the Marsh in Drayton's day is evident from this passage. It is much improved now. The sea-gods no longer there "lie wallowing every day." Wherever there is the smallest danger from inundation, strong sea-walls have been erected, and there is not a tidal stream in the whole Marsh. The embankment and drainage of the Marsh are under the management of a commission, which imposes a tax upon all holders of Marsh-land for the maintenance of the works. Agues, and other diseases incident to marshes, were formerly very prevalent; but though they, to a certain extent, prevail still, it is in a milder form. The whole surface, as we have observed, is drained by broad trenches, or dykes, (*dicks* they are called by the Marsh-men,) which communicate with the sea, at certain points, by sluices cut through the embankments, and are therefore under perfect control. As the water is wanted for the cattle, it is necessary for their sake, as well as for the health of the inhabitants, that they should be frequently cleansed; and the whole being under the superintendance of officers appointed for the purpose, the work is well done. Romney Marsh (including, under that name, Guildford Level, which is a part of it, though bearing a different title,) contains an area of about 44,000 acres. The grass is rich, and abundant hay-crops are yearly stored. But the great wealth of the land consists in its fitness for the rapid fattening of sheep. Cattle and horses, which appear to have been a principal object of care when Drayton wrote, are now of but minor consequence. The sheep are still large, but they are a greatly improved breed, and very profitable. Vast numbers of them are kept on the Marsh.

Of the embankments constructed along the Marsh, the most remarkable is this Dymchurch Wall, about which we have been lingering so long. It is a huge embankment of earth, with a facing of loose stones on the seaward side. It is above three miles in length; the perpendicular height above the marshes is from fifteen to twenty feet; its width on the top varies from fifteen to thirty feet, while, at the base, its thickness is very much increased, the slope being considerable, especially on the seaward side. Groins are carried out in places to protect it, and, as we mentioned, sluices are cut through it for the passage of the Marsh water.

The little village of Dymchurch is a straggling collection of houses—two or three of good size and well-built, but most small and mean; with a heavy-looking church—like so many others along this coast—of Normandate. The shore from Hythe to Dymchurch, a distance of about six miles, is strongly fortified; there being a line of fifteen martello towers and four redoubts. Beyond Dymchurch, the batteries are much wider apart. The pedestrian, while he keeps along the top of the wall, will not complain of the monotony of the Marsh, since he has the ever-varying sea on his other hand, to which he can at any time turn, and repel any approach of weariness. But when he descends to the road, at the termination of the wall, he will have no such resource; for a series of sand hillocks commence there, and continue between him and the sea as far as the mouth of the deserted Romney haven. He will hasten, if he be a stranger here, towards the town, whose lofty church-tower has for some time been a landmark to him, in the full anticipation that there, at least, he shall find something to repay his attention.

He will be disappointed, however. New Romney has nothing in it but the church to repay the attention of any one. It belongs to the dullest class of dull country towns. The long street has a market-house, and one or two corporation buildings; but they are of little mark, and the houses are generally smooth-fronted, red-brick ones, of the plainest kind; and, though it contains a 'commercial inn,' it has a most uncommercial appearance. The street is empty of people and empty of carts. It has not even the ancient sign of urban prosperity: "old men and old women" are not "in the streets of it;" nor is it "full of boys and girls, playing in the streets thereof."

Yet it was a busy town once — for though its name be *New* Romney, it is some eight hundred years old. Then it was one of the five chief ports on the south-east coast. It owes its name of New Romney to its having succeeded to an older Romney, some distance inland, which had been deserted by the sea. New Romney appears to have been one of the original

Cinque Ports. At the Conquest it was a very prosperous place. In its time of highest glory it is said to have been divided into twelve wards; and to have contained five parish churches, a priory, and some other religious establishments. Its haven was formed by the estuary of the Rother, but in the reign of Edward I. it became stopped up, and the river forsook its ancient bed, and carved out for itself another channel to the sea. The harbour filled with beach, and the town went rapidly to decay. Yet the memory, at least, of ancient consequence remained to our own day. Not only had it mayor, and barons, and jurats, with all their attendant insignia and paraphernalia, but it also sent two representatives to the Imperial Parliament. But, alas! Parliamentary Reform Bills swept away both its members, and by Municipal Reform it was shorn of the better part of its corporate splendour; and now it lies low in the dust, with only the recollection of its ancient wealth and beauty to comfort it.

Romney Church is a very handsome pile. It was probably erected towards the end of the twelfth century, when the town was in its most flourishing condition, and it must, in its perfect state, have been a very splendid and costly structure. The tower is one of the very finest and richest examples, in these parts, of the later Norman architecture. The interior is also very admirable, though it has suffered more than the tower from the rough hand of Time. It has been recently repaired, and partly restored. It must not, from what we have said, be supposed, that Romney has only one street:—that we spoke of is the principal street, but there are several minor ones, which have a few old houses about them. But we have staid long enough at New Romney.

Old Romney lies nearly two miles to the westward of its descendant. It is now a collection of about half-a-dozen straggling houses, sheltered by trees—and having an old church in the midst of them, with a yew-tree of patriarchal age and size close by it:—a cheerful, pleasant-looking spot lying where it does in the wide flat marsh. About a mile-and-a-half south-east of Old Romney, and about midway between it and Lydd, you see the gable of Mydley Chapel, a mere bare wall, but the more desolate in appearance from standing there on the bare marsh, without a house or a tree within three-quarters of a mile of it.

Lydd.

Why Lydd was placed where we find it, seems, at first sight, rather difficult to guess. It lies in a broad open plain, far out of the way of any line of road; some three or four miles from the sea; and just on the margin of a strange wild tract of bare shingle. Exactly what the place was intended for is another problem, which requires some consideration before attempting its solution. Its appearance is that of a number of streets and odd houses, flung down at random among green fields. There is a principal street, that runs in a not very devious line from one broad common to another broad common; there are others, that run hither and thither, no one can tell where or wherefore. The houses, especially the older ones, are such as a man above Tom Thumb's stature must stoop to enter, though—except a few of the tarry-at-home women, who seem to have adapted their growth to the height of their doorways—the people are a stalwart race.

This appears to be [illegible] of the coast from which the sea has receded most rapidly, and Lydd was no doubt once within a not inconvenient distance from the shore. It was early made a corporate member of the Cinque Port of Romney, and was governed by mayor, and jurats, and barons.. Within any moderate period it does not appear to have had any legitimate trade, except that of fishing. Yet, until lately, it has been a populous place, and there used to be no complaint of its poverty. Though in so entirely sequestered a situation, it still has a larger population than Romney; but now, little can be said of its affluence. The truth is, Lydd was a nest of smugglers. The coast was a most convenient one for landing goods, and the Marsh, especially towards Rye, afforded, to those acquainted with it, the greatest facilities for carrying off the lading. The traffic was constant, and conducted in the most systematic and business-like manner. All here were in some way concerned in the trade, not to speak of those who had a share in the venture. When a boat was expected, half the able men in the place would turn out. An old hand at it—one, whose house on the Marsh was for half a century a place of rendezvous, but who has mended his ways, though he sometimes looks back after the brandy-tubs of 'Bullen,' and is ready to murmur,—assures us that he had frequently two hundred or more out at a time 'arter tubs.' The temptation to turn out was considerable; for, besides the excitement of the thing, the payment to each man was seven shillings if they 'worked a boat,' *i. e.*, succeeded in getting the cargo ashore; and three shillings and sixpence if they did not: and they were often able to land two boat-loads in a night. While this was the rate of payment, there would be little difficulty in finding willing hands. But, when the government adopted more vigorous measures for the suppression of smuggling, a great change came over the system. The agents had to run greater risks, and adopt bolder measures. The men employed of a night were obliged to be provided with heavy clubs (or 'bats,' whence they were called 'batsmen,') and sometimes a gang of batsmen were hired, to guard those who landed and carried the cargo. Desperate fights often occurred with the 'Blockade;' and at length, fire-arms came to be commonly carried, and were sometimes used. The smugglers became a more reckless and brutalized race. Their skill and boldness degenerated into ferocity and cunning; and they no longer maintained the old feeling of honour and honesty among themselves. The owners of the goods often got cheated, and often informed against; and at length, all who had capital to lose became convinced that, with the greatly increased watchfulness and consequent risk on the one hand,

and the absence of trustworthiness on the other—as well as the increased charge and diminished profits—the trade was no longer a safe or a profitable one. The men of Lydd, meanwhile, who, whether as dealers, or helpers, or mere participants in the general prosperity, looked to smuggling for their subsistence, had fallen into expensive and irregular habits, and few having been careful of their gains, they became for the greater part reduced to comparative indigence. The old smugglers have, ere this, mostly died off, but some are lingering on through an old age of hopeless poverty; while, it is to be feared, an ill legacy remains to their successors. Smuggling is not wholly suppressed here,—but only to a slight extent and on a small scale is it carried on; but the town is ruined.

Yet now, in its decayed state, out of the world as it were, this old town has some attractions for those who like to tread sometimes a little aside from the high road of life. To the diligent observer, old habits would unfold themselves, quaint characters might be found, queer old stories might be picked up, and some novel ways of life might perhaps be witnessed. The houses and cottages about the skirts of the town have a crazy picturesqueness, that sometimes relishes of those in old Dutch or Flemish etchings. There is plenteous *materiel* for the essay writer.

The Church, we need hardly say, will be examined by the visitor. Any one who has been on Romney Marsh will have noticed the tall tower of Lydd Church, with the pinnacles at its angles. It is a landmark for miles, in every direction. You may see it even, from the streets of Rye. This church belonged to the Monks of Tintern Abbey, on the Wye, till the suppression of monasteries. It is of what is called the perpendicular style. The tower is the handsomest part. Quite recently, the interior of the tower has had the whitewash and plaster scrubbed off it, and now shows something of its original character. A high-groined roof is supported by very tall and slender pillars, of the dark Sussex marble, and, as the design is a very good one, the effect of the black pillars is excellent. Much must not be said for the body of the church, but it is very large, and has a good deal that will be found interesting to one who has time to examine it in detail. It has been strangely disfigured by pewings, and patchings, and plasterings. There are some brasses and monuments worth noticing. One of the latter is of a cross-legged knight, in chain armour. This statue, like most of these statues, has had its nose knocked off, and been otherwise damaged; and, by way of making it look decent, it has been—not whitewashed — but — blackleaded! We say it has been, for it is just possible that the good clerk, who seemed to be rather dismayed at our irreverent laughter at the blackening of this knight of the rueful countenance, may have taken the matter to heart, and tried how whitening it would look.

This clerk, by the way, will show the church, and we are glad to recommend him to the visitor. He is a lively, obliging sort of a person, well informed as to the history and contents of the church, and will be found deserving of the stranger's shilling (or half-crown, if he prefers it). But if you want to secure his services, you must call upon him at the right time; for, like his betters, —— —— is a bit of a pluralist, and, unlike some of them, does duty in many places. Not only does he assist at naming, and wiving, and burying his neighbours,—intone the responses, and add a strong tenor to the psalmody, but he is also postmaster and postman of the good town and corporation; moreover, he carries the letter-bags, (and parcels too, when he can find any to carry,) twice a-day to Romney and back on foot;—and finally, fills up his spare hours by making or mending the "coriaceous integuments" of his fellow-citizens; by all which means, with the help of good management and a cheerful temper, he is able to fledge a well-filled quiver, and support a blind brother. This poor boy lost his sight during a long sickness, which also enfeebled him too much for labour; and, by way of ameliorating his condition, his friends procured for him some musical instruments. These he has taught himself to play a few tunes upon; and now, daily, does he take his place at the door of the little shop that is dignified as the Post-Office, somewhile before the postmaster is wont to depart on his afternoon journey. Three or four tunes on the cornet give notice to the town that the post-hour has arrived; and just as the church bell tells six, her Majesty's representative sallies forth in state, with his bags across his shoulder, and wends his way to the loyal and inspiriting melody of 'God save the Queen!'

Dungeness.

Lydd is an out-of-the-world place, but we are now to visit a far wilder spot—Dungeness (or as it used to be written, though not pronounced, Dengeness), a cape, or headland, of some six square miles, entirely covered with shingle. The only buildings on it are the lighthouse at its extremity, and the batteries, which are now occupied by the coast-guard. Very singular is the appearance of the land on passing from Lydd: flat dreary fields for the first two miles, when you come upon a couple of farm-houses, that seem placed where they stand in order to mark the confines of vegetation. No sooner have you passed through the gate, than you enter upon the loose shingle. Just here is a stagnant piece of boggy water, which the natives call 'The Colicker'—a name of pleasant sound and suggestion. Onwards all is a dry sterile waste of loose pebbles, ranged in wave-like furrows. When you reach the lighthouse, the wide bay on either side, and the unbounded ocean in front, with the many vessels of all sizes sprinkled over the whole space, produce a most powerful impression. It would amply repay the toil you have undergone, were there not also the gratification that arises from examining the very remarkable spot you are upon.

Dungeness is perhaps the most remarkable place of its kind that is known. It is a broad shingle waste,



8.—RYE, FROM THE HARBOUR.

extending over an area of above 4,000 acres, and stretching out to a point four miles into the sea. It has been formed, within a comparatively recent period, by the continual deposition of pebbles, and is still extending. Mr. Lyell, ('Prin. of Geol.' p. 302,) in noticing the great increase of land opposite Romney and Lydd, thus accounts for the increase:—"These additions of land are exactly opposite that part of the English Channel where the conflicting tide-waves from the north and south meet; for, as that from the north is the most powerful, they do not neutralize each other's force till they arrive at this distance from Dover. Here, therefore, some portions of the materials drifted from west to east along the shores of Sussex and Kent, find at length a resting-place." This may, to a great extent, account for the subsidence of silt along the edge of the marsh, but hardly explains the growth of this great bank of shingle. All observation along this coast tends to prove that the tide has no appreciable influence on shingle. Here, as elsewhere, the shingle advances with a permanent motion in a particular direction; but the motion is plainly caused by the action of the waves. The great movements of the shingle occur during gales, and the motion is in an easterly or westerly direction, according to the direction of the wind; but as westerly gales are by far the most frequent and the most violent in the Channel, the motion of the beach is permanently towards the east, along the whole of this coast. The quantity of shingle that is thrown up during a storm is almost incredible. Capt. Peat, R.N., the inspecting commander of the coast-guard on this station, informed the Harbour Commissioners that he had known 500 tons accumulate at the mouth of a harbour in one gale; and we are informed by officers stationed at this Ness, that forty or fifty yards have been thrown up here during a storm, and almost all scattered in a squall from the opposite point. But there is a remarkable permanent extension here. The old lighthouse stood in the centre of the Grand Redoubt, and when, owing to the extension of the point, the present lighthouse was built, it was (as an inscription inside it records) placed at a distance of exactly 100 yards from low-water mark. This was in 1792: in 1844, when a survey was made for the Harbour Commission, it was found to be 190 yards from low water; consequently, it had grown out ninety yards in fifty-two years. The Harbour Commissioners recommended that the ground should be measured periodically, and a register of the changes kept. This is now being done, and in time may throw some valuable light on the movement of shingle beaches. Since 1844, there have been a great many westerly gales, and the point has made an unusual advance. The permanent distance from the lighthouse to low-water mark now appears to be 230 yards. The growth of the point is eastward as well as outward; and when the present lighthouse shall have become useless or dangerous, as at no very distant period it must, it will be necessary to place the new one a good deal east of the present.

From this point stretching so far into the sea, and the shape of the coast on each side, Dungeness forms two noble bays; and as the anchorage is good, and there is shelter except from southerly winds, it is a much-frequented roadstead. As many as 300 sail have been counted riding in the East bay at one time. During the war it was chosen as the station for the fast cruisers that were on the watch for the privateers that were so troublesome in the Channel. Its convenient position for vessels navigating the Channel, its size, and the excellent holding-ground, led many of the most experienced mariners and pilots to urge the importance of converting it into a harbour of refuge; but the Commissioners, in their Report, observe—"Where nature presents so much accommodation and shelter, it will always be a matter for serious consideration whether it may not be well to be satisfied with what is already so good, and to give to other places of acknowledged importance in point of position, the artificial assistance they need, in order to render them available as places of secure anchorage." One of the Commissioners, however, Sir W. Symonds, dissented from the rest, and recommended Dungeness in preference to Dover, which he thought would be liable to silt up. The rise of tide, we may mention in passing, is higher at Dungeness than at any other place on the coast, "being twenty-one feet on springs, and fourteen feet on neaps."

The lighthouse is 110 feet high, and so substantial a structure that scarcely the slightest tremor is noticed by the keepers, even in the fiercest storm. The view from the top of it—whether we turn towards the vast stretch of sea, or inland, and look down upon the furrowed waste we have been examining, and the wide marsh beyond—is an extraordinary one. The lighthouse is illuminated by about twenty lamps, each placed in the centre of a powerful reflector, which diffuse a most brilliant, steady light. The whole interior of the building is in perfect order, and beautifully clean. The lighting apparatus is as bright and as perfect as though of but yesterday's erection. There are two keepers who sit up alternately half the night to watch the lights, and who are employed almost half the day in cleaning and trimming them. The seclusion in which these men and their families live is hardly conceivable. They seldom go across the shingle to Lydd, and they have little intercourse with the coast-guard—the only other dwellers on the Ness. Though within sight of the French coast, they did not hear of the late French revolution till nearly three weeks after it had happened!

Rye.

The walk through the Marsh from Lydd to Rye is of unalloyed dismalness. The path is tortuous, the country flat, the air redolent of ague. Yet it is endured by the natives, who live to be old upon it. We ventured to inquire of one, an old man of eighty, and who had lived here all his life, whether there was not a good deal of ague about this part of the Marsh?

"Why yes," he replied, "there be a terrible many down wi't just now." "Is it as bad as it used to be forty or fifty years ago?" "Bless your heart! people didn't have any trouble about ague then—that was my darter you seed just now; poor soul! she has it terrible bad—surely: now I never had any ague when I was her age." "And what made the difference, do you think?" "What made the difference? Why, I'd a drop o' brandy to go to when I felt it a comin' on!"

There is literally nothing to see between Lydd and Rye, and nothing along the coast to notice; the stranger, therefore, had better take any conveyance he can procure (if he can procure any) and get to the latter town with as little delay as possible. Rye would be a noticeable place wherever it might be, but standing where it does, just at the termination of the long flat marsh, it finds many a one who sees it ready to unite with the townsmen in styling it 'romantic.' Once it must have been eminently so. "The spot on which the town of Rye stands was originally an insulated rock, surrounded on all sides, and at all times, by the waters of the ocean, and unapproachable except by the aid of ships or boats." (Holloway, 'Hist. of Rye.') Its position now is very different. The rock, of course, still stands where it did, though somewhat diminished in size, and the town is yet on its summit and along its slopes—but the sea is two miles distant from it, and ships of small size can alone approach it, and only by means of a singularly tortuous and inconvenient channel. Yet even for this channel the town is indebted to a river which, during the first centuries of Rye's existence, flowed to the sea by a course that left Rye far away to the southward. The Rother, which now flows at the base of the hill on which Rye is built, and by its estuary forms the haven, till the reign of Edward I. entered the sea at Romney and formed Romney Harbour. We have mentioned this before when at Romney, but really, in looking round this coast, the changes that have occurred appear so strange, that it is only by dwelling a little on them in detail—though at the risk of repetition—that we come to understand them.

Rye was in existence at the time of Edward the Confessor, for he gave it and Winchelsea to the monks of Fécamp in Normandy, to whom it belonged till it was redeemed by Henry III., in 1246. It appears to have been added to the Cinque Ports, under the title of an 'Ancient Town,' as early as the reign of Henry II. Like the other towns along the coast it suffered heavily from its proximity to the shores of France. A petition addressed to Richard II., in 1378, entreats his majesty "to have consideration of the poor town of Rye, inasmuch as it has been several times taken" by the foe; and in consequence "is unable further to repair the walls, wherefore the town is, on the sea-side, open to enemies." And they remind the king of the double peril to which they are liable—for "at the last taking of the town, when the enemy had returned to France," the authorities of Rye were hanged and quartered for not having made a better defence! Wherefore, the present authorities, not exactly relishing the prospect before them, "pray your Most High Lordship for God's sake and as an act of charity," to grant them power to levy and apply certain fines for the purpose of building up the said ruinous walls. As we do not hear of any more mayors or barons suffering suspension, we may hope that they not only repaired their walls, but made a better defence behind them; for certainly the town was taken and plundered two or three times afterwards. But all these, and the ravages of pestilence, from which it also several times suffered, we pass over.

From the 13th to the 15th centuries its prosperity fluctuated considerably; in the 16th it began to show symptoms of declension from the loss of its harbour. "It is very difficult," Mr. Holloway observes, "not to say impossible, to point to the precise period when the sea first began to retire from the parts adjacent to the town of Rye." We need not follow the stages of its decay. So late as "the reign of Charles, a sixty-four-gun ship could ride in safety in the harbour, while now it will admit no vessel of more than 200 tons burden." In 1750, a shingle bar having formed at the mouth of the harbour, and nearly blocked it up, an attempt was made to cut a new channel to the sea. The work was continued till 1778, when, the authorities becoming convinced that it was a failure, it was abandoned and the old harbour again reverted to, and made navigable at high water. Very recently considerable alterations have been made in it: an embankment has been formed where the water used to spread out, and the channel has been made considerably narrower. We do not know whether it has answered the intention of the contrivers, but one of the consequences of thus confining the current has been, that just where the back-water meets the tide stream at the point above the coast-guard ship, a sand-bar is forming very rapidly; and, unless some measures be taken to remove it, will soon seriously impede the already troublesome navigation. At low water the harbour is nearly dry.

The appearance of the town from the ship at the mouth of the harbour, is shown in the engraving. (Cut, No. 9.) The shape of the hill rather detracts from its picturesqueness, but it is still a very picturesque town. It has a good deal of trade yet, and, as the railway is to be extended to it, the inhabitants hope there will soon be more. Ship-building is carried on to some extent in it, and the building-places (they cannot be called ship-yards) present a very busy aspect. But the chief trade arises from its being the place for the export of the agricultural produce of this part of Kent and Sussex (near the junction of which counties it stands) and for the import of coal and Dutch goods.

Internally, Rye has a good deal the look of an old town. But, while retaining something of antiquity in its appearance, it has not failed to put on also something of a modern air, and the mixture renders it pleasing and cheerful. The principal streets are clean and well-paved, and the shops are well-stocked, and have a much more business-like character than in any place we have seen since Folkestone. The streets and

passages that run down the steep side of the hill towards the harbour are, some of them, as inodorous as they are inconvenient. At the end of the High-street there is a broad piece of pavement, fenced in with an iron railing, that forms a sort of parade on the brow of the hill, and surprises the stranger who strolls up the street by suddenly opening to him a wide and pleasant prospect: Lydd steeple is plainly visible. There are some old architectural remains about Rye. Of the civil architecture, Ypres' Tower, built in the reign of Stephen, by William Ypres, Earl of Kent, is the most ancient. It was originally intended for the defence of the town, at the south-east angle of which it is placed: it is now used as a jail. Of the three gates which served as the entrances to the town, only one—the Land-gate, which leads to the London road—remains. It is large and picturesque. The gateway stands between two round towers, forty-seven feet high and twenty-five feet in diameter. When perfect, it had all the usual defensive appliances, and must have been a strong as well as formidable-looking structure. It is now in a rather bad state. There are several old houses about the town, but it must suffice to merely mention them. The church is ancient and very large, by far the largest in these parts—and, also, in about the worst condition. It has undergone almost every variety of defacement that churchwardens' taste and churchwardens' economy could inflict upon it—and the townsmen wonder that strangers do not admire it. But there is a grand eastern window, and there are some other windows and parts, which will be discovered by those who care for such things, that have escaped without material injury. Of the buildings belonging to the religious establishments that once existed in Rye, but few remains are left. The principal relic is the Chapel of the Friars Eremites of St. Augustin, situated on Conduit-hill. There are some points of interest about it, but it is too much blocked in to be fairly seen, and, if it could be seen, it is too much altered to be worth looking at. It is now a cheesemonger's warehouse. There is a rather curious fragment by the churchyard, which Mr. Holloway thinks he has ascertained to be a house belonging to the Carmelite Friars.

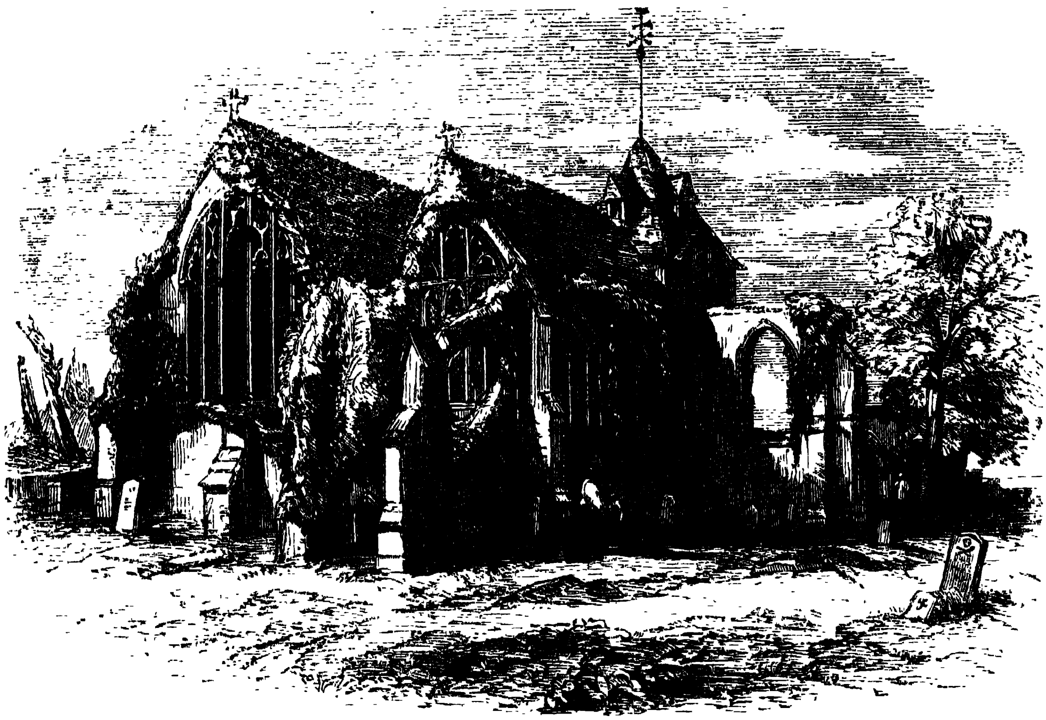
Winchelsea.

On leaving Rye you see another town, seated on a hill about two miles from Rye: this is Winchelsea; but the present is not the site it always occupied. Originally, Winchelsea stood about two miles east of the present town, on a spot now covered by the sea. In its early history, Winchelsea seems to have been united with Rye. It was given along with it to the monks of Fécamp, and redeemed from them at the same time. They were united to the Cinque Ports together, and were both incorporated by the title of 'Ancient Towns.' Old Winchelsea must have been a flourishing place; for in 1229, some fifty years before the rise of the new town, it was required to furnish ten ships out of the fifty-seven provided by the Cinque Ports. The old town began to suffer from the assaults of the sea in the early part of the thirteenth century. The most destructive influx of the sea occurred during a terrible storm, in 1250. It is graphically described by Holinshed, who concludes thus:—

"At Winchelsea, besides other hurt that was done in bridges, mills, breaks, and banks, there were three hundred houses, and some churches, drowned with the high rising of the water-course."

But the town had now also, to encounter the enmity of the monarch. The Cinque Ports' navy had espoused the cause of the barons, and Winchelsea had especially distinguished itself by its zeal for Montfort. Historians, also, lay to its charge an equal addiction to piracy, for which the unsettled times gave too much license. Be that as it may, on the death of Montfort Prince Edward turned his attention to the coast, and, as we are told, "punishing divers of the inhabitants within the Cinque Ports, and putting them in fear, received divers of them to the king his father's peace. The inhabitants of Winchelsea, only, made countenance to resist him, but Prince Edward with valiant assaults entered the town, in which entry much guilty blood was spilt; but yet the multitude, by commandment of Prince Edward, was spared. And thus having won the town, he commanded that, from henceforth, they should abstain from piracies, which they had beforetime greatly used." This happened in 1266. Six years later, a royal grant was issued, authorising the purchase of a piece of rising ground, against whose southern base the sea beat, for the purpose of building a new town, which should possess all the privileges of the old. The king built walls around it, and houses were "metely builded;" but the inhabitants lingered about their old home till 1287, when it was wholly submerged.

The new town was laid out on a regular plan. It occupied a wide area, and the houses were not crowded together. The streets were wide, and at right angles to each other. The entrances to the town were by four embattled gate-houses; a magnificent church was placed in the centre of a large square; provision was made for an extended commerce. The new town soon grew to be a flourishing one, and became, in a little time, one of the principal ports for embarkation to the continent. It was taken by the French, and also by the Spaniards, but the mischief they caused was transient. When Elizabeth passed through the town, in 1573, she was so delighted with its active prosperity as to style it 'Little London'—a title every inhabitant likes to repeat to the present day. But its prosperity was already undermined. A sand-bank had been steadily forming to the westward of it, and the sea was now beginning gradually to retire. We need not follow its history further. It is now a village, with seven hundred inhabitants, and separated from the sea by nearly two miles of sandy flat. The lines of its streets may be traced along the green fields. Three of the gates are yet standing, but only one of them adjoins the town. Another is a shapeless ruin, down to which



10.—WINCHELSEA CHURCH.

a few houses straggle; while the third is a mile distant from any houses!

But, of all the decayed old towns we have seen along the coast, Winchelsea is the best worth visiting. It owns itself a wreck, and does not try to get rid of the ruins, and put on an appearance of smartness. The wide space which the town originally covered helps now not a little to increase the reverend air it carries as a ruin. You wander about its outskirts among pleasant bye-ways, and are startled to come upon some fragment of a chapel, or an old house, when you thought yourself a long way beyond the limits of the town. And the more important remains are much above the ordinary grade. The church is yet in the centre of the great square, which remains unencroached on, though only partly surrounded by houses, and serves as a scale by which to judge of the size of the town. The church is partly ruinous; only the chancel, which is used as the present parish church, remaining entire. But a considerable portion of the walls are standing, clad in a venerable mantle of ivy. Originally, the church must have been very large, and extremely handsome. In its semi-ruinous state it is a noble fragment—more impressive, perhaps, than when perfect; and as a ruin, one of the most magnificent we know of in any of these southern counties. (Cut, No. 10.) The interior shows many signs of former grandeur. There are several fine monuments,—three are of Knights Templars, one of them, which is within the modern vestry, being in an unusually perfect condition. There is also a monument of an abbess, that deserves notice. It is said that, beneath the wide-spreading ash tree which stands against the west side of the churchyard wall, John Wesley preached his last open-air sermon. Another very beautiful ruin is that of the Chapel of the Virgin, which formerly belonged to a monastery of Grey Friars. It now stands outside the town, within what is called the Friary Park—and can only be seen on Mondays. It is exquisite of its kind, and should be seen, if possible. Of the three gates which remain, the most perfect is the Land-gate, through which you pass on your way from Rye. It is a picturesque old pile, having a wide gateway, between massive round towers. Looking through it from the inside, the town of Rye is seen seated on its hill, as though a picture, set in a heavy antique frame. The effect is very curious. Strand-gate, which is, as we said, a mere shapeless mass of stone, does not appear to have ever been of much consequence; but New-gate, about a mile along the Icklesham road, has been much finer. It is now quite ruinous, but it stands in a lovely spot, half buried among trees, and leading into a lane, the high banks of which are, in the spring, literally covered with primroses. There are many other old buildings, or vestiges of old buildings, to be seen, but we cannot speak of them now. Few of our readers, perhaps none, will follow us through our whole route; but we counsel any who may be lovers of antiquity, or of picturesque beauty, if they be any way near Winchelsea, to visit it, if possible. No one should be at Hastings without visiting it.

Coast to Eastbourne

The low flat tract which now intervenes between the sea and Winchelsea, is called Pett Level. It was fortified during the war by eight martello towers. The lonely ruin that is seen towards Rye, is Camber Castle, one of the buildings erected by Henry VIII., for the defence of the coast. It was dismantled and suffered to go to decay on the decline of Winchelsea, for the protection of which it had been built. Leaving this Level, we may mount the hill, and, leaving the village of Pett on the right, proceed towards Fairlight. As the coast from Fairlight to Bexhill has been already described (vol. i., p. 274, *et seq.*), we shall content ourselves with referring our readers to that description, and hasten on our way, without staying to look at, much less to participate in the jauntings, and bathings, and other delectations of Hastings, and its dainty daughter St. Leonard. We need only insert a remark in passing along, with reference to the coast defences, which, as we have noticed them hitherto, we may as well continue to notice to the termination of our journey. From Pett, then, where the Fairlight cliffs commence, there are no more fortresses till beyond St. Leonard's. The shelving shore, with the steep sand cliffs at its margin, perhaps, were thought to render it an unlikely place for a hostile landing; but there are signal-houses, with two or three guns on the top of the cliffs, by means of which intelligence of hostile descent would be speedily conveyed.

Just beyond St. Leonard's, at the sandy hollow called Bo-peep, and not far from the railway station, the martello towers again recommence, and continue all the way along the bay to Beachy Head. We may mount the eminence on which Bexhill stands, and admire the pleasant prospect around, and then drop down again upon the coast, at the point where our sketch was made. (Cut, No. 11.)

The scene here is a striking one. Eastbourne Bay extends before you in a beautiful curve. Its farther side is formed and bounded by the majestic promontory of Beachy Head, under whose shadow a hazy smoke indicates the site of a village or two. The shore that lies between you and the headland is low, but a little inland it swells into gentle undulations, on the summit of one of which you discern, though indistinctly, the ruins of Pevensey Castle. Along the margin of the sea is a series of circular towers, giving a marked character to the landscape; while one of them close at hand imparts firmness to the foreground, and throws the whole into pleasing perspective. Add to this the living ocean, which fills the bosom of the bay, and a few golden clouds glowing in the radiance of the sinking sun, which is at the same time imbuing the entire earth, and sky, and sea, with its splendour, and you have a picture that, however feeble it may appear when described in words, could hardly fail to draw expressions of admiration from any one who beholds it; and is a thing of joy to him who loves the grandeur or the beauty of nature.

But it was not merely to view this scene—lovely as it has always seemed to us—that we lingered here. We said that we should spend a few words in describing the kind of battery that is so characteristic of this coast, and this seems a fitting place to do so. Our sketch of this spot has brought a martello tower prominently before us; while, along the line of coast we are looking upon, more of them are brought together, and in more striking connection than any where else. Between this spot and Beachy Head, a distance of about seven miles, there are no less than twenty-four of them.

Let us look a little more closely at this one. It was, as has been noticed, about 1804 that Pitt formed the design of putting the entire coast into a condition to repel invasion, which then began to appear imminent. The nature of the coast, and the circumstance that a long line of it was to be fortified, seemed to require an arrangement different from that ordinarily adopted in fortifying a country. The chief object proposed was, to prevent or obstruct the landing of troops at any particular point. The forts not being liable to be attacked by infantry on the land side, it was only necessary to provide the most efficient means of sweeping the coast. The name as well as the form given to these forts is said to have been suggested by one of a somewhat similar kind which stood in Mortella Bay Corsica, and which was taken by the British troops with great trouble and loss. The martello towers are all pretty much alike. They are circular, generally about forty feet in diameter at the base, and the walls batten, or incline inwards, to a diameter of about thirty feet at the top. Their height is about thirty feet. They are two stories high; the lower story being divided into chambers for stores, the upper into apartments for an officer, and privates. A strong central pillar supports a bomb-proof roof. The summit was mounted with a long twenty-four pounder, fixed so as to point in every direction; and the larger class was also mounted with a five-inch howitzer for throwing shells; a high parapet screens the artillerymen. They are built of brick, the thickness of the walls varying from five to twelve feet, according to circumstances. The walls on the seaward side are always much thicker than towards the land. To support such an immense mass of brickwork the foundations had to be laid deep and wide, and they were so contrived as to include a reservoir for water. Generally, these towers are close by the shore; but in some situations they are placed on a hill, or point of land. In such positions they are surrounded by a deep moat faced with brick, and are entered by a swivel bridge. The doorway is always five or six feet from the ground, and, where there is not a moat, the entrance is by a ladder, that could be drawn up inside. Each of the towers mounted one large swivel, and contained an officer and from twenty to thirty men. But, wherever there is an exposed spot, they were so placed as to cross each other's fire, and compose a complete chain of forts. Their ordinary distance apart is somewhat above a quarter of a mile. When

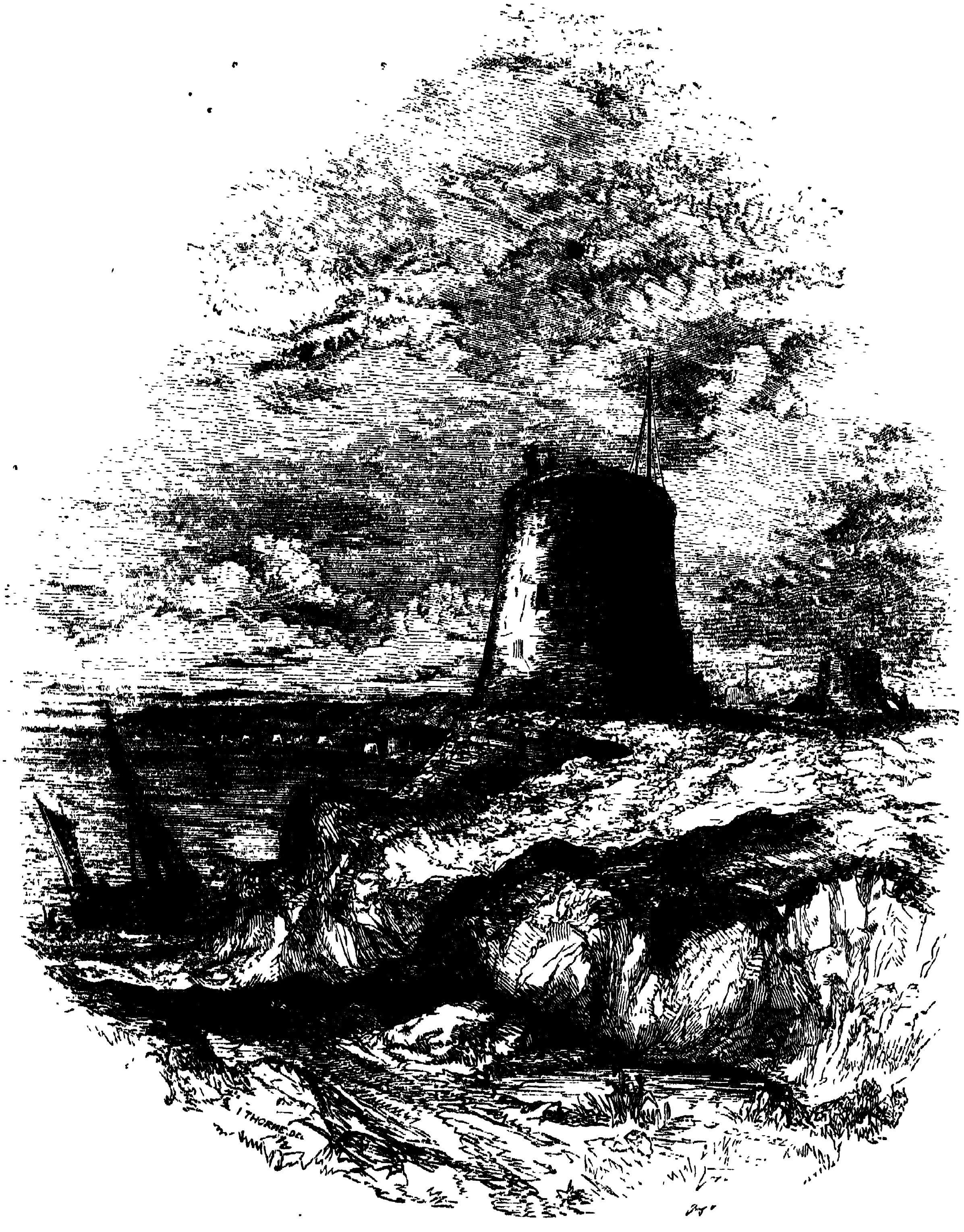
several of them are collected together there are generally some forts or redoubts placed among them at intervals, the larger of them mounting ten or twelve twenty-four pounders, and capable of containing a regiment of infantry, with all military appliances. But these forts were very few of them ever mounted, and some never finished. Being of the ordinary construction, it is unnecessary to say a word about their appearance; but, the martello towers being such observable features of this coast, and not generally understood, we thought a brief description of them would not be out of place.

The martello towers reach from East-wear Bay east of Folkestone, to Seaford, on the west of Beachy Head. They are numbered in succession. No. 1 stands on Copt Point, at the former place; that at Seaford is numbered 74. The one of which we have given an engraving (No. 51), it will be observed, rests towards the sea on a sloping wall of masonry. It was not originally constructed so. When first built, and long after, there was a road between it and the sea; but the sea is continually making encroachments upon the land here. It is only by the building of this wall, and the running out of groins, that the tower has been saved. All the towers are now dismantled, and are used as stations for the coast-guard.

A good deal of doubt has been expressed as to their efficiency; and it is said that their worth, even though efficient, is quite inadequate to their cost. Of these matters we undertake not to decide. Their efficiency happily never was tested, and we trust never may be; but there is a tradition that they were regarded with vehement dislike by the officers of the Grand Army. We understand that the Board of Ordnance have in view some alterations, which are believed to be likely to render the towers more serviceable in the altered state of warfare, such as mounting guns of a larger calibre, and setting them higher, so as to extend the range. As to the cost of these towers, we have little to say, but—there they are; and is it worth while to let them go to ruin, or to pull them down because they were costly? All military men, as well as their Great Captain, join in the opinion expressed by the Commissioners, which we have already quoted, as to the present insecure state of this coast; and the government and the nation have to consider whether it be not a wise economy, at least, to place existing, though dismantled defences, in such a state, that they may be readily made available, should the need for them ever occur.

A Commission appointed in 1840 to examine this coast, with a view to the construction of Harbours of Refuge, recommended the east side of Eastbourne Bay as an advisable site for one. The Commission of 1844, in consequence, caused a very careful survey to be made of the Bay, but the result was unfavourable. The situation was declared to be in many respects a good one; but so many patches of shoal—no less than twenty-one detached shoals of less than five fathom water—were discovered, and the Report of Capt. Washington, the able surveying-officer, so clearly pointed out its hazardous nature, that the Commissioners at once decided against it, and in favour of the bay on the western side of Beachy Head. Else the bay would have been an admirable one in a gale; for the bold promontory of Beachy Head so effectually shelters it on the west, while a bank that lies immediately under the Head, tends "so materially to prevent the weight of the sea setting home into the bay," that there is comparatively smooth water, and Capt. Washington was "assured by the officer of the coast-guard, and by several fishermen residing here, that no instance is known of their being unable to beach their boats in Eastbourne Bay in a south-west gale." In some parts of this Eastbourne Bay the shingle is accumulating along the shore, but elsewhere the sea is gaining on the land. During the last winter the parade constructed at the little watering-place adjacent to Eastbourne, was entirely shattered, and some of the smart houses, built close by the shore for summer visitors, were sadly damaged.

Eastbourne Bay witnessed a strange sight in 1690: a battle between the combined navy of England and Holland, and a French fleet—and the defeat of the English. But English arms have not won much honour, here. In 1706 two English men-of-war were taken, and a third was only saved from a like fate by running ashore in this bay. This is the Portus Anderida of the Romans. Many Roman remains, some of considerable value, have been discovered in the neighbourhood. Eastbourne consists of three villages. First, a little outlying collection of lodging-houses, inns, a bathing-house, and the other usual buildings that go to the formation of a watering-place on a small scale, that has grown up within a few years, by the sea-side: it is known as the Sea Houses. Next, somewhat inland, occurs a straggling hamlet, with some larger shops, more inns, good-sized villas, a new church, and even a theatre—but withal, wearing a rather lugubrious aspect. Then, still farther, a mile and a half from the sea, is the old town (if it can be called a town), having some old-fashioned houses, an old weatherbeaten church, and some good old trees.



11.—MARTELLO TOWERS, EASTBOURNE BAY.

BIRMINGHAM.

A Bird's-Eye View.

There is a castle-keep, not far from the centre of the kingdom, from whence can be obtained one of the most remarkable views anywhere presented to the artist or the tourist. It is not a view of hill and dale, of mountain and water-fall, of craggy rock and dizzy precipice; it is not a sweep of country, spotted over with the ruins of cathedrals, abbeys, castles, baronial mansions, and other erections that tell of past days; it is not a commingling of lake scenery with land scenery, nor any of those picturesque groupings which distinguish a sea-coast.

Dudley Castle is the point of sight here selected; and the landscape viewed from it is the coal and iron district of South Staffordshire. On whichever side the view is taken, but especially towards the north and the east, the evidences of mining industry are truly remarkable. The grass of the fields shows no disinclination to grow, nor are there wanting many pleasant undulations of country; but the crust of the earth has been pierced in a hundred places; and wherever these perforations have occurred, there do we see red buildings and black smoke. These buildings and this smoke increase year after year—age after age; and if purchasers for the mining produce become as numerous as the sellers could wish, the buildings and the smoke will still further increase, and the green fields will be still further encroached upon

Although the name of South Staffordshire is here mentioned, a visitor to the district must be prepared to find himself repeatedly in the wrong as to the county in which he happens to be located at a particular moment. Geology has very little to do with counties. Geology makes the district what it is: counties are man's divisions. Taking Dudley Castle as a centre, we have to the north of us Tipton, Gornal, Sedgley, Bilston, Wolverhampton, Willenhall, and Wednesfield—all in Staffordshire, all within a distance of eight or nine miles, and all marked by the perforations into the "world underground," the red brick houses, and the black smoke. Taking next a more eastern direction, we find Great Bridge, Toll End, Darlaston, Wednesbury, Christchurch, West Bromwich, and Swan Village, all coming under the same description as the former group. But when the view bends round farther to the south, we find that the iron towns (for so they may well be termed) are fewer, and wider apart, and that they lie in four counties which are very much entangled together. For instance, Birmingham—the giant of the district—is in Warwickshire; Smethwick, Rowley Regis, Brierley Hill, Wordesley, and Kingswinford, are in Staffordshire; Oldbury and Halesowen are in Shropshire; while Dudley, Dudley Port, and Stourbridge, are in Worcestershire. So numerous are the outlying fragments of counties in this neighbourhood, that in going from Birmingham to Dudley Castle by way of Oldbury, a distance by coach-road of about eight miles, we pass out of Warwickshire into Staffordshire, thence into Shropshire, thence again into Staffordshire, thence into Worcestershire, and a third time into Staffordshire; for although Dudley Town is in Worcestershire, Dudley Castle and grounds are in Staffordshire.

All the above towns, then, belong to the mining and manufacturing district, known by the general name of South Staffordshire. We shall have a little to say about most of them in a future page; but it will be well to take up the proposition just expressed, that "Geology makes the district what it is," and to show what is the nature of the mineral wealth that lies beneath the surface.

The district forms what is called by geologists a *coal-field*: it has layers of coal running, so far as is known, beneath the whole surface. This coal-field forms an irregular oblong, extending nearly from Rugeley in the north, to Halesowen in the south: but the northern half of this district is much less rich in coal and iron than the southern; insomuch that we may take Wednesfield and Halesowen as the north and south limits of the effective coal-field. The western limit approaches to Wolverhampton, and the eastern nearly to Birmingham. Taking the extreme limit up to Rugeley, the district measures about twenty miles long by six or seven broad. This coal-field is encircled on all sides by the new red sandstone formation. The transition from one to the other of these geological formations is very distinct, not only in the appearance of the surface, but in the existing state of vegetation, the extinct species of fossil animals and vegetables, the industrial employments, and even the moral and physical characteristics of the people. *Within* the district, almost every one is employed in raising coal, in raising iron ore, or in bringing that ore into the forms of smelted and manufactured iron; *beyond* the district the surface is wholly agricultural, and marked by the same natural and industrial features as agricultural regions generally; but at the *margin* of the district, where the change occurs, the soil is of a mixed character; and the population, lower in moral character than either of the others, are mostly employed in nail-making.

Wolverhampton is at the extreme north-west extremity of this coal-field, while Birmingham is at the extreme south-east: indeed the latter is, in strictness, wholly beyond the limits of the mining district, for there are no mines or collieries under Birmingham. How, then, it may be asked, has it arisen, that Birmingham, exterior to the coal and iron district, is a more important manufacturing town than any within the district? The following has been suggested as a mode of explaining this point. The *iron* of the district has been longer known and wrought than the *coal;* and, indeed, if this had not been the case, still it was formerly the practice to smelt all iron with wood-charcoal, rather than with coal: hence all iron-works used to be situated near

forests, in order that a supply of fuel might be obtained. Now it is known, from Domesday-book and other authorities, that the southern part of Staffordshire and the northern part of Warwickshire were in former days covered with forests. Scarcely a vestige of such forests now remain; and it is inferred that much of the timber has been used for charcoal for iron-smelting. The part of Warwickshire now under notice was formerly called *Arden*, from a British or Celtic word, implying woodland: there are still towns in it called Hampden-in-Arden, and Henley-in-Arden. It is supposed that, when the wood of Staffordshire had been largely consumed for smelting Staffordshire iron, the forests of Warwickshire were appealed to; and that Birmingham, being situated on the confines of the two counties, became a nucleus of manufacture and trade. It is always difficult to trace exactly the circumstances which led to the establishment of a particular manufacture in a particular town; but they are generally to be sought for in some natural features of the district.

Whether or not Birmingham owed its growth and importance to the vicinage of Staffordshire iron and Warwickshire wood, it is certain that the prosperity of South Staffordshire hinged upon the discovery of a mode of smelting iron by means of coal. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the legislature gave many indications of alarm at the prospective destruction of timber, by lessening or prohibiting the use of charcoal fuel at iron-works; but as no other mode of smelting was then known, the existence of the iron-manufacture itself became much perilled. During the reigns of James I. and Charles I., many persons attempted to smelt iron by the aid of pit-coal, but without success. In the reign of Charles II., however, Dud Dudley, of Dudley Castle, after infinite trouble, difficulty, and expense, succeeded in showing that iron might be smelted by pit-coal; and from that period we may date the commencement of the present state of things in South Staffordshire, seeing that the operations for coal and for iron have ever since gone on *pari passu*.

The object of this paper will be best attained by postponing a rapid sketch of these mining towns, until we have made acquaintance with Birmingham and its singulrly remarkable development of industry.

Birmingham in Past Days.

William Hutton runs a tilt against the old chroniclers, because they do not mention Birmingham (or *Bermyngeham, Burmyngham, Bermyngham, Byrmyngham, Bromicham, Bromwycham, Brumwycheham*—for it has been spelled in all these different ways, and possibly many more). "It is matter of surprise," he says, "that none of those religious drones, the monks, who lived in the priory for fifteen or twenty generations, ever thought of indulging posterity with a history of Birmingham. They could not want opportunity, for they lived a life of indolence; nor materials, for they were nearer the infancy of time, and were possessed of historical facts now totally lost."—"None of the histories which I have seen," he says in another paragraph, "bestow upon it more than a few lines, in which we are sure to be treated with the noise of hammers and anvils; as if the historian thought us a race of dealers in thunder, lightning, and wind; or infernals, puffing in blast and smoke."

Hutton supposes that two vestiges of Birmingham's infant state still survive, in Aston Forge and Wednesbury Old Field, which show indications of iron-works having been there in the time of the Romans, or perhaps of the Britons. Birmingham is now known as the seat of manufacture in various metals; but from its earliest state till the time of Charles II., its manufactures were almost exclusively in iron. Instruments of husbandry, tools for carpenters and other artificers, kitchen furniture — these were the main articles of produce; and until the middle of the last century, the forges at which these articles were made occupied the shops fronting the street: the old street called Digbeth had a dozen such forge-shops in front of the street in Hutton's time. Hutton describes the roads which led out of Birmingham, in the olden times, as having been sunk far beneath the surface of the adjoining country. Holloway Head, Dale End, Summer Hill, a road from Gosta Green to Aston Brook, Coleshill Street, and a road between Deritend and Camp Hill—all well-known localities in Birmingham—were formerly sunk below the level of the surrounding country to a depth varying from six to fifty feet; so that "the traveller of old, who came to purchase the produce of Birmingham, or to sell his own, seemed to approach her by sap." The old topographer views these hollow ways as indications of the antiquity and commercial influence of Birmingham. He says that they coincided with hilly parts of the town; that some of them, no doubt, were formed by the spade, to soften the fatigue of climbing the hill; that most of them, however, were owing to the effects of time, rain, and horse-traffic; and that, as rain must have been the most effective of these three agents, the formation of such deep gullies must have proved the great antiquity of Birmingham. This theory is ingenious, but not wholly satisfactory.

Leland, in the time of Henry VIII., gave the following picture of Birmingham, as it appeared to him on a hasty visit, in the early part of the sixteenth century: "I came through a pretty street as ever I entered, into Birmingham town: this street, as I remember, is called 'Dirtey' (Deritend). In it dwell smiths and cutlers: and there is a brook that divides this street from Birmingham, an hamlet or member, belonging to the parish therebye. There is at the end of Dirtey a proper chappel, and mansion-house of tymber (the Moat), hard on the ripe (bank), as the brook runneth down; and as I went through the ford, by the bridge, the water came down on the right hand, and a few miles below goeth into Tame. This brook, above Dirtey, breaketh in two arms, that a little beneath the bridge close again. This brook riseth, as some say, four or five miles above Birmingham, towards Black-hills. The beauty of Birmingham, a good market-town in the extreme parts of



1.—THE BULL-RING.

Warwickshire, is one street going up along, almost from the left ripe of the brook, up a mean hill, by the length of a quarter of a mile. I saw but one parish church in the town. There be many smiths in the town that use to make knives and all manner of cutting tools; and many lorimers that make bitts, and a great many nailors; so that a great part of the town is maintained by smithes, who have their iron and sea-coal out of Staffordshire." Hutton dismisses this description, by saying, "Here we find some intelligence, and more mistake." The great family which formerly gave the tone to Birmingham, and received a title from it, were the Lords de Birmingham, of whom frequent mention was made in the times of the Edwards and Henrys.

Hutton draws a picture—in part probably an imaginary one, of Birmingham in the twelfth century. The houses, he says, were of timber, mean and low, and lining both sides of dirty and narrow streets; her public buildings consisted of but one—the Church of St. Martin in the Bull Ring. Two centuries later, the town exhibited a greater number but scarcely a better kind of houses; her narrow streets had become narrower by encroachments from either side; her public buildings had been increased by three additional structures; viz., a Priory, a Guildhall, and a Chapel at Deritend. The description by Leland, so far as it gives intelligible or trustworthy details, may serve to represent Birmingham in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In the seventeenth century, the Birmingham men took part with the Parliamentarians against Charles I.

It was about the reign of Charles II. that the modern era of Birmingham may be said to have commenced. We have mentioned the introduction of smelting iron with coal, as having placed South Staffordshire in an improved position. Birmingham shared in that improvement; and about the same time building-leases became prevalent; and many new branches of ornamental manufacture began to spring up. Hutton, who delighted to put his description into quaint language, thus speaks of the change in Birmingham at the period now under notice:—"Though we have attended her through so immense a space, we have only seen her in infancy. Comparatively small in her size, homely in her person, and coarse in her dress. Her ornaments wholly of iron, from her own forge. But now her growth will be amazing, her expansion rapid, perhaps not to be paralleled in history. We shall see her rise in all the beauty of youth, of grace, of elegance, and attract the notice of the commercial world. She will also add to her iron ornaments the lustre of every metal that the whole earth can produce, with all their illustrious race of compounds heightened by fancy and garnished with jewels. She will draw from the fossil and the vegetable kingdoms; press the ocean for shell, skin, and coral. She will also tax the animal for horn, bone, and ivory, and she will decorate the whole with the touches of her pencil."

The old bibliopole was right. Birmingham has done all that he predicted. It is rather over a century ago that that singular writer first set foot in Birmingham; and ever since that period a steady process of advancement has been going on. New branches of manufacture have sprung up year after year; and the consumption of raw materials has become immense.

Birmingham in the Present Day.

Birmingham, we have before stated, lies in Warwickshire. It is very near the north-western extremity of that county. On approaching it from any side, the traveller should hesitate to pass judgment on it till he has taken the state of the weather into consideration. If it be fine, he may enter Birmingham in cheerfulness in spite of its smoke; if it be wet or foggy, he must buckle up his courage and draw upon his philosophy, or he will very likely think Birmingham a dismal place. It is rather unlucky, for a tourist who may be sensitive in these matters, that the railway stations are in such a poor-looking locality. The Grand Junction, the London and Birmingham, and Birmingham and Derby Companies, all fixed upon one district at the eastern margin of the town for their stations; and to get from thence to the busy heart of the place, we must traverse several queer and unattractive streets. When the present stupendous works are completed, (of which more anon,) this disadvantage will be obviated; but at present the entrance to Birmingham from the railways is anything but a pictorial one.

Perhaps the best mode of entering Birmingham, to see what it has been in past times, is by the London Road, through Bordesley and Digbeth, toward the Bull Ring and High Street. Here we come to the centre of old Birmingham. Here we see how prone our ancestors were to form streets, in every imaginable direction, in perfect contempt of all Euclid's propositions about right angles. Take the line from Bordesley to High Street: as tortuous a serpentine as we should wish to meet with. Turn up Moor Street, or Dale-End, or Bull Street, or New Street, or Edgbaston Street, or Worcester Street, or Spiceal Street—nothing is at right angles or parallel with anything else: each street pursues its own way, and a very crooked way it often is. Yet it is pleasant to see this odd-shaped spot; for it was the nucleus of all that Birmingham has since become. The approach from the east is not favourable; there is a long range of poor, dull, uninteresting streets to traverse before reaching the heart of the town. The northern inlets are better Whether we come along Lichfield Road, through Aston, or along the Wolverhampton Road, the approaches are more frequently speckled over with villas and neat residences. But the approaches from Halesowen and Harbourne, on the west, are the best of all; for they form, in fact, the "west end," in more senses than one. As seen from the open fields southward of the town, Birmingham presents a very busy aspect. (See Plate.)

From whichever way entered, Birmingham presents rather a flat appearance. It has no hilly spot; its spires are not conspicuous for loftiness; its only visible

giants are its chimneys. Yet is Birmingham anything but a dead-level town. Fortunately for its inhabitants, the town is built on a succession of elevations and depressions. The elevations are not high enough to deserve the name of hills, yet sufficiently so to give a capital drainage to the streets; whereby Birmingham occupies a place, in 'Health of Towns' reports, not quite so dismal as most other manufacturing towns. A Londoner is, however, very likely to pray for the abolition of pebbles, and to vote for flag pavements. Many of the second-rate streets of Birmingham have not yet advanced to the honours of smooth foot-pavements: they have the little round thickly-set pebbles which are so often seen in country towns, but which have so nearly disappeared from the metropolis.

If it were any use to regret such matters, we would regret that Birmingham has no river. The River Rea, which crosses the London Road at Digbeth, and traverses an extreme nook of the town, scarcely deserves the name of a river; it is a mere rivulet, dribbling down its small supply to the Tame. All the life, and bustle, and breeze, and heathful cheerfulness which accompany a good-sized river are here wanting. All the bathing and the boating; all the steam-boat excursions—are things to be talked about, not met with. There are probably many persons in Birmingham who have never yet seen a steam boat. There is also another want which occurs to the mind of those who have seen Birkenhead, Manchester, or Derby—there are no public parks, walks, greens, or open spots for exercise: there are very few of those 'squares' which serve as breathing spots in London. The consequence is, that the whole town is one mass of brick and mortar; and the inhabitants have to go far and wide before they can meet with a bit of green fields; and even then it is a sort of trespass to go into them, for they belong to private individuals and not to the town as a whole. Could not Birmingham club its resources together, and make a park for the people? It would be worth the cost. The people would be all the better citizens for it.

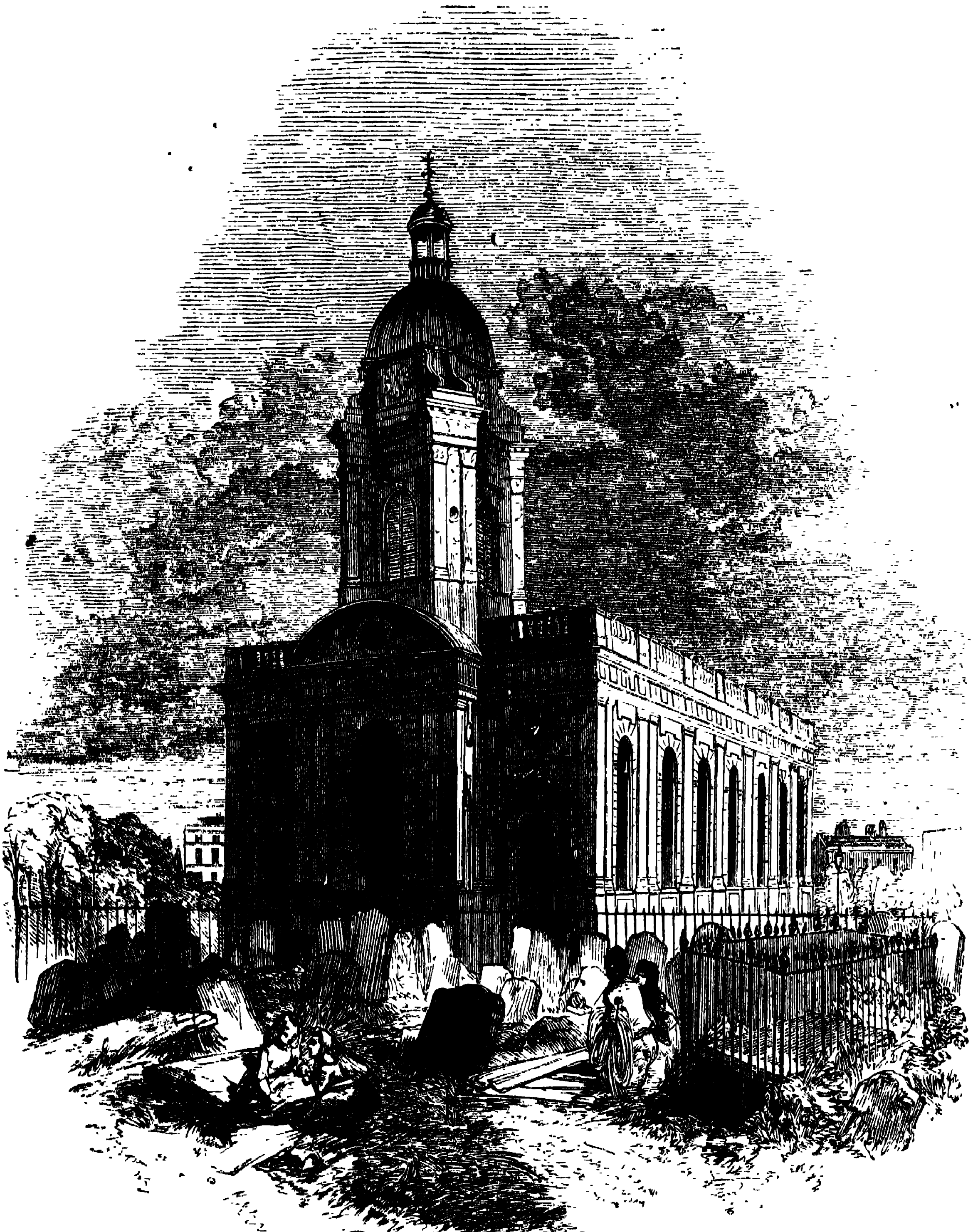
As a consequence of the irregularity lately alluded to, the streets of Birmingham do not traverse the town in a direct manner. In some respects, however, this irregularity is advantageous, for it gives nooks and corners which, well managed, form excellent sites for public buildings. The angular approach to the Town Hall up New Street, is an example of this kind. The site of Christ Church, near the Town Hall, is so fine, that it were to be wished the building itself was better. St. Martin's Church, in the Bull Ring, has a similarly fine site. The corner of Dale-End and Bull Street, and the corner of High Street and New Street, are in like manner salient angles, which would afford scope for fine buildings. As for the streets themselves, the better among them are lively and bustling, full of good shops, and crowded with people. New Street is the best—it is the Bond Street of Birmingham: what with its glittering array of shops, its inns, its fine Elizabethan School, its School of Arts, its Theatre, its Post-office, it gives the *ton* to that part of the town. High Street and Bull Street are localities of good shops, and apparently good trade. North-west of these is a large region of semi-private streets, having very few shops in them, but almost entirely occupied by warehouses and workshops of the numerous varieties of Birmingham manufacturers. Broad Street and Islington, at the western extremity of the town, are among the widest and best-built of the streets.

The Public Buildings.

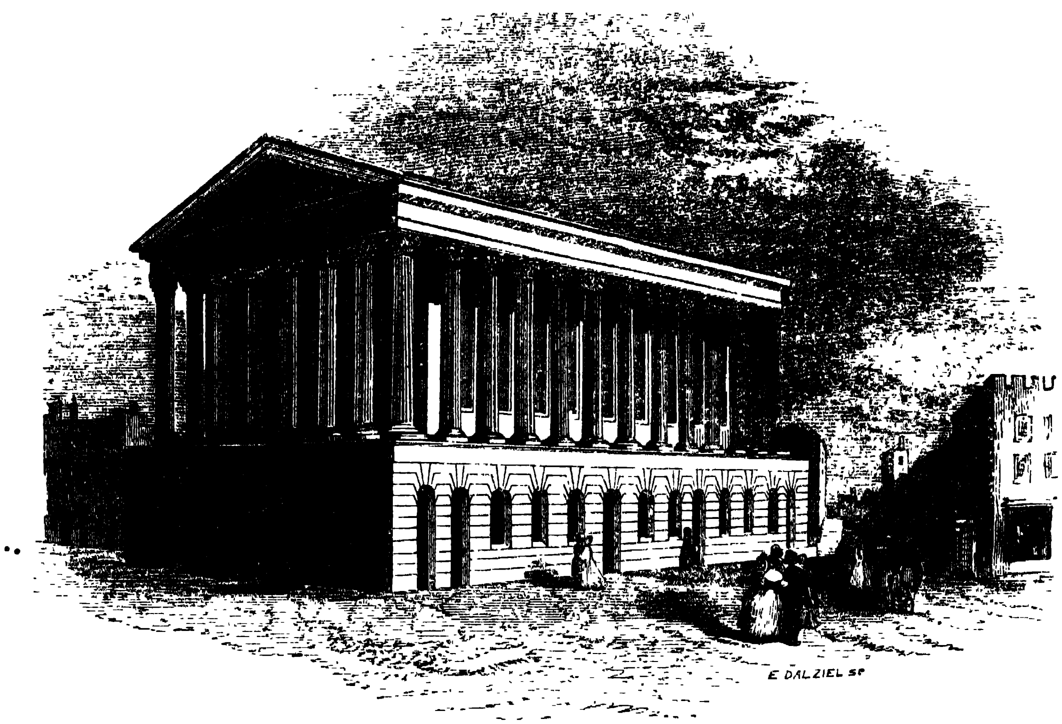
The public buildings of Birmingham are scarcely so numerous as we should expect to meet with in a town of 200,000 inhabitants; and only few of them are striking as works of art.

Of the churches, the venerable St. Martin's must take the lead. Hutton gives such a high antiquity to this church, that we can scarcely venture to follow him. But there is sufficient evidence that a church at this spot must have been one of the earliest erections in the town. The present structure is supposed to have been built in the early part of the thirteenth century. There is a triangular space of ground, in the centre of what we have called old Birmingham, designated the Bull Ring, (Cut, No. 1;) and at the southern side of this Bull Ring is the church. Many are the alterations which it must have undergone since its erection; for its general appearance is not so old as the date above assigned. It consists of a nave and clerestory, a chancel, a south aisle with a vestry attached, and a north aisle, at the west end of which stands the tower, surmounted by a spire. The early decorated style of architecture has been met with in several parts of the church, belonging to the period of the thirteenth century; but almost all of these have been obliterated. The church and tower were cased with brick, about a century and a half ago; and the spire has been several times altered and partially rebuilt. The exterior has suffered so many changes that it reveals less of former times than the interior. In 1846 the restoration of the monuments of the Lords of Birmingham, the most curious relics in the church, took place.

There is no other church in Birmingham which attracts notice by its association with the times of the Edwards and the Henrys. St. Philip's (Cut, No. 2) is admirably placed in the midst of an open space in the middle of the town, bounded by Colmore Row and Temple Row. The greater part of this space is occupied as a churchyard; but as this churchyard is railed off into compartments, and is intersected by well-paved avenues crossing in various directions, it forms the largest and most pleasant open space in Birmingham. The church itself is of the time of Queen Anne, and is a kind of miniature St. Paul's—not very pure, perhaps, in its architecture, but a handsome and good-looking structure. Its nearest neighbour, Christchurch, near the Town Hall, is far inferior to it: it is a century younger than St. Philip's, but is a bald and tame production. St. Bartholomew's, near the railway-station,



2.—ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH.



3.—THE TOWN HALL.

is a brick building, about a century old. St. Peter's, in Dale-End, was built by the New Churches' Commissioners, about twenty years ago: it has a tetrastyle Doric portico in front, and an octagonal turret over the roof. St. Mary's stands in a tolerably large open space, in the midst of a poor neighbourhood: it is an octagonal brick structure, and was built about seventy or eighty years ago. St. George's, near the road to Wolverhampton, is one of Rickman's careful imitations of the pointed style, and is an attractive building. St. Paul's, a little way south-west of St. George's, is chiefly note-worthy for its spire. St. Thomas's, near the western end of the town, has an Ionic hexastyle west front. There are several other churches within the limits of the town; and in nearly all cases the land on which the churches were built was presented by inhabitants of Birmingham.

The chapels belonging to the various Christian denominations are numerous, but for the most part plain and simple. The new Catholic cathedral, built within the last few years, at the junction of Bath Street with Shadwell Street, near the northern part of the town, is a more ambitious structure. It is one of Pugin's mediæval creations; and with some points of beauty about it, is on the whole a heavy and tasteless work. It is built mostly of the same red brick which is visible in all the houses of Birmingham. From the confined situation in which it is placed, the length is small compared with the width. The nave is separated, by six pillars on each side, from the aisles; and from these pillars spring arches which reach up to the roof without the intervention either of triforium or clerestory. This arrangement gives to the nave-arches an unusual elevation. A rich screen separates the choir from the nave, and another screen separates the Lady Chapel from the north aisle. There is a good deal of stained glass in the cathedral; and also some elaborate carvings belonging to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The Bishop's Palace, near the cathedral, is, like it, a red brick structure, and as unlike anything modern as could possibly be: it is a purposed reproduction of all the ancient features of catholic times; and contains a cloister, almonry, library, chapel, and refectory, in addition to suites of private apartments. There is a nunnery, or convent, of the Sisters of Mercy, at Birmingham. It is situated at a considerable distance from the cathedral and Bishop's Palace, but is like them in general architectural character. It contains, besides the living-rooms, a chapel, cloisters, oratory, cemetery, refectory, and cells. The inmates of this building, whether we join them in religious belief or not, must command respect for the deeds of goodness and kindness which it is the business of their lives to perform. There is a separate building attached to their convent, called the House of Mercy, which is said to have been built at the expense of the sisterhood themselves. In this house, poor destitute young women are boarded, clothed, and provided with work, until situations can be provided for them as domestic servants: they are taught all sorts of industrial duties likely to

be useful to them in after life; and they help to support themselves by their talents while in the house. The Sisters of Mercy are the teachers, the matrons, the friends of these poor females.

Of the remaining public buildings in Birmingham, the Town Hall (Cut, No. 3,) is the most conspicuous and attractive. It is a remarkable attempt to apply to modern purposes a style of structure which belonged essentially to the Greek temples. Architectural criticism on it has been most minute and diverse; and the sticklers for rigorous 'classicality' have not failed to find defects in it: but popular opinion has decided that the Town Hall is an honour to Birmingham, and this popular opinion is right. The Hall is a peristylar composition: that is, it presents ranges of columns along the sides and fronts. There is in the first place a rusticated basement, rising to the height of about 20 feet, and pierced with doorways and windows for the accommodation of the interior. Upon and above this basement the body of the building is placed; in front of which, on three sides and the structure, are placed ranges of noble Corinthian columns, supporting entablatures above. There are thirteen of these columns along each side, and eight in the principal front. A lofty pediment surmounts the columns of the chief front. Behind the columns, in the body of the building, are ranges of windows, one to each intercolumniation. The columns are about 40 feet high; and being elevated to so great a height above the ground, they form a very noble and majestic object, as seen from various parts of Birmingham. As the building was constructed for the holding of large meetings and assemblies, there is one large hall, which occupies the main part of the interior area. This hall is 145 feet long, 65 wide, and 65 high: it is somewhat smaller than Exeter Hall, but is unquestionably a noble room. At one end is a fine organ, which was constructed at a cost of £3,000 or £4,000: it is one of Hill's best productions. The outer case is 40 feet wide, 45 feet high, and 17 feet deep; there are 78 draw-stops, four sets of keys, and above 4,000 pipes; the largest wooden pipe has an interior capacity of 224 cubic feet.

This capacious hall is a most useful adjunct to the other buildings of Birmingham. Before its erection there was no fitting structure for the holding of large meetings; but the hall is now the place of assembly for politicians, for musical folks, and for all who wish to meet in large numbers. The admirable 'Musical Festivals' are closely associated with the history of this building. Before the erection of this Town Hall, in 1834, triennial musical festivals were held in St. Philip's Church, for the benefit of the General Hospital of the town; but the larger and more appropriate Hall is now applied to that purpose. Concerts of a less ambitious character are often held there; and the most interesting, perhaps, of these, is a kind of humble man's concert, held every Monday evening. The hall belongs to the corporation; the organ belongs to the General Hospital; and both parties lend their aid towards the establishment of a regular weekly concert, at such terms as shall induce the working classes to indulge occasionally in this very rational and acceptable amusement. The admission charge is as low as *threepence*, for which two or three hours of excellent music is given. The organ is the only musical instrument: there are a few singers engaged; and the selection always includes many sacred pieces. Let us take one evening's programme, as an example of the kind of musical fare offered to the visitors: The organist displayed the powers of the noble organ in the performance of one of Wesley's Organ Fugues; the andante from Haydn's 'Third Symphony;' Handel's 'Dead March in Saul;' Haydn's 'Heavens are Telling;' an 'Introduction and Fugue,' by Hesse; Mendelssohn's anthem, 'Oh, rest in the Lord;' and Haydn's fine Austrian national hymn, 'God preserve the Emperor;' while the harmonized vocal pieces were, Callcott's glee, 'Are the white hours for ever fled?' Knyvett's quartette, 'Beyond yon hills, where Lugar flows;' Spofforth's glee, 'Hail! smiling Morn;' Horsley's trio, 'When shall we three meet again;' and Ford's madrigal, 'Since first I saw.' Now, if the reader has any 'music in his soul,' he will at once agree that such a concert is well worth threepence; if he has *not*, he must take our word for it. It is impossible that such weekly meetings can be without good effect in a large and busy town: a purifying influence, though silent and almost imperceptible, must and does accompany them. The owners of the hall and of the organ are thankworthy for what they have done and are doing.

The only building in Birmingham which can vie with the Town Hall in architectural importance is the Grammar School, in New Street (Cut, No. 4.) While Messrs. Hansom and Welch took a Greek temple as the model for the one, Mr. Barry went to our own Elizabethan times for authorities for the other. This foundation is one of the many which date their commencement in the reign of Edward VI. The original building was replaced by a second, in 1707; and this becoming dilapidated a few years ago, the governors resolved to employ Mr. Barry to construct the present edifice. The choice was a felicitous one; for the structure is a worthy ornament to the town. It belongs to the same general style which Mr. Barry has since employed in the new palace of the legislature; and the elaborate carvings in Derbyshire stone impart to it a very enriched appearance. It presents a frontage of about 174 feet; its depth is 127 feet, and height 60 feet. There are seven ranges of flattish windows in front, with the accompanying buttresses, pinnacles, crowns, crosses, &c.; while there are bolder bay-windows at each extremity. The interior is fitted up commodiously for the requirements of a large school. The entire building is said to have cost no less than £40,000.

There has recently been erected a Corn Exchange, in a part of the town singularly destitute of attractive buildings. It is an oblong structure, with entrances at both ends, and counters and desks arranged on either side for the accommodation of the dealers. The best feature in the building is the roof, which is wagon-

vaulted, and remarkably light and elegant in its appearance. Another market-house—*the* market of Birmingham in respect to size and importance—is a large building lying on the western side of the Bull Ring, near St. Martin's church. It is, like the new markets of Liverpool, Birkenhead, and Newcastle, a quadrangular covered area, divided into avenues, and lighted by skylights or lanterns in an iron-framed roof over head. The market has a sort of Doric front, and on either side is a range of twenty-five windows; it is 360 feet long, 108 wide, and 60 high, and contains accommodation for 600 stalls. Immediately in front of this market-hall is Westmacott's statue of Nelson, which was put up about forty years ago: being placed in the open spot called the Bull Ring, its position is advantageous. A lover of the fine arts, or even a simple admirer of public decorations to a town, cannot fail to remark how little of *sculpture* is presented by Birmingham. When are its marble and bronze monuments to arrive? Are not the Watts, the Boultons, the Murdochs, the Baskervilles, worthy of some such note? and if not, are there no other public men whose statues we should like to gaze upon? Mr. Kohl, in his 'England,' gives Birmingham a little castigation in relation to this matter.

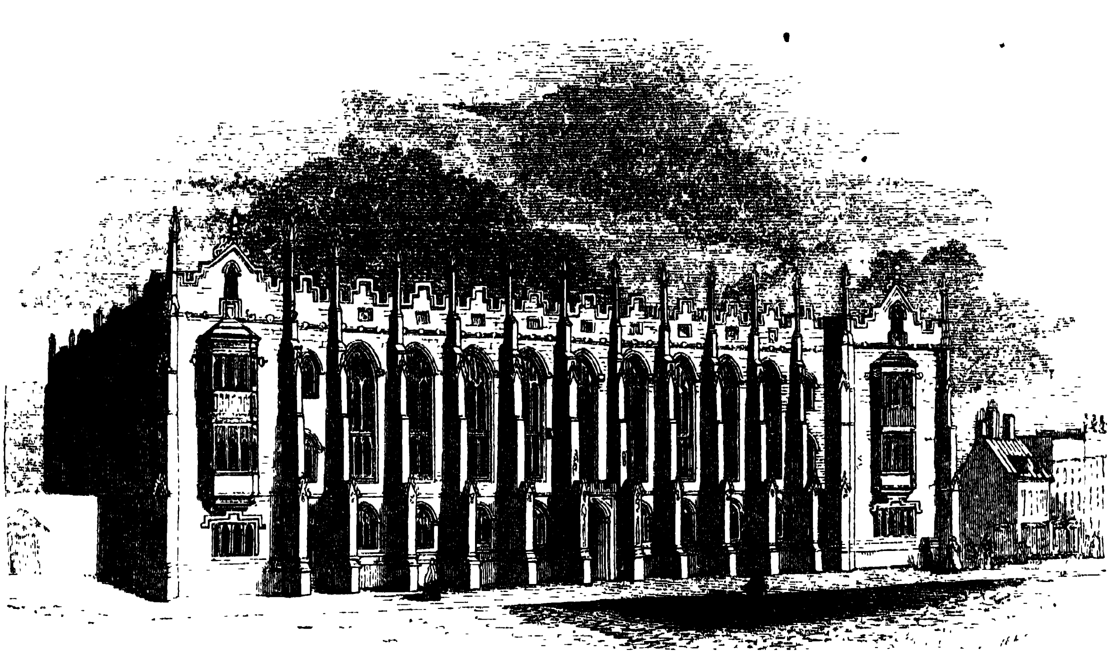
The School of Arts, in New Street, is an important establishment for Birmingham, in so far as it fosters a taste for the arts of design, which are so important to her. Considered simply as a building, it consists mainly of a circular exhibition-room, about fifty feet in diameter, with a number of smaller rooms; while the exterior presents a tetrastyle Corinthian portico, comparatively narrow in width. It was established in 1821, mainly through the exertions of Sir Robert Lawley, as a School of Arts or Society of Artists, and was supplied with a collection of casts and other works of art; but when the Government established a School of Design in London, and it was thought proper to give Birmingham the advantage of a similar school, the building now under notice was found to be a fitting locality for it, and the necessary arrangements were made. A grant of money, casts, and furniture, was made by the Government in 1843; and so well has the management been conducted, that the Birmingham School of Design is now, we believe, regarded as the largest in the kingdom. So much do the reputation and the prosperity of Birmingham depend on the taste displayed in her manufactures, that the leading men of the town have abundant reason for fostering this taste among the designers and workmen. Ten or twelve years ago, when a Parliamentary Committee collected evidence relating to the application of the fine arts to manufactures, many witnesses from Birmingham stated how anxiously that town would welcome any more systematic mode of instructing designers in matters of taste and elegance. Since then an immense advance has been made. The manufactures in gold, silver, brass, bronze, steel, papier maché, and japan, now exhibit great beauty of design. The expositions of manufactures within the last few years, at Westminster Hall and at the Society of Arts, show that Birmingham is very little, if at all, behind France in elegance of design. Much of this advancement is doubtless due to the School of Design, which has for five years been educating the designers and modellers in those inventive powers which shall enable them to give grace and symmetry to manufactured goods. The human figure, drapery, fruit, flowers, foliage, landscape, architecture, geometrical curves, ornament—all are studied in this school, and all are available to the future designer.

The banking-houses, the hotels and inns, the barracks, the hospitals, the school-houses, the theatre, the post-office, the subscription libraries, the news-rooms, the public offices, are for the most part such as do not make much pretension to architectural beauty; while the interior arrangements are in the usual accordance with the purposes to which the respective buildings are appropriated. The General Hospital, situated near the northern extremity of the town, is a large brick building, erected about seventy years ago. It contains a couple of portraits by Reynolds and Phillips; but it is more generally known from the triennial musical festivals, alluded to in a preceding paragraph. These festivals were established as a means of contributing to the funds of the hospital; the whole profits accruing from them, amounting on an average to £4,000 or £5,000 from each festival, being handed over to the treasurer of the hospital. The festivals have taken place regularly, ever since 1778—first, in St. Philip's Church, then in the Town Hall; they have always occupied a very high position in the musical circles; and it is certainly a felicitous mode of providing a helping fund for the sick and wounded. The Queen's College, (Cut, No. 5,) situated near the Town Hall, was established in 1843. It is, externally, an imitation, on a humble scale, of the Grammar School; but is far inferior to it. The institution is for giving a course of medical and surgical education; and the lectures qualify for examination for the diplomas of the University of London, the Royal College of Surgeons, and the Society of Apothecaries.

The Railways.

If railways and railway-stations are public buildings, then will Birmingham ere long possess some of the most astonishing public buildings in England. The works at present in progress, relating to these matters, are perfectly astounding. One would think that all the Birmingham men are perpetually travelling about, and could never rest for an hour in their own town, if we judge from the accommodation for locomotion afforded to them. Whole streets are being pulled down; viaducts are being carried aloft over head; tunnels are burrowing beneath the feet; and two Companies seem to be trying which can expend the most money.

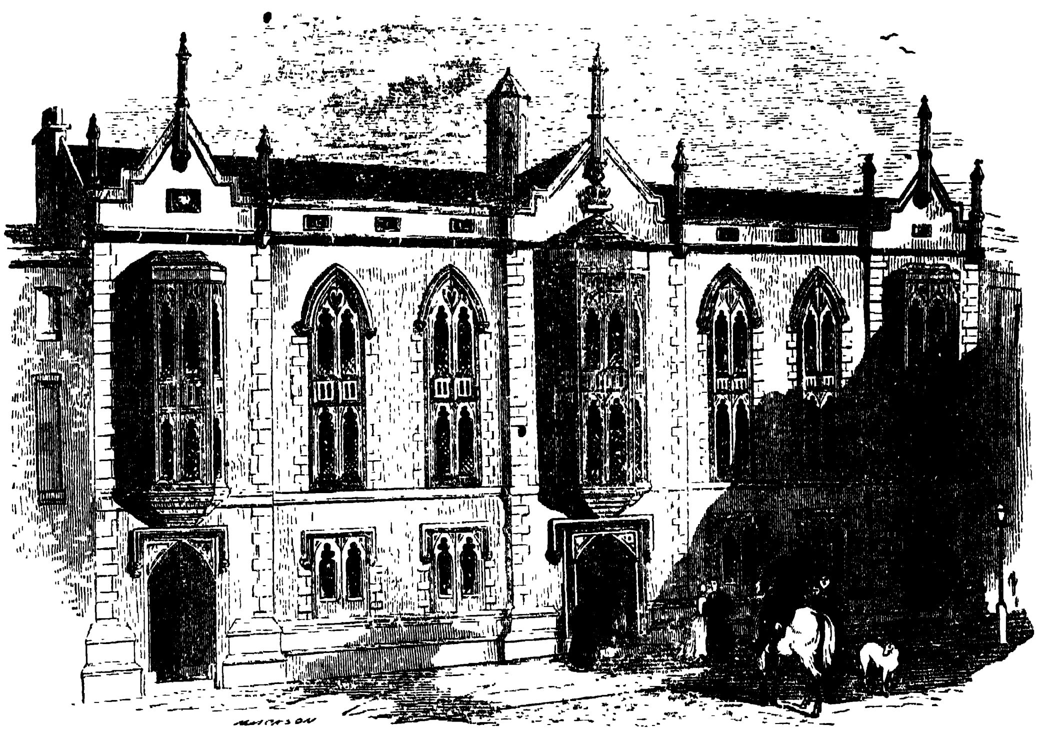
Let us see how these mighty works have grown up. Two of the earliest and most important railways were the London and Birmingham, and the Grand Junction, both meeting at the eastern side of Birmingham.



4.—KING EDWARD'S GRAMMAR-SCHOOL.

Before these were planned, the service of the roads was centred in some of those fine, dashing, well-appointed stage-coaches, such as our own country alone can present. Nearly a dozen excellent turnpike-roads radiate from Birmingham, placing that town in connection with all the great towns of the kingdom. In addition to the turnpike-roads, Birmingham is intersected with numerous canals, which have for many years formed media of conveyance to and from the manufacturing towns. But we live in such 'go-a-head' days, that both coaches and canals are well nigh held in contempt. Nothing will now suffice but the puffing, dashing, fly-away locomotive, which is accused of intolerable slowness if it does not master thirty or forty miles an hour. When the two railway Companies before-mentioned arranged to join their lines at Birmingham, they thought they were doing brave things to afford such handsome stations at the eastern margin of the town. And so indeed they were: the works were large, comprehensive, and commodious (Cut No. 6); although the competition of more recent years bids fair to render them nearly useless. That which is now the Queen's Hotel was once the offices of the Company; but offices of a much larger character became speedily required. The booking-offices and passenger-sheds, at the rear or east of the hotel, cover an immense area. So long as the London and Birmingham, and the Grand Junction Companies remained separate, each one required a large station, both for passengers and goods, at Birmingham; but when the two 'amalgamated' (how little do railway companies seem to remember that an *amalgam* is in reality a union of quicksilver with some other metal!) both stations were thrown into one. The Birmingham and Gloucester, and the Birmingham and Derby lines also brought their termini pretty nearly to the same spot.

Why then should there be any vast additional railway works in the heart of Birmingham? Let the 'Battle of the Gauges' answer this question: a battle which, though not bloody, has cost the commercial world millions of good money, much of which will never bring an adequate return. In 1845, the broad gauge was first permitted to trace its giant steps towards the north. The Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton, and the Oxford and Rugby Railways received Parliamentary sanction in that year. Thus was the narrow gauge of Birmingham threatened both in the east and the west: the army of General Stephenson was attacked on both flanks by that of General Brunel. In the next following year the Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton Company obtained increased powers to render the accommodation of their district more efficient; while another Company obtained Legislative sanction for the Oxford and Birmingham Line—all these lines being closely associated with the Great Western Company. Here was a bold step. The invading army actually entered Birmingham; nay, more, an additional sum of nearly half a million sterling was sanctioned for carrying the broad gauge right through the town itself. Even this was not all; for a new Company, under the name of the Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and Dudley Railway Company, were



5. QUEEN'S COLLEGE SCHOOL.

empowered to spend nearly a million sterling in making about fifteen miles of broad gauge between those three towns.

Was the narrow gauge to beat a retreat, or surrender at discretion, at such a time? Was General Stephenson to be vanquished in this way? The ulterior measures will show. The narrow gauge party obtained an Act by which they were authorized to spend more than one-third of a million sterling in carrying their old line into the heart of Birmingham; while they supported the Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and Stour Valley Company in obtaining an Act for a narrow gauge line from Birmingham to Wolverhampton, with a power of raising about a million and a half sterling. In 1847, further Acts were obtained by both the rival parties, to make additional bits of lines to complete their respective systems. Every scrap of these new lines which is to be on the narrow gauge, together with a very large portion of the canal navigation of the whole district, have become absorbed in the gigantic London and North Western Company; while the whole of the broad gauge portion will probably ultimately belong to the Great Western. The two have made desperate struggles to obtain possession, by purchase, of the Birmingham and Oxford line; which struggles have been marked by the most extraordinary features, perhaps, ever presented by a joint-stock undertaking. The battle is not yet ended; the two gauges regard each other as fiercely as ever, and the battle-field is even divided against itself,—shareholders against directors; and eighteen months of Parliamentary and legal proceedings have succeeded in landing all parties in a 'fix,' from which they do not seem to know how to extricate themselves. Meanwhile money has been absorbed at a frightful rate; the whole of the capital for this much-coveted line has been called up, before the line itself even approaches to completion; and when the decision is finally made, and the oyster fairly divided, it appears very much as if there would be just a shell a piece for the combatants.

In sober truth, this railway campaigning at Birmingham is a very wild affair: it outruns all reasonable limits. The new works on both gauges, within fifteen miles of Birmingham, will probably not be brought into working order for less than four millions sterling—of which one million will be spent within Birmingham itself! Both lines run completely through Birmingham from one side to the other, and both lines run from Birmingham to Wolverhampton and Dudley, independently of the old Grand Junction Railway, which also runs from Birmingham very near to Wolverhampton. Parliament did not know which to sanction, so it sanctioned both; and neither Company will abandon or suspend its works, for fear of the rivalry of the other. It will not perhaps arrive at a 'Kilkenny cat' conclusion, but it will make a nearer approach thereto than is consistent with the interests of the respective Companies. The North Western Company, especially, will smart for it in future years.

But if the combatants will share between them the shells of the oyster, who will have the oyster itself? The town of Birmingham. Birmingham will have

almost unprecedented advantages in respect to communications with other towns. Two stations in the very heart of the town, replete with all the conveniences for traffic that ingenuity can suggest, and connecting-links between these stations and all the great towns of England—these are the results which Birmingham will get out of the *mêlée*. The old or narrow gauge line will send off its branch or extension, a little eastward of the present station; and this branch will cross several streets and lanes, until it reaches Pinfold Street, southward of New Street. Here an immense group of houses, mostly of a humble character, are being levelled with the ground, to make room for a passenger-station of magnificent dimensions, from which station a new road of communication will be formed into New Street, the principal avenue in the town. From this station the line will take its start onward to Dudley and Wolverhampton. The other line, the broad gauge, will enter Birmingham at the south-east corner, pass a little to the west of the present narrow gauge station, and arrive near the heart of the town, at the junction of High Street, Bull Street, and Dale-End. A little north-west of this point an immense quadrangle of houses is to be cleared away, bounded by Monmouth, Livery, and Great Charles Streets, and Snow Hill; and here the broad gauge station is to be, not a whit less vast and costly, apparently, than its rival. From this station the line will pass out into the open country, on its way to Dudley and Wolverhampton. In carrying these two new lines through Birmingham, the works assume a very diversified character; for, owing to the many inequalities in the level of the streets, there are on each line combinations of viaduct, open cutting, and tunnelling, of a most costly nature. If the shareholders in all these lines gain as much advantage as Birmingham itself, it will be well: but we doubt.

Birmingham Industry

What is this Birmingham, for which such a railway rout is made? What do the inhabitants do—how do they live—what has made them famous? The answers to these questions would carry us into such a maze of manufactures, that we must purposely glance only at the most broad and salient features.

Birmingham is, beyond all question, the most remarkable centre of manufactures in metal, in the world. There may perhaps be other towns where more iron is used; there are, as at Sheffield, places where more steel is wrought into manufactured forms; there is in London, a larger production of costly articles in gold and silver; there are other towns, where large and complicated engines and machines are made in greater number; but there is no place to equal Birmingham in respect to the diversity and subdivision of metal manufactures, or to the number of persons so employed. It was at one time called the "toy-shop of Europe;" but this, though a smart sort of cognomen, is not worth much. If the world wants metal toys, Birmingham can make them; but if articles of utility are wanted, Birmingham is equally alive to the best mode of producing them. Whatever metal *can* do, Birmingham will make it do; from a pin's-head to a steam-engine; from a pewter pot to a copper boiler; from a gilt button to a brass bedstead. Every ounce of metal is made to do so much work in Birmingham, as to illustrate the economy of material more strikingly than in most other places. No place knows better than Birmingham how to make metallic articles thin, when the price will not pay for a greater thickness. No place can contrive better to give an ornamental exterior to that which, for economising material, is hollow within. And if many Birmingham goods are 'Brummagem' goods, whose fault is this? If people *will* have goods so cheap that a fair remunerating price can hardly be left to the manufacturer, is it matter for wonder that the latter taxes his ingenuity how to produce a showy affair for "next to nothing?" So long as Birmingham can show her ability to produce the highest class of manufactured articles in metal when properly paid for, no one has reason to blame her for trying to please the pence-gentry as well as the guinea-gentry. Nay, we may go further;—the cottages and humble dwellings of England are indebted to Birmingham and its neighbourhood, for a greater amount of neat interior fittings, useful utensils, and ingenious knick-knacks of all kinds, than fall to the lot, perhaps, of any other country in the world. Let the reader take his eyes off this sheet for a few minutes, and glance round the room in which he may be sitting—we care not whether it be in a house of £10 or £100 a year rental: let him look at the doors, the windows, the fire-place, the cupboards or closets, the furniture, the implements and vessels, the ornaments or decorations—wherever he may look, Birmingham is before him. There is scarcely a room in this country, except in the most poverty-stricken hovel, that does not contain some article of Birmingham manufacture. Let him then go from houses to persons: let him look at English dress, in all its endless variety, and then say whether there is one such dress that is not indebted to Birmingham for something or other in a metallic form. It may be trivial, it is true; but this very triviality only the better illustrates the minute applications which are now made of metal. Will not a beaver or silk hat escape this enumeration? Look at the little buckle that fastens the band. Are not our boots excepted? Look at the nails and 'tips' or at the tags of laces. Female attire? Let the buttons and buckles and clasps, the pins and hooks-and-eyes and lace-holes, the combs and bracelets and armlets, the rings and brooches and necklaces—let them all give evidence to the part which Birmingham and its vicinity have taken in decking out any and every Englishwoman. If you write a letter, look at your desk, your inkstand, your steel-pen, your pen-holder, your wafer-stamp, your seal, your candlestick or taper-stand, and think how far Birmingham has been concerned in them. If a lady, seated at her work, would gossip a little about

her work-trinkets, the needles, pins, thimble, bodkin, piercer, crochet and knitting-needles—all would tell of Birmingham, or in some few instances of Sheffield or Redditch. If you walk abroad, and rain befall you, ask who made the metal work of your umbrella. If you ride on horseback, think where the bridle-bit, the stirrups, and the buckles came from. In short, do anything, go anywhere, buy, beg, borrow, make, alter, eat, drink, walk, ride, look, hear, touch—you cannot shake off Birmingham for many minutes together.

If, then, there be such a multiplicity of articles made of metal in Birmingham, the reader may reasonably expect that there must be vast factories in that town, replete with all the wonderful organization of labour that marks the Manchester cotton factories. This, however, is not exactly the case. Chimneys there are in plenty, smoke there is in more than plenty; but the chimneys and the smoke belong to *workshops* rather than to *factories*. So much of Birmingham work is effected by manipulative skill, that the steam-engine is less autocratic in that town than in Manchester or Leeds. It is true there are numerous steam-engines always employed, but the power afforded by these engines is applied principally to the rougher kinds of work. One ball of cotton is so like another, one yard of calico is so like another, that as soon as steam machinery has been enabled to spin the one or weave the other, millions of each kind are struck off in a very short time. But in Birmingham the different varieties and sizes and patterns of articles are so numerous, that the adjustment of the steam-engine to do the work of all would be almost impracticable, and unprofitable if practicable. The adjustments required by the ever-varying tastes and wants of the age can be effected only by men's fingers : the steam-engine being appealed to for that kind of service which may be common to all the works required.

It is the multiplicity and diversity of the manufactures of Birmingham that lead to the peculiar mode of managing the arrangements between master and workmen. There are some establishments which contain several hundred workmen under one roof ; but, in general, the numbers must be reckoned by dozens rather than by hundreds. The buildings are really workshops, and not huge factories with five or six long ranges of windows speckling the fronts. But we must come down even to less numbers than dozens, to catch the spirit of Birmingham manufactures in a proper manner. The division and subdivision of labour are carried in that town to a most extraordinary degree of minuteness ; insomuch that an article which might appear to us to emanate from one factory or workshop, has been really produced at a dozen—each manufacturer or workman fabricating only a portion of it. There is master under master, workman under workman ; and when the finished article is ready for sale, its price is made up of a number of fragments of wages, and fragments of profits, besides the cost of the original material.

The Iron and Steel Trades.

Let us glance a little at some of the more prominent departments of productive industry, and see how they bear on the social features of Birmingham life.

And first for *Iron*. There are no iron mines, and no coal mines under Birmingham itself. All the iron and all the coal are brought from the busy district north-west of the town. The iron-masters of Staffordshire usually come to Birmingham on Thursday in each week, to arrange all the matters incident to the sale of iron to the Birmingham manufacturers. They also meet once a quarter, to settle among themselves the price at which iron shall be sold ; for there is, in this respect, an arrangement something like that adopted by the coal-owners of Durham and Northumberland. The iron is sent to Birmingham, mostly by canal, in the form of bars, rods, and sheets ; and Birmingham industry has then to impart to this iron the countless forms which distinguish it. There are steam-engine makers, mill-wrights, axle-tree makers, boiler-makers, and others, who use iron in large and weighty pieces ; and here the forge, the casting-pit, and the file, are the main appliances for bringing the iron to the required forms.

If we go to the next lower stage in the use of iron, by tracing it to the manufacturer of smaller articles, and if we include the South Staffordshire district generally, instead of confining our attention strictly to Birmingham, the number and variety become perfectly bewildering. Agricultural implements, anvils, hammers, and all kinds of tools, locks and keys, hinges and bolts, springs, stoves, fenders, fire-irons, chains, fences, tubes, presses and vices, saucepans and kettles, gridirons and flat-irons—it would be in vain to try to get to the end of the list. And what is very remarkable is, that each one of these articles is a separate branch of manufacture. Take the lock-manufacture, for example : we find not only that locks form a distinct branch of industry, but that book-case locks, cabinet locks, case locks, dead locks, drawback locks, gate locks, mortice locks, padlocks, pocket-book locks, rim locks, sash locks, spring locks, stock locks, thumb locks, trunk locks, and probably many others,—all form distinct branches, undertaken by different men, and wrought by workmen, each of whom confines himself pretty nearly to one kind. Then again, take keys : some of the men—not merely the workmen, but masters who take orders on their own account,—are key-makers, some key-stampers, some key-filers. Nearly the whole of the iron implements and articles mentioned in this paragraph are made in workshops containing only a small number of men : but they are more closely connected with the environs of Birmingham than with Birmingham itself; so we will defer to a future page a sketch of the manufacturing system which distinguishes them.

If we descend to a next lower scale in the use of iron, we find that though the articles themselves are smaller, the establishments in which they are made are

generally larger. This arises from the circumstance that the steam-engine can be used in this group of manufactures; whereas the group noticed in the last paragraph are almost wholly made without the aid of this mighty worker. This precisely illustrates the comparison which we before made between factories and workshops. Wire, nails, and screws, are three classes of products that especially come under the operation of this remark: they are all made in enormous quantities in Birmingham, and for the most part in large establishments. In the making of wire on the improved modern system, rods of iron are drawn repeatedly through holes in hardened steel plates, until the thickness of the iron is so reduced as to bring it to the form of wire; smaller and smaller holes being used according as the thickness of the iron diminishes; and as this drawing requires an immense mechanical force, such an operation is a very proper one to be brought within the scope of steam-machinery. Then, when a steam-engine is once provided, every motive of economy leads the manufacturer to make it do as much work as possible; and hence he has many draw-plates, many coils of wire, many drums round which the wire can wind as it is made, and many repetitions of the drawing machinery. All this gives to his workshop the appearance of a large factory.

The nail and screw factories are yet larger exemplifications of the same system. Some of them employ several hundred men, and are fitted up with complicated machinery in every room. The number of nails and screws made in Birmingham is almost beyond belief. The iron for the nails is sent into the factories in the form of sheets; and these sheets are cut into strips, which strips are further cut up into various sizes and shapes of nails. There is one establishment in Birmingham which cuts up from thirty to forty tons of iron per week, to make into nails; the nails, taking one size with another, give an average of about a million to a ton; so that the total yield would amount to *two thousand million* nails in a year!—All this in machine-made nails alone, and in one factory alone! Whether any one has ever attempted to estimate the almost uncountable number made in the whole Staffordshire district, we do not know. *Screws* are not made in such enormous number as nails; but still the produce must be very large, and the establishments in which they are made exhibit highly ingenious specimens of mechanism. The cutting off of a piece from a coil of thick wire, the forging of a protuberance to form the head, the turning or shaping of the head and shank into a symmetrical form, the cutting of the notch or cleft in the head, and the cutting of the thread or worm of the screw,—all are effected by the aid of machinery, some of which is of a very curious kind. It is a remarkable feature in this manufacture, that the machines are attended almost wholly by females: the employment is of a kind that requires steady attention rather than physical strength or great skill; and it is one of many in Birmingham that females can attend to.

If, lastly, we descend to a still lower application of iron in manufacture,—lower in respect to the size of the pieces of iron employed,—we shall find that Birmingham industry becomes more and more interesting. We must here suppose the iron to have undergone that process which converts it into steel; for steel is capable of being employed in smaller fragments than iron. Who does not now use *steel pens*? Who does not remember the time when a steel pen cost as much as a dozen quills? Who is ignorant of the marvellous reduction that has taken place in the market value of these tiny bits of steel? Sixpence a piece, sixpence a dozen, sixpence a gross,—thus have they come down in value. All this could not have been done but for the application of machinery. Men's hands employed in cutting and pressing and shaping the pens, would never have permitted this cheapening to have gone to such an extent. And yet there are actually more men employed in the manufacture than were employed when machinery was less used. The machinery, in fact, has created a demand, which requires large numbers both of machines and of men to supply. Some of the steel-pen manufactories of Birmingham are very large establishments, containing ranges of highly-finished machines, and giving employment to large numbers of workmen. One of these manufacturers, in his advertisements, states his yearly produce at *millions of dozens;* and there is no reason to doubt that it does reach that extraordinary pitch.

Needles are another application of minute pieces of steel, requiring very delicate and beautiful machinery. No fewer than thirty separate and successive processes are involved in the manufacture of a good needle, affording an example of subdivided employment scarcely paralleled in any other industrial process. Birmingham produces its millions of needles; but the manufacture is not one which marks the town particularly. The village of Redditch, in Worcestershire, one of the most extraordinary villages in England, is the home of the needle trade: almost every manufacturer makes needles, almost every workman makes needles; almost every lawyer and doctor, every landlord and householder, every shopkeeper and pedlar, makes his money indirectly by needles or needle-makers: needles are the beginning and the end, the be-all and the do-all, the sinews and the life-blood, of Redditch. Three or four thousand millions of needles travel out of this needle-making Redditch every year. No wonder, then, if Birmingham has to be content with the second place in this department of industry. She has her revenge, however, in steel toys and ornaments. These are produced in exhaustless variety at Birmingham. Studs and rosettes, clasps and buckles, handles and knobs, feet and claws, are made of steel, to a vast extent, and give rise to a constant exercise of ingenuity on the part of the designer to produce patterns which shall please by their gracefulness and beauty.

The Mixed Metal Trades.

But large as is the consumption of iron, either in its



6. -THE RAILWAY TERMINUS.

crude form or in the altered state of steel, and numerous as are the distinct varieties in its application, the industrial arrangements of Birmingham are, perhaps, still more remarkably distinguished by the application of other metals in a more or less mixed form. Copper, tin, zinc, lead, and nickel, either in their simple states or mixed and combined so as to form brass, bell-metal, bronze, pewter, and white metal, give rise to an extraordinary diversity of manufactures, in which Birmingham takes the lead of all other towns, beyond the reach of comparison. Look at any correct list of the divisions of Birmingham manufactures, (if such a list can possibly be prepared,) and see how this matter presents itself. Beer-engines, bells, Britannia-metal goods, British plate or nickel-silver, bronze goods, buttons, candlesticks, chandeliers, clock-dials, clock-hands, clock-movements, coach-beading, coach brass-work, coach-plating, coach-ornaments, coffin-furniture, brass cocks and valves, corkscrews, cornice-poles and curtain-rings, brass fire-furniture, gas-fittings, guns and muskets, inkstands, letter-weights, lamps, medals and dies, military ornaments, pewter vessels, pins, plated ware, brass rings and rods and tubes, harness-ornaments, copper vessels, scales and weights, stamped brass-work, tin-plate ware,—here is a list which would put any one out of breath to read; and all of these articles are made wholly, or mainly, of one or other of the metals lately named. Each one, too, is the object of a separate and distinct branch of Birmingham manufacture; and not only so, but many of them are further subdivided. The factor or dealer may receive the finished article from a manufacturer, who has received it in half-a-dozen different parts from half-a-dozen smaller manufacturers; and each of these, again, employs many men, each of whom can do only one part of the work.

The making of muskets and fowling-pieces strikingly illustrates this subdivision of Birmingham industry. Gun-making is one of the best and most extensive of her trades; but we should form a most erroneous estimate of the matter if we interpreted a gun-manufacturer to mean one who makes guns complete within the walls of one establishment. There are gun-barrel makers, gun-case makers, gun-engravers, gun-filers, gun-finishers, gun-furniture makers, gun-percussioners, gun-polishers, gun-screwers, gun-lock makers, gun-stockers. Even these are subdivided among themselves; for among the gun-barrel makers are borers, browners, filers, grinders, ribbers, smoothers, and welders; and the gun-locks are distributed among makers, forgers, and filers. In some of the numerous branches here indicated, the work is done by manufacturers who have tolerably large workshops, and employ a good many hands, and who send in their finished portion of the work to the gun-manufacturer or first-hand employer; while, in other cases, the occupation is more that of a journeyman than of a master. The consequence of this system is, that the parts of a gun are travelling about Birmingham most actively: the fragments are running after each other, and do not

come finally together till they are about to reach the warehouse of the manufacturer. Smith, Brown, Jones, Robinson, Higgins, Tomkins, Jenkins,—all are at work, in their respective workshops, and, perhaps, all in different streets, on different parts of the same gun, at the same time; and a good deal of testing is required from time to time, to see that the adjustment of the different parts is correct.

The whole internal economy of the gun-making trade of Birmingham, indeed, is very interesting. During the French war, infantry-muskets were made at Birmingham at the rate of a musket a minute; and the organised system is still maintained, whereby a large order of muskets can be executed in a very short space of time. Many of the processes themselves are highly curious. The common barrels are formed by hammering a heated strip of plate-iron round a mandril, or core, until it assumes a tubular shape; while the best barrels are made by twisting a narrow strip of iron round and round, in corkscrew fashion, and then heating and hammering so as to close the fissures between the successive thread of the spiral. The boring and smoothing of these barrels are subsequent and very carefully conducted operations; for the right discharge of the bullet requires that the axis of the tube shall be in a mathematically straight line, and the sides of the tube perfectly smooth. While the barrel is being made, the 'stock' or woodwork, is progressing in other quarters. This is usually of walnut-wood, and is shaped by saws, planes, chisels, spoke-shaves, and other tools. The Wolverhampton and Willenhall and Walsall men, too, are making the locks in the meantime; for, though Birmingham could make gun-locks as well as other things, yet it seems that all parties agree to locate this trade out of the town—another proof of combination in subdivision: subdivision in the processes themselves, and combination in respect to the workmen in each branch grouping themselves pretty much in one spot. These country-made gun-locks are always cheaper than the Birmingham men could make them for themselves.

Who has ever visited Birmingham by railway without having his ears saluted with a bang and a boom from some spot near the station? This 'bang, bang,' comes from the gun-barrel proof-house, which is within a few dozen yards of the passenger station. In order that the Government might be able to depend on the quality of the infantry muskets supplied from Birmingham, and that the reputation of Birmingham manufacturers might be maintained at an honourable point, an arrangement was made during the war, which empowered the Birmingham gun-makers to establish a barrel-proving-house, under the management of a warden and other officers, selected from among themselves. Every manufacturer is bound, under a heavy penalty, to send all the barrels he may make to this establishment, for trial and proof; and the few pence which he pays for the proving of each barrel defray the expenses of the establishment. This gun-proof-house is a large, dirty, rambling sort of building. The barrels sent in from the several manufactories are loaded with four or five times as much powder as they will be required to carry in actual practice. They are then ranged side by side on a low stage in a long building, in such a way that all the touch-holes shall rest upon a long train of gunpowder. All the men then leave the place, doors are closed, a light is applied to the extreme end of the train, a hundred barrels are fired at once, and the bullets bury themselves in a large heap of sand provided for that purpose. The smoke is allowed a few moments to dissipate itself, the doors are opened, and the barrels are taken up one by one. A small per-centage of them—we believe from one to two per cent.—yield to this severe test: they burst. The workman who has forged the barrel undertakes that it shall bear the test applied to it; if it does not do so, he repairs or remakes the barrel without extra charge to his employer.

The Government proof-house is a more comprehensive and interesting establishment. It is situated near the Walsall-road, at the northern part of the town. This is a proof-house in the fullest sense of the term, for everything is put to a severe test. Workmen and errand-boys, messengers and carriers, are continually coming to and fro, bringing the several parts of muskets which have been made by different manufacturers, in order that they may be proved by persons belonging to the establishment. Each musket barrel is here proved separately. It is loaded, and put into an oak chest of immense strength, the lid of which is then held down by ponderous iron fastenings: by an ingenious piece of mechanism the barrel is fired:—bullet, smoke, flame,—all are confined within the chest, which is shortly afterwards removed. When the strength of the barrel is thus tested, it is gauged and measured in its diameter, and in the straightness of its bore; and all the little nicks and juts and prominences which are to aid in fastening it to the stock are separately examined. The woodwork is struck and beat and examined, to see that there is no flaw. The locks are taken piecemeal, and screws and springs minutely examined. The bayonets are struck and bent in various ways, to prove their temper; and the sockets which are to receive them in the gun are examined and gauged. In short, every bit of metal and wood in the musket undergoes a separate and severe scrutiny; and if anything fails in the proof, the makers are the losers; for the terms of contract are, that all the articles made shall bear the test applied to them. Most of these provers in the Government establishment receive high wages; great experience, steadiness, and tact are called for in the exercise of their vocation, and are paid for accordingly. It is however, a sad exemplification of the stupid folly of 'strikes,' in mechanical employments, that one class of operatives, engaged in fitting together all the minute portions of a gun, thought proper to 'strike' for higher wages a few years ago, although they were then in receipt of £4 or £5 per week wages. The Government would not submit to this demand; and an ingenious arrangement of

machinery was invented,—not for the purpose of dispensing with manual labour, but to enable a workman of moderate skill to make the requisite adjustments: this renders the employers independent of any small clique of high-skilled workmen; and the 'percussioners' as they are called, have since had cause to regret their short-sightedness.

If guns are one of the notable features of Birmingham, *Buttons* are another. Ever since buttons were buttons, Birmingham has been their head-quarters. Birmingham, doubtless, would undertake to button up all the world, if the world wished to be buttoned. You must not say you "don't care a button" to a Birmingham man; for to him a button is a thing of rank and importance: it is not to be laughed at or treated with disrespect. Buttons give employment, and homes, and sustenance to many thousands of persons in this town; and every change of fashion in these tiny products involves large commercial consequences to Birmingham. The demands for 'protection' in buttons have been more numerous than most persons are aware of. In the early part of the last century, coat-buttons usually consisted of a central mould or disc, made of wood or bone, round which threads of gold, silver, or silk, were wound by women and girls, who sat about a table at this employment. But at last, the fashion arose of covering the mould with the same kind of cloth as was employed in the dress. Hence arose a huge outcry; and a petition was presented to Parliament, which, like all similar petitions in all ages, shows how utterly useless is the attempt to legislate on such matters. The Petition held forth thus:—"It appears by long experience that needle-wrought buttons have been a manufacture of considerable importance to the welfare of this kingdom, insomuch that, whenever such buttons have been disused, the wisdom of the nation hath always interposed, as may be seen by the several Acts passed in the reigns of King William, Queen Anne, and of His Majesty in this present Parliament. Yet, notwithstanding the said Acts, the tailors continue to make buttons and button-holes of the same materials the clothes are made of; and the said Acts cannot be put in execution, because of the great difficulties that attend the detecting and prosecuting the offenders."—Of course, the said Acts *could* not be put in execution. If those incorrigible tailors had been the very models of meekness and kindness, they could not have done it: they were relatively powerless: they had to bend to a greater power—fashion—which runs its circle in spite of all such laws.

Buttons were more showy affairs in Hutton's time, half a century ago, than they are now. He says:—"Though the original date is rather uncertain, yet we well remember the long coats of our grandfathers covered with half a gross of high-tops, and the cloaks of our grandmothers ornamented with a horn button, nearly the size of a crown piece, a watch, or John-apple, curiously wrought, as having passed through the Birmingham press. Though the common round button keeps in with the pace of the day, yet we sometimes see the oval, the square, the pea, and the pyramid, flash into existence. In some branches of traffic the wearer calls loudly for new fashions; but in this the fashions tread upon each other and crowd upon the wearer." Our buttons are less capricious in shape than were those of Hutton's time; but we have new kinds of which he knew nothing.

The button manufactories of Birmingham are among the largest and most interesting in the town. They are really comprehensive and well-conducted establishments in which supervision and subdivision play their parts effectively. Gilt buttons, silvered buttons, plated buttons, silk buttons, Florentine buttons, shell buttons, horn buttons, bone buttons, wood buttons—all are made in these large establishments; and the processes relating to them are very numerous. For instance, there are, for the common gilt button, the stamping out of the sheet-copper 'blank,' the trimming of the edge, the cutting of a bit of wire for the 'shank,' the bending of this shank to its proper shape, the adjustment and soldering of the shank to the blank, the steeping of the button in a mercurial solution, the gilding by means of gold-amalgam, the fixing of the gold by a heated iron, the cleansing of the button, the burnishing with a piece of blood-stone, and the papering and wrapping up. If, instead of being flat and plain on both sides, the button is curved on the outside, or if it be globular like some of the buttons for boys' dresses, or if it has a raised device like livery or uniform buttons, there are many additional processes besides those here enumerated; and if the button is to exhibit a silvery whiteness instead of a golden yellow, both the original metal and the final chemical processes are different. For a Florentine or silk coat-button, two bits of thin sheet-iron, a bit of pasteboard, a bit of thick canvas, and a bit of the Florentine or silk, are cut out, by stamping each circular disc; and by a most beautiful machine, all these are adjusted and fixed together by two movements of a press—without the aid of glue, cement, riveting, sewing, twisting, screwing, or any other fastening. For buttons of shell, wood, or bone, the chief operations are, the mechanical ones of turning, stamping, and drilling; while, for those of horn, the main process is pressure in a die or mould, while the horn is in a softened state of heat.

As a proof of the commercial largeness of this apparently trivial trade, it has been stated that a new kind of button has been known to cost the manufacturer several thousand pounds, and many months of thought and labour, before it was introduced into the market!

If any one would witness the nimbleness of female fingers, let him ask permission to enter one of the Birmingham button-factories. Many females are there employed, and the celerity with which they cut out the small circular pieces of metal and other material by means of a cutting-press, is almost inconceivable. Some of the circular convex discs of copper are stamped

out at the rate of thirty in a minute; each stamping involving three distinct operations—the placing of the strip of metal, the movement of the stamping-press, and the removal of the little disc from the cell or die where it lies!

A very wide range is taken of articles made by somewhat similar means to buttons. Stamping-works are numerous at Birmingham; and at these works an exhaustless variety of articles is produced from sheet metal, applicable to various purposes of use and ornament. The supply of dies and stamps is a remarkable feature at such establishments. It is said that some of the Birmingham stamping-works possess as many as a quarter of a million separate dies, all of which are liable to be thrown into disuse by the changes of fashion!

Buttons, and guns, and stamped goods, are among those examples of the use of mixed metals at Birmingham, which we alluded to in a former page. But they are not the only examples: brass tubing, curtain rods, bedsteads, telescope tubing, candlesticks and chandeliers, bronze gates, railings, vases, tripods, statuettes, ornaments, Britannia-metal—or would-be silver—articles of use and ornament; these, and a hundred others, help to swell the list of industrial products of this remarkable town. Pins, too, though small in size, are large in manufacturing importance. They are made in large establishments; and the cutting, the pointing, the head-cutting, the whitening, and the papering, give employment to a large number of hands, of which the chief are boys and girls.

The Gold and Silver Trades.

But even yet we have not done with Birmingham metals: we must go to gold and silver, of which a large quantity is used in the town. If we enter the shop of a London silversmith and jeweller, and look around at the tempting bits of glitter that meet the eye, we should be pretty safe in saying that much of the store came from Birmingham. Cheap articles in gold and silver can in no other town in England be made so cheaply as in Birmingham. She has all the machinery wanted, all the manual skill wanted, all the trading organization wanted, for such work. Her principal manufacturers are in a position to show that if costly and highly-artistic productions be required, she can produce them; but the prominent and staple produce is that which meets the requirements of a low-priced market. No one knows better than a Birmingham man, how to make a grain of gold cover a large surface; and it is by carrying this principle to an outrageous extent, that some of the smaller and more obscure manufacturers have given a 'Brummagem' character to Birmingham goods, not without injury to others engaged in the trade.

The gold and silver manufactures of Birmingham exhibit the *workshop* system of that town more, perhaps, than the manufactures in other metals. There are very few or no large factories for these goods. The pencil-cases, pen-holders, thimbles, bodkins, toothpicks, tweezers, brooches, finger-rings, (25,000 gold wedding-rings have been marked in the Assay-office of Birmingham in one year!) ear-rings, chains, bracelets, armlets, buckles, clasps, and countless other articles in gold and silver, are mostly made in small workshops, or in the attic or back shop of a workman. There are in Birmingham many manufacturers, factors, or warehouse keepers, who supply these goods to the shopkeepers and dealers, but who do not keep premises in which the goods are actually made. Such an employer supplies himself with gold and silver of the requisite thicknesses and standard, and gives out this material either to a workman, or to an intermediate manufacturer, who keeps a small number of men and apprentices under him; and the material so given out is manufactured to a definite size and form, which is returned to the factor, who pays for the labour so bestowed. So subdivided is the employment, that one article of gold and silver is made, perhaps, by a dozen different persons, in as many places; each workman or small master undertaking to make only one fragmentary portion of the complete article. In some cases these fragments are put together on the factor's own premises; while in other instances, a distinct class of middlemen or operatives undertake this sort of putting together. The articles themselves are made by varied applications of the processes of tube-drawing, wire-drawing, rolling, stamping, pressing, turning, filing, punching, chasing, engraving, riveting, soldering, &c., according to the size and nature of the thing to be made; and the little bits of gold and silver are mostly fashioned at small workbenches in small workshops. Hence arises one peculiarity of Birmingham trade. Few towns equal it in the number of small workshops scattered throughout its streets and lanes; or in the number of its small masters.

As Birmingham has found out the art of spreading out a bit of gold to a large superficies, so has she brought to a high state of efficiency that most extraordinary art, by which electricity instantaneously developes a film of gold or silver over a prepared surface. This is not the place to talk about the wonders of the galvanic battery. We must ask the reader to believe the following points: That when a solid substance, properly prepared for the purpose, is immersed in a liquid solution, containing a chemical combination of gold or silver, if the mysterious influence from a galvanic-battery be brought to bear on the solution, the metal separates from it, and becomes spread in a thin film on the prepared body; that the thin film may be rendered permanent and durable; that it may be burnished and otherwise wrought up to a high state of beauty; and that it may then be used as a substitute for real gold and silver plate. All this has been developed at Birmingham within the last few years, partly founded on galvanic discoveries made elsewhere. One of the largest and finest establishments in Birmingham, is devoted to this kind of electro-plating, or electro-metallurgy; and there are several of smaller rank. The kind of work for which the electro-plate is mostly used as a substitute, is silver-plated, or

gold-plated, or silver gilt goods. The real and costly gold and silver goods, of the highest class, which are as pure within as they are without, are either cast in moulds, or stamped and pressed from sheet metal, or both, and are afterwards wrought up to the highest pitch of finish and beauty by hand. The plated goods are made by rolling a sheet of copper and a sheet of silver together with such force as permanently to unite them, and by working up this two-fold sheet into any required form: the silver, which is very much thinner than the copper, being used as the outer or visible surface. Silver-gilt goods are made either of solid silver, or of silver plated on copper, and then coated externally by what is termed the "water-gilding" process, with a thin film of gold. But in the electro process, no solid gold, silver, or plated copper are used. A model, or foundation, varied in its character and material according to the purpose in view, is prepared by the designer, the modeller, the moulder, and the chaser; and this being immersed in a vessel containing a chemical solution of gold or silver, a few minutes' application of a galvanic-battery suffices to separate the gold or silver from the solution, and to deposit it in an exquisitely fine and complete layer on the model. This is one of the most surprising and beautiful of all manufacturing processes. It is one which vividly illustrates the debt that art owes to science. Whether rank and fortune will consent to use this substitute for plate instead of plate itself—whether some manufacturers will be tempted to make the thin film of precious metal *too* thin, and thereby damage the good name of this magically-coated material—are points beside our present object. Enough to state what can be done, what has been doing, and what is now doing, in the development of this beautiful department of industry. As one consequence of the spread of this art will be to add to the number and variety of richly adorned articles in the houses of the middle and upper classes, it will lend an impetus to the arts of design; since no brilliancy in the appearance of the material will ensure for it permanent favour unless it be wedded to that grace and elegance which it is the office of the designer to infuse into it.

Birmingham has contrived to make *paper* do duty as a material for some most attractive and delicate productions. Papier maché—the name and the material both derived from the French—is a pulpy mass prepared by shredding and softening pieces of paper; and this pulp can be pressed into moulds, and afterwards dried into an uncommonly light, tough, and durable material for ornaments. Another mode of using paper is to paste numerous sheets together so as to form a pasteboard or cartoon, and to use this pasteboard as a material. Tea-trays and other flat articles are made of this pasteboard material; while more diversified and ornamental forms are better produced on the other method. There is an establishment in Birmingham in which this art is brought to a high pitch of excellence; for after the actual form is given to the material, the processes of japaning, painting, gilding, varnishing, and polishing, are carried to an elaborate extent: insomuch that it becomes difficult to believe that so humble a material as paper lies beneath so much beauty. It is possible that this sheet may reach the hands of some who saw the gorgeous sofa at a recent exhibition of specimens of manufacture at the Society of Arts in London: this sofa will suffice to show what Birmingham can do to impart solidity and splendour to—mere paper.

Social Features.

Let not the reader suppose that we are about to drag him into all the workshops of Birmingham. He will perhaps think that there has been enough of it already; but to attempt to give anything like a general idea of this busy town, without dwelling a little on the organization and subdivision of its manufactures, would be nearly as bad as enacting 'Hamlet' with the chief character omitted. Further down, deeper and deeper still, goes the subdivision of employments, not only in metallurgic manufactures, but in others in which other materials are employed. When the British Association held its meeting at Birmingham, in 1839, a valuable paper relating to that town was read before the Statistical Section, by Mr. Francis Clark, who from his two-fold position as a manufacturer and a magistrate, has peculiar facilities for obtaining trustworthy information. In this paper he gives an analysis of 791 persons who formed the members of a Provident Institution; and he found that these members belonged to no less than 110 different branches of trade—an amount of subdivision of labour truly remarkable. He was also able, by examining the condition of a large number of these persons, to form an average which he thinks approaches very near to a correct average of the earnings of *the whole* of the Birmingham operatives, at different ages. These rates he gives thus: from seven to thirteen years of age, boys, 3*s.* 1*d.* per week—girls, 2*s.* 4*d.*; from fourteen to twenty years, males, 5*s.* 9*d.* —females, 5*s.* 2*d.*; and above the age of twenty years, males, 24*s.* 3*d.*—females, 8*s.* per week. If such an estimate be applicable to an *average* of years, and if the men of Birmingham do really earn and receive 24*s.* per week as an average of *all* the manufacturing trades, we will venture to express a doubt whether there is another large manufacturing town in the kingdom to equal it; at any rate, it has but few equals. How must the poor framework-knitters of Nottingham and Leicester envy these Birmingham men! According to this estimate, a Birmingham metal-worker could buy out three or four cotton-stocking men of Nottingham, or worsted-stocking men of Leicester.

It is one consequence of the mode of conducting Birmingham manufactures, that the wretched cellar-dwellings of many of our large towns are not there met with. There are but few extreme poor, driven down to the verge of starvation. Times may be hard, and trade may be slack, but still the weekly wages distributed are always large and more equable than in

most towns. The workmen do not congregate six or eight families in a house: it is more common for one or two families to have a small house to themselves; and as, luckily for Birmingham, most of the streets incline from one end to the other, on account of the irregular level of the town, the streets undergo a natural drainage, which is of immense importance to the health of the inhabitants. The consequence is, that Birmingham is, for a smoky centre of manufactures, a tolerably healthy town. A little progress is being made by some of the larger firms, in the adoption of smoke-consuming apparatus for the furnaces; and if Birmingham would go as far as Leeds has gone in this matter, it would be all the better for the inhabitants.

In Birmingham, as elsewhere, a Mechanics' Institution was founded,—flourished for a time,—and decayed. On its ashes arose a Polytechnic Institution, having a somewhat similar object in view: this still exists. Whether by such or by any other means, the raising of the position of the working-classes by education is of immense importance in a town like Birmingham, where such classes form so large a proportion of the whole population. That they become both better workmen and better men by such agency, is now pretty well a settled point. Valuable testimony on this matter was given by Mr. Turner, the eminent button-manufacturer, in 1841, to one of the Commissioners sent down by the Government. His evidence was summed up as follows: "Knows all his work-people personally; has had constant opportunities of contrasting the conduct of the educated and well-informed with that of the ignorant and ill-informed; finds that the educated workman is unquestionably of much greater value to his employer than the uneducated; would not, knowingly, employ even one of the lowest mechanics, who could not read; finds that exactly in proportion to the extent of a mechanic's information, is he respectful in his behaviour, and generally well-conducted; and, on the other hand, the ignorant are less respectful, and not so well-disposed towards their employers. In the event of any disagreement between the workmen and their employer, the most ignorant are always the first to complain, and are invariably the most suspicious and untractable." This distinct avowal, by an employer of several hundred persons, is very important.

A remarkable and laudable attempt is being made by Mr. J. G. Brooks, to establish a 'Ministry to the Poor.' A Society has been formed, in co-operation with certain Sunday-schools; the purpose of which is, to diffuse among the poorest inhabitants a knowledge of and taste for those purifying influences to which they are too often strangers. A humble house in a poor neighbourhood has been rented at a low rate: it has been cleansed and whitewashed and rendered decent: it has been furnished with a few forms and desks, and a few books. Here, at stated times, the broad principles of Christian truth are set forth to whoever will come and listen to them, in a series of simple discourses. At other times the poor and ragged are invited in to learn something of the decencies and usefulness of society: boys and girls are taught to read and write, and girls are taught to hem and sew. Those who, at their own wretched homes (for there are *some* wretched homes at Birmingham, notwitstanding the circumstances recently touched upon) witness nothing but ignorance, dirt, and profligacy, do here catch a glimpse of something better, a something which may raise them above the level of brutes. At other times the sick and poverty-stricken are visited at their own homes; and a little pecuniary aid, and that sort of kindness which is often of more value even than money itself, are bestowed. Something of a literary cast, too, is attempted; for a news-room, library, and lecture-room—forming indeed a sort of humble Mechanics' Institution—are maintained. It is termed the People's Instruction Society, and is, in fact, a distinct and self-supporting institution. Though the payment is so marvellously small as one penny per week from each member, yet by frugality and good management, the Society is enabled to have a news-room, with newspapers and magazines, a circulating library, classes for instruction, and occasional lectures.—Let those who would wish to do much with little means, see what earnestness of purpose can accomplish. This 'Ministry to the Poor' seems to have but small funds at its command; yet it has set on foot a People's Instruction Society, Sunday-schools, a Provident Institution, Day-schools for children, Evening-schools for adults, and District-visitings to those whom small contributions in money, food, or raiment might benefit. In short, it is an attempt to penetrate down to those classes which Mechanics' Institutions and Benefit Societies have ever yet reached.—All honour to such an attempt!

A few words more about the men of Birmingham before we leave them. Institutions have been established, mainly through the instrumentality of Mr. Sanders and Mr. Francis Clark, designed to embrace all the advantages of Benefit Societies, without the pernicious obligation of holding the meetings at public houses, and with sounder financial principles in regard to the apportionment of benefits. One of these, the 'Birmingham Provident and Benevolent Institution,' has been established about fifteen years, and is in connection with Church Sunday-schools. It numbers between two and three thousand members. It embraces a Medical Attendance Club; an Annuity, Sick Pay, and Funeral Society; a Saving Club; an Endowment Society; a Benevolent Fund; and a Library. Whatever may be the station in life of a member, of either sex or of any age, some one or other of these benefits may be made available. By paying one penny a week, medicines and medical attendance are ensured during sickness. By making a small weekly payment, a funeral-fund, a sick-fund, a superannuation-fund, or an endowment-fund, may be secured. The other Society, the 'New Meeting Provident Institution,' is very like the former in character and object, and is, like it, primarily connected with certain Sunday-schools. Both proceed on the principle, that the system of co-operation and mutual assistance may be judiciously carried

much further than it usually is; that the every-day troubles of life are susceptible of much amelioration, if we would only make to-day think for to-morrow. If sickness be the evil, one penny per week will do what man can do to ward it off. If prudent saving be the object, sums so small as one penny are received as deposits. If endowment or superannuation allowance be desired, every imaginable facility is offered, to meet the means and wants of all. Two admirable features accompany these institutions—they are self-supporting, deriving no portion of their funds from charity; and they are conducive to length of life; for an extraordinary difference is observable, between the rate of mortality in those who belong to these institutions, and in that of the other inhabitants of Birmingham who move in a similar sphere of life.

The Neighbouring Iron and Coal Towns.

We must now ask the reader to turn his back upon Birmingham, and take a hasty glance at the district by which it is surrounded.

North-westward lies the busy home of iron and coal. Nothing gives a better notion of the region than a ride outside a 'bus' or coach to Wolverhampton or Dudley: especially if we return in the evening after dusk; we see the daylight scene in one direction, and the extraordinary glare of flames in the other. We can see that the grass of the fields is willing to be green, if the miners will let it alone. We see how towns and villages have grown up where farms and fields were a few years ago. We see that churches, and chapels, and humanizing institutions have settled down in these spots, but generally long after a thick population had been brought together. We see a district in which every town and village, every house, every man and woman and child, every occupation and station, are more or less dependent on, and at the mercy of lumps of coal and lumps of iron.—Very unpoetical, perhaps; but yet there is a good deal of rough stern poetry in these said lumps.

The southern corner of Staffordshire is one huge honey-comb. The ground is perforated and tunnelled and galleried in every direction, insomuch that the surface is continually sinking. Many and many a house requires to be chained round its middle, or propped up by timbers or stones, to prevent it from falling. Many a turnpike-road or path changes its level by sinking. When a new church or other large structure is to be built, great difficulty is sometimes experienced in finding a spot firm enough to bear it. Near Sedgeley there are (or were, a few years ago) a church and parsonage-house made of frame-work, capable of being *screwed-up* when they wander from the perpendicular! Much of the Staffordshire coal lies very near the surface; so that when the coal is extracted by mining, the superficial crust is scarcely strong enough to bear itself up.

If the district underground is a labyrinth of dark passages, so is the district above-ground a labyrinth of red brick houses. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the eight miles from Birmingham to Dudley present one continued string of houses. You hardly know what to call it; you meet with but few of the adjuncts of a complete and regular town. It seems as if houses had been jotted down here and there—anywhere—and had shuffled themselves into the order of a street. There is one large parish, West Bromwich, which was a few years ago mostly agricultural ground, belonging in great part to the Earl of Dartmouth. Shafts have since then been opened, galleries wrought, and mines established; and as the crude coal and iron was brought up to the surface, so were smelting and colliery works formed *on* the surface; and as the works spread around, so were houses rapidly built for the accommodation of the workmen. The consequence is that West Bromwich has become not merely a parish, but a town; and a most extraordinary town it is. You cannot tell where it begins or where it ends. You may walk through two or three miles of houses along the high road, and be all the while in West Bromwich; you may see a clustering village afar off across some fields—still West Bromwich: you may leave the high road altogether, and strike across to the north-east—again and again West Bromwich. Several local names are however, gradually being given to different portions of the group; and we shall probably find the name of West Bromwich by-and-bye applied to a more limited area of ground. Most of the houses inhabited by the workmen are two stories in height, and as all of them are made with red bricks, (red through the impregnation of the clay with iron,) the several groups are very conspicuous when contrasted with the green fields seen from a distance.

The principal manufacturing towns, however, are of older date, and have the usual concomitants of established towns. The whole of them—Wolverhampton, Walsall, Wednesbury, Bilston, Dudley, &c.,—derive their commercial position almost wholly from manufactures in iron: and it is curious to see how particular branches of manufacture have settled in particular spots. Bloxwich supports itself almost wholly on awl-blades and bridle-bits; small matters perhaps, but great by the power of numbers. Wednesfield has its locks keys, and traps—most of the unlucky rats, mice, foxes badgers, and weazels, have to thank Wednesfield for the means by which they have been or are to be captured; Darlaston, its gun-locks, hinges, and stirrups; Walsall, its buckles, spurs, bits, and saddlers' ironmongery generally; Wednesbury, its gas-pipes, coach-springs, axles, screws, hinges, and bolts; Bilston, its japan-work and tin-plating, but principally the actual smelting and making of iron; Sedgeley and the whole of its neighbourhood, nails, nails, nothing but nails; Dudley, its vices, fire-irons, nails, and chains; Willenhall, its locks, keys, latches, curry-combs, bolts and gridirons; Tipton, its heavy iron-work; and lastly Wolverhampton, the giant of the whole, with its more varied products of locks, keys, nails, tips, screws, hinges, vices, bolts, tin toys, steel toys, tin plate-work,

and japan-work. A few towns, farther south, such as Oldbury, Smethwick, Rowley-Regis, Halesowen, and Stourbridge, are also connected with the iron manufacture, but not so exclusively as those named above.

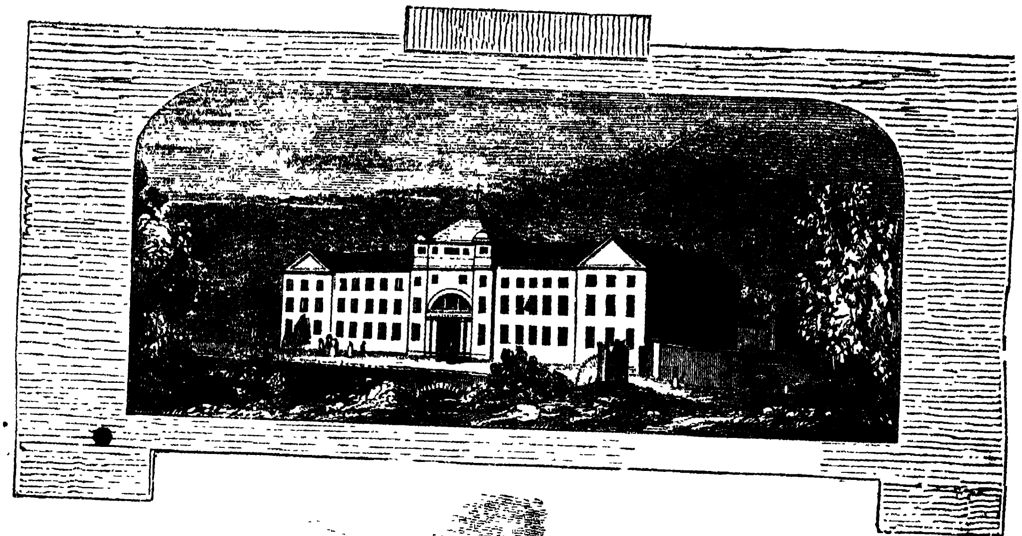
The state of society has assumed many remarkable features in this district. Workers in iron give the tone to everything; and many of the elements of a well-balanced society are in some places almost wholly wanting. In the parish of Darlaston, containing about ten thousand inhabitants, it was said, two or three years ago, that there were no resident gentry whatever; all were engaged either in mining or manufacturing.

Walsall is a good town: it is situated on a declivity, which greatly aids in the maintenance of drainage. The Walsall folks keep up an odd old custom on St. Clement's Day, of scrambling for apples and nuts thrown among them from the Town Hall. Bilston is perhaps the blackest of the black: it makes more iron, as is said, than the whole of Sweden, and it must needs be a smoky place. There are many streets of this town where gas-lights are almost useless—so bright is the glare at night from fifty furnace-mouths being within a short distance of it.

In Wolverhampton, Willenhall, and others of these towns, the work is nearly all executed by small masters, who have a few apprentices each, and work hard themselves. They work for factors, or dealers, who procure their supplies from these men and sell to merchants and shop-keepers. There are whole districts of streets and courts almost without names or numbers, in which neither name nor occupation of the inhabitants is written up. A stranger could neither see nor guess what is going on, nor who are the residents; and if he wished to find a particular person, he might have some difficulty so to do—unless he were well-learned in nick-names, in which these Staffordshire folks love to revel. The nameless streets and the non-numbered houses are occupied by the small masters who work in small shops in the rear of their dwellings; and as they know nothing of any employers except the factors whom they supply, they care nothing about the means of publicity which a London tradesman courts. Willenhall is really an extraordinary place. There are scarcely a dozen professional men in it—all the rest being working manufacturers; and two-thirds of all these workmen are employed in making locks. The men are mostly small masters, employing two or three apprentices each; and masters and boys together work on almost incessantly from morning to night. Mr. Horne, one of the Commissioners sent down a few years ago to examine the state of the manufacturing districts, gave the following picture:—"Sometimes men and boys eat their meals at leisure: the former at intervals, between drinking and smoking, the latter while playing at marbles or going on errands. This is on Monday and Tuesday. In the middle and latter end of the week, men and boys eat their victuals while they work, or bolt their victuals standing. You see a locksmith and his two apprentices with a plate before each of them, heaped up (at the best of times when they can get such things) with potatoes and lumps of something or other,—but seldom meat,—and a large slice of bread in one hand. Your attention is called off for two minutes, and, on turning round again, you see the man and boys filing away at the vice." This filing is the most endless part of the Willenhall work; for the file is the tool that principally gives form and surface to the parts of a lock. Some men file away all their lives, and, in such cases, they acquire what the workmen call a K knee, from the position into which they throw themselves while at the bench. The apprentices, who are sent with a small premium by the guardians of agricultural parishes, have but a hard life of it. Yet do these Willenhall folks manage to pick up some crumbs of comfort out of their rough and toil-worn life. They have quite an *esprit de corps* among them: a Willenhall girl will, for the most part, only marry one of her townsmen, and a stranger-husband would be looked upon with something like doubt and suspicion. The love of home shows itself in a remarkable way; for, a few years ago, a factor sent over twenty-five Willenhall men to Brussels, to establish a lock-manufacture there: their earnings, which at home had not reached 15*s.* per week, were £3 a week at Brussels: yet they did not like it; they were out of place and out of sorts, and they came back one by one to Willenhall, there to resume their old habits.

Intermediate between the towns of this remarkable district are the hovels and forges of the *nailors*—a class quite as curious as any we have named. For a century and a half—probably much more—have these nailors speckled the district. William Hutton, who contrives to give an odd quaintness to everything he says, tells us, that when he first approached Birmingham, about a century ago, he was surprised to observe the prodigious number of blacksmiths' shops upon the road. "In some of these shops," he remarks, "I observed one or more females, stripped of their upper garments, and not overcharged with their lower, wielding the hammer with all the grace of the sex. The beauties of their face were rather eclipsed by the smut of the anvil, or, in poetical phrase, the tincture of the forge had taken possession of those lips which might have been taken by a kiss. Struck with the novelty, I enquired 'Whether the ladies in this country shod horses?' but was answered, with a smile, 'They are *nailors*.'"

It is as true in 1848 as it was in 1748, that these sooty beauties make nails. Their cottages are the same, their forges are the same, the anvils and hammers are the same, their fathers, brothers, husbands are the same: scarcely anything in their condition is altered, except that they have to contend against nails made by steam-power. The machine-made nails are mostly what are termed *cut* nails, while those made with the hammer on an anvil are *wrought*; and the wrought-nailors are still able to bear up against the competition. They go to a neighbouring town and buy a bundle of iron rods, or wire, of the requisite thickness, and then they work the iron up into nails in the little, dark, dirty forges attached to their dwellings: father.





7 & 8.—SOHO.

mother, sons, daughters, all frequently working together. The rapidity of their rate of working is quite surprising. Some years ago a man undertook, for a wager, to make thirty-four thousand large nails in a fortnight: he completed his task, and a newspaper-writer took the trouble of making a few statistical calculations on the matter. He estimated that, on an average, twenty-five strokes with a hammer were required for each nail—making nearly a million in all; and that, in addition to this, the man had to give from one to three blasts with his bellows for every nail he made, had to supply the fire with fuel, and had to move from the fire-place to where the nails were made, and *vice versâ*, upwards of 42,830 times!—Curious statistics these! The nailors are a rough set; but we are not obliged to suppose them always amenable to the picture drawn by Hutton.

The Neighbouring Pleasure-Spots.

When the Birmingham inhabitants wish for a holiday, whither can they go? We have before said that they have no river, no steam-boats, no regattas, no rowing matches, no parks; and the iron and coal towns of the north-west are not exactly the places for a ramble or a pic-nic. Yet is there a goodly sprinkling of pleasant green fields near and around Birmingham, when once we get quit of the streets and factories. A year or two ago, there was an advertisement which looked like a gentle satire on the Birmingham folks, for their do-nothing course in respect to public parks. At the eastern margin of the town is a place of public amusement called Vauxhall Gardens, concerning which an advertisement ran thus:—"Eligible public walks having long been desired and highly recommended, ——— feels convinced that those who wish for such a desideratum, will find the above rustic retreat a place where they can promenade for hours, among stately trees, flowers, and shrubs, with beautifully designed fountains of crystal water, playing continuously; the whole presenting a rich display of nature and of art, refreshing and invigorating, &c., &c., &c."

There are two villages or hamlets almost absorbed within the vortex of Birmingham, but yet still maintaining the character of country spots, Aston and Handsworth, which are worth a visit for more reasons than one. They are agreeable places in themselves, and they are associated with the names of the departed great. The spirit of James Watt hovers about this neighbourhood. In the immediate vicinity of Handsworth, at the northern margin of Birmingham, stand the celebrated Soho Works (Cuts, Nos. 7 and 8), which will be associated with the great engineer long after every brick has been razed to the ground. From the year 1774, when Watt entered into partnership with Matthew Boulton, till 1800, when the partnership ended, the works at Soho were the great scene of operation, whence all Europe was supplied with those steam-engines which so excited the wonder of all; and even after Watt's secession from the firm, his enduring friendship with Boulton till the death of the latter in 1809, the residence of Watt near the spot till his own death in 1819, and the continuance of the establishment by the sons of these two great men—all tended to fix public attention on the Soho Works as the centre of a mighty social power. It was more than ninety years ago that a rolling mill was built on this spot—previously a barren heath; in 1762, the mill was bought by Boulton; in 1764, he built the large structure which still exists; and for eighty-two years the operations of the establishment have continued uninterruptedly. It is not merely the making of steam-engines and other large pieces of machinery that has made these works famous; other manufacturing processes have been introduced; or, more properly speaking, other manufactures preceded that of steam-engines by ten years. Buttons, buckles, watch-chains, and trinkets, were the first objects of manufacture; then plated ware; then *or molu* vases, candelabra, clock-cases and watch-stands; then pure silver plate, of the highest order of excellence. All this occurred before the introduction of Watt to the firm. The establishment was then divided into two parts; one for continuing the former manufactures, and the other for making steam-engines and other machines. Their separation has continued down to the present day: but the importance of the place is gone—it has outlived itself. The relations and successors of the two great founders have become wealthy men; and, like the Etruria Works of Wedgwood, and the Cromford Works of Arkwright, the Soho Works no longer possess the rank which pertained to them in the days of *the* Watt and *the* Boulton. There is even, we believe, mention made of breaking up part of the establishment, and letting the ground on building leases. We must never, however, forget what the Soho has been: its memory must be preserved in pictures as well as in words.

The representative of the Boultons resides in a mansion near the works; while the representative of the Watts lives at Aston Hall, (Cut, No. 10,) a fine old mansion, of which we obtain a peep through an avenue of trees, from the Lichfield Road. This manor-house was erected by Sir Thomas Holt, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and is a good example of those comely comfortable hospitable old Elizabethan structures. Charles the First was sheltered there for two nights, previous to the battle of Edge Hill; for which act of loyalty, the Parliamentarians soon afterwards levied contributions on the then Sir Thomas Holt, and cannonaded his mansion: the impress of some of these republican bullets is still visible on the staircase. Not far from Aston Hall is the church, a picturesque old building, which looks well from all sides. Indeed, the neighbourhood around Aston is sprinkled with many pretty spots.

It is well worth a walk, too, to the nice old country church at Handsworth. The church and the village seem to have run away from each other; for while the one is out in the open fields, thoroughly countryfied in all its associations, the other is half a mile off, on the busy Wolverhampton Road! The church is many centuries old, and contains several curious monuments

and relics of past days. Some of the redoubtable churchwardens have cut a brave recumbent knight's head in two, in order to make room for a staircase! The gem of the church is Chantrey's statue of Watt, one of the finest works of that artist's chisel. The exquisite purity of the marble which Chantrey was fortunate enough to obtain, the wonderful expression of steadiness and thought in the countenance of Watt, the ease of the attitude, and the skilful placing of the statue in a small chapel built expressly for its reception, (over Watt's grave,) all combine to make this more than commonly interesting among works of its class. Smaller memorials of Boulton and Murdoch are contained in the same church. This Murdoch was the engineer who first applied gas-lighting with success; and the Soho was the first large building where it was so applied. It is something for a church to contain the remains of Watt, Boulton, and Murdoch!

At a distance of three or four miles beyond Aston and Handsworth is the Roman Catholic college of St. Mary's, Oscott. (Cut, No. 11.) Few positions can be more thoroughly free from the associations of smoky towns and busy streets. Nothing but green fields and country scenes lie between this spot and the northern confines of Birmingham; and were it not for the dim haze that hovers in the south, we should not know that any bustling town is near. The iron and the coal-seams do not reach so far eastward as this spot; so that Oscott is as much free from mines below as from factories above: there is a total absence of both. This was the spot selected about ten years ago, by a body of influential Roman Catholics, as the site for a college; and Mr. Pugin has built a large and beautiful structure, in the midst of an equally-beautiful park or enclosure. On applying at the entrance gate, (which, like everything else about the spot, is of the Tudor or late perpendicular style,) we are admitted into the park, which presents some lovely walks and terraces, winding round in picturesque curves, bounded by luxuriant trees, shrubs, and flowers. A quarter of a mile of such walking brings us to the college, a very extensive red brick and stone-dressed building. It has its chapel, refectories, oratories, vestries, studies, dormitories—all the requirements for a college in the Roman Catholic form; and it is difficult, while walking through them, to believe that we are in the nineteenth century, and in the vicinity of a rattling, hammering, stamping, steaming town. Everything speaks of past times: the black letter inscriptions over the doors; the encaustic tiles under the feet; the stained glass in the windows; the combination of plain dark oak with polychrome decorations; the ancient relics carefully stored up and displayed in cases; the black collegiate costume of the quiet, pale, calm students; the order and noiselessness that pervade the whole building—all have a sort of impressiveness about them, even to Non-Catholics. The chapel is a most splendid apartment, glittering with devices and ornaments in gold and in every imaginable colour: indeed the chapel seems to be the special object for display, as the other portions of the building are for the most part plain and simple. A view from the windows of the college shows that the surrounding country, though flat and undiversified by rivers, is thoroughly open, healthy, and in parts really beautiful. It was good judgment that selected such a site for such a building.

There is a large extent of open heathy country to the south-west of Oscott, which affords abundant scope for all sorts of open-air sports; but, unluckily, it is too far off from Birmingham. Even among the mining districts themselves there are a few pleasant spots; and when we come to Dudley, we reach a park which is not only beautiful, but highly picturesque. A considerable portion of Dudley and its mines belongs to Lord Ward, who is also proprietor of the ruined Castle and the large Park named after it. The Castle we have before alluded to: it is a fine old ruin, with its warder's tower, watch-tower, triple gate, keep, vault and dungeons, sally-port, octagon-tower, justice-hall, dining-hall, chapel, all more or less discernible, but all in dilapidation. The view from the summit of the keep is wide-spreading: Lichfield Cathedral in the north-east; Birmingham in the east; Hagley in the south; the Malvern Hills in the south-west—all are visible, forming a back-ground to the busy environs of Dudley. But when we descend from the keep, and enter the grounds of the Castle, we soon become as much shut out from busy and smoky scenes, and as much surrounded by sylvan objects, as if we were a hundred miles away from any manufacturing town. At some very remote period, these grounds appear to have been quarried for limestone; for there are dells, and caverns, and recesses, whose origin we can hardly explain in any other way; but most of them are now clothed with verdure, or bordered by trees and shrubs; and the eye is easily cheated into the belief that they are all natural formations. Some of the limestone caverns are almost as curious as the caves of Derbyshire; and there is a ravine, about half-a-mile in length, which looks so wild, so ancient, so picturesque, that one is inclined to think it *ought* to be one of Nature's productions. It is mortifying to be obliged to descend from such a thought, and to dabble with quarrymen's picks and shovels; yet the opinion seems to be that even this ravine is the work of men's hands. We will try, however, until evidence becomes stronger than it has yet been, to believe that the ravine existed when picks and shovels were not; and we will, moreover, advise the reader, if ever he is within a short distance from Dudley, to go and judge for himself: he will not regret his visit.

South of Dudley there is a very pleasant part of Worcestershire and Shropshire, which can be reached by an hour or two's ride from Birmingham. The *Leasowes* and *Hagley*—the one associated with Shenstone, and the other with the Lyttletons—here lie enticingly open to a ramble of inspection. On the south of the road from Birmingham to Halesowen, in the midst of a very delightful country, a plain white house peeps between the trees. It is a house which, *per se*,



9.—BLUE-COAT SCHOOL. 10.—ASTON HALL.

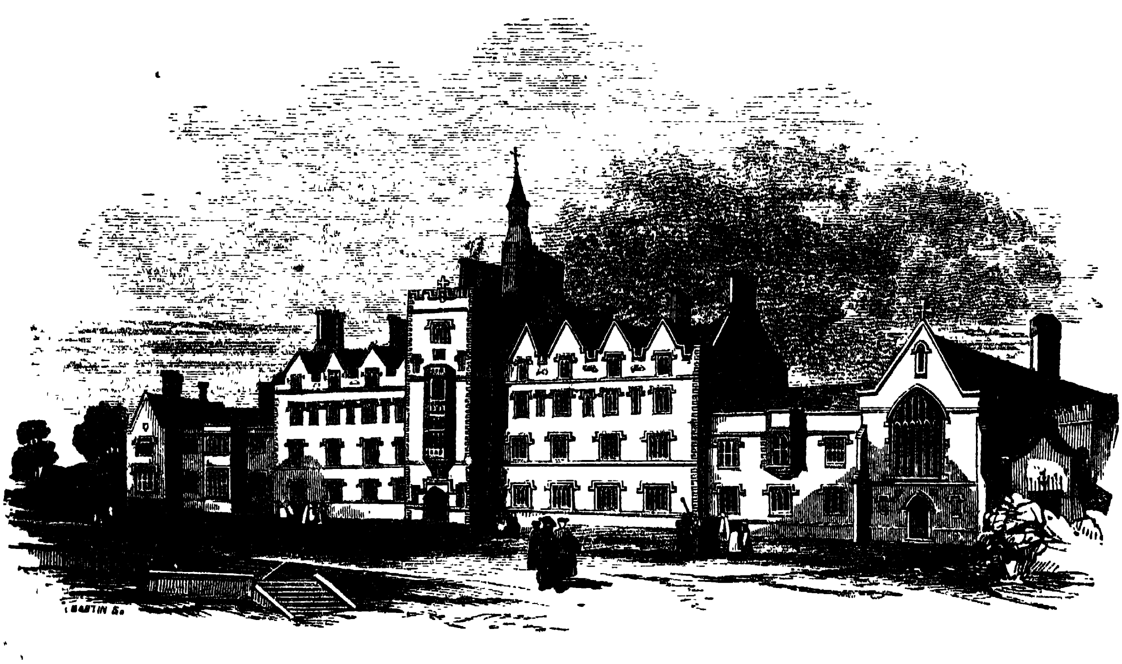
deserves scarcely a word of praise; but it was once inhabited by Shenstone, and it is surrounded by a lovely park—lovely once through the care bestowed in giving it loveliness, and lovely still though neglected. It is unpleasant, nevertheless, to be obliged to hear that Shenstone spent on this spot the means which might have been appropriated better. Somewhat above a century ago, he came into possession of the place; from which time, as Dr. Johnson says, he began "to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters; which he did with such judgment and fancy, as made his little domain the envy of the great and the admiration of the skilful: a place to be visited by travellers and copied by designers." But what was the consequence? He devoted so much of his means to external embellishment that the house continued to be a dilapidated sort of place, unfit, as he acknowledges, to receive 'polite friends.' His beautiful park did not give him adequate pleasure; for he became, from various causes, disappointed, querulous, and dejected, in his declining years. Of the Poems, Prose Essays, and Letters of Shenstone, a large portion of the latter relate wholly to the Leasowes, and his 'Schoolmistress,' the best and most celebrated of his productions, is an embodiment of his thoughts relating to a primitive dame-school at which he received his early education, near Halesowen. The ground on which the Leasowes stands is very undulating, and these undulations have been so managed as to give the spot a much larger apparent area than it really possesses. Some parts are wild and rugged; some so thickly planted that the light of the sun is almost hidden; some soft and graceful; little streams wander hither and thither, and little bridges cross them in unexpected spots. In bygone times, the last-century taste of statues, and vases, and urns was displayed in decking the grounds; but these have disappeared: these, indeed, we might spare, but there are other indications of neglect which are less welcome. Eighty-five years have elapsed since Shenstone's death; and perhaps it is hardly to be expected that those who have since possessed the estate should in all cases have been imbued with the feeling necessary for its conservation.

Four miles south-westward of the Leasowes stands Hagley Park, the seat of Lord Lyttleton. Hagley itself is a village, but not a manufacturing one; it contains the private residences of many manufacturers and merchants, whose places of business are elsewhere; so that it presents much more of a holiday aspect than other villages whose names we have mentioned. Sir Thomas Lyttleton, father of Lyttleton the poet, lived here in the early part of the last century; but its celebrity began with the next possessor, who was created Lord Lyttleton in the early part of George the Third's reign. This Lord Lyttleton's 'Monody on his Wife's Death;' 'Prologue to the Tragedy of Coriolanus,' and other poetical pieces, attracted a good deal of notice in the last century; but he is perhaps best known to later readers by his 'History of the Reign of Henry the Second.' In his 'Monody,' he speaks of the 'well-known ground' the 'fountain's side,' the 'waters gliding along the valley,' the 'wide-stretched prospect,' the 'playful fawns,' the 'verdant lawns' —all of which referred to Hagley; and we find all these at Hagley at the present day. As this estate, unlike the Leasowes, has remained the family seat of the founder's successors, it has been well kept up and cared for. The mansion is far larger than Shenstone's, and of more architectural pretensions. Within, it has a fine collection of pictures, and all the adornments of an English noble's house. Without, it has a park of great beauty, with lawns, shrubberies, gardens, woods, walks, pastures, avenues, artificial basins, and all the similar concomitants. The neat little village church, too, is so situated as to seem to form part of the domain. On the opposite side of the high road is a lofty obelisk, erected to the memory of Lord Lyttleton; and near it is one of those little prettinesses, mock temples, which are always in danger of slipping down from the sublime to the ridiculous—a proverbially short journey. It is a miniature Parthenon, perched up among the trees on a hill, which serves as the Acropolis; and so long as no other building is within immediate view, all goes on tolerably well; but, as seen from a portion of the park, there is a provoking cottage gable comes into comparison, and the poor temple loses a good deal of its dignity immediately. We doubt whether the Leasowes, even in its comparative decay, is not a finer bit of landscape, a more delightful place to lose one's-self in, than even its larger and better preserved neighbour.

The country lying southward of Birmingham does not begin to be particularly attractive until we arrive at a considerable distance from that town: but when this distance has been traversed, the charms of the locality are so numerous and so varied, and appeal to such a crowd of associations, that we get almost into a new world. Stratford, and its undying celebrities, Warwick, and its fine old castle,—one of the few real old English castles still kept up and inhabited,—Kenilworth, and all that it suggests to us of the Elizabethan days, Guy's Cliff, and Piers Gaveston's monument, and Stoneleigh Abbey,—all these come upon the sight one by one. But it is only by a stretch of courtesy that we can be permitted to include such a district in the environs of Birmingham; and all attempts to describe these scenes in the present sheet would be out of place. Coventry, too, situated about as far as Warwick from Birmingham, is a host in itself; with its ribbons and ribbon-weavers, its fine old churches and crosses and halls, its pageants of former days, and its Shaksperean associations. But though it does not fall within our present object to describe all these fine things, and to 'lionize' the reader through the beauties of North Warwickshire, it is quite permissible for us to congratulate the good folks of Birmingham on the practical nearness of all these scenes. We say 'practical nearness,' because distance is, in our day, better measured by minutes than by miles. A railw[illegible]

some thirty or forty minutes carries us from Birmingham to Coventry, whence a branch line turns off to Kenilworth, Leamington, and Warwick; the result is, that we can reach Kenilworth as early by this conveyance as Dudley by coach: so that, after all, Coventry, and Kenilworth, and Warwick *are* next-door neighbours to Birmingham. Stratford-upon-Avon lies further to the south-west, about eight miles from Warwick, or twenty-three from Birmingham, by coach-road. When the new railway schemes are completed, the Birmingham and Oxford line will give ready access to Stratford from Birmingham; while the Narrow Gauge Company, on their part, are shortening and improving the line from Birmingham to Kenilworth and Warwick. We must beg of the poets, and painters, and anglers, and lovers of the picturesque, to concede to us this point: that if railways sometimes break up a beautiful scene by ugly embankments and yawning cuttings, and disturb the calm serenity of country life by the shrieking tones of the railway whistle, they afford good compensation, by opening up to the denizens of busy towns scenes which they would never have met with but for the aid afforded by these media of communication. It is more fanciful than true to draw the distinction, "God made the country, man made the town;" but it is perfectly true, that if the town-man can become occasionally a country-man, he will be all the better for it.

Birmingham, then, in spite of all its iron and coal, is not without its beauty-spots, as soon as the green-fields are reached. We have named a few of them; and a rambler who is not frightened by a good tough walk, or a railway excursionist who can spare a shilling or two, might easily meet with others.



11.—OSCOTT.





1.—THE GUILDHALL.

2.—THE RAILWAY TERMINUS.

BRISTOL.

A Walk through Bristol.

Bristol, *en ballon*, presents features singularly similar to those of the metropolis. The river Avon, which divides it into two portions, north and south, winds along with undulations so corresponding to those of the Thames in its passage through London, that the course of one river might almost be traced as a reduced copy of the other. The two portions of the city bear, also, the same relative importance to each other. The richest, oldest, and most interesting part of Bristol is situated on the north bank of the Avon; whilst the southern segment is another "Surrey-side of the water." The classes of tradesmen, and the general tone which pervades these two sections of the city present as marked a difference to each other as the dwellers of Tooley Street and Blackfriars Road do to those of the Strand, or the loungers of Regent Street. The more dormant portion of the city, if we might so term it, which lies on the Somersetshire shore of the Avon, is vitalized by three long and comparatively busy thoroughfares, Temple, Thomas, and Redcliffe Streets, which converge towards the principal bridge.

To give our reader the best idea in the shortest space of time, of Bristol, past and present, we will ramble with him through the principal streets of the city. He is perhaps arrived by the Great Western Railway, which is situated at the extremity of Temple Street, and wishes to proceed to Clifton; the line of route to which place will afford him a more complete view of the various features of Bristol, than perhaps any other. Of the façade of the station itself, which finds accommodation for the Great Western, Exeter, and Birmingham lines, we can say little more than that its size is great, and its style Tudor. We are little accustomed to see originality or fitness studied in such buildings as these, which should, however, as much express the idea of the present age, as ecclesiastical architecture did that of the mediæval period; but we know of no style so little fitted to a railway-station as the Tudor. The Egyptian, or the Doric, in lack of some iron style, which is yet to come, might be adopted as emblematical of strength and power; but the Elizabethan, with its scrolls and light tracery, its open and elegant windows, and profuse embellishments, is more fitted for the baronial hall than for the frontispiece of so stupendous a work as a railway, or for the resting and starting-place of the great blear-eyed fire-mouthed monster who devours both time and space. Even forgiving the style the architect has adopted, he has failed to give us a picturesque or pleasing pile, which, with the means at his disposal, he should have done. The design is but commonplace, and the details are inharmonious. (Cut, No. 2.)

A sharp bend in the road after we leave the station, brings before us a full perspective of Temple Street, in all its poverty and picturesqueness. It is a street of gable ends, and we question if Queen Elizabeth, could she visit it in its present state, would see much alteration from the time when she passed through it three centuries ago Every here and there some larger than common tenement is seen, leaning down with heavy-hanging brow over the street, and with a profusion of casement which evidences that the window-taxes were unknown when first they were glazed. In most of these houses, of old, the clicking of the weaver's loom might have been heard, plied by the broad-faced industrious Flemings. When Edward III. prohibited the export of wool from the kingdom, a number of cloth-weavers from Flanders were invited over to England, and numbers of them, settling in Bristol, made Temple Street their head-quarters, and commenced a manufacture which, for many centuries, remained the staple product of the city. The merry music of the loom has long since fled to the pleasant valleys of Gloucestershire, and the less picturesque but more active north; and squalid rags now hang out to dry from rooms that once sent forth the renowned English broadcloth. Still farther back in the perspective of time, this street possessed a history: the religious element pervaded it before it was made busy by the handicraftsman. A little removed from the street lies the Temple church, with its fine old tower, one of those piles which puzzle one to know whether it is to the builder or to the destroyer we owe most of their beauties. Honeycombed and stained by time, its old forehead looks stately and beautiful, as it catches the evening sun high over the surrounding houses. What attracts attention to it even more than its imposing form, is the manner in which it leans. Temple church is the Pisan Tower of Bristol: a plummet dropped from its battlements falls wide of its base three feet nine inches; and, viewed from a distance, the inclination of the tower—which is a very high one —seems even greater. This church at one time, and the quarter surrounding it, belonged to the Knights Templars, by whom it was founded in the year 1118. The utmost stretch of fancy can scarcely imagine the time when, instead of the groups of dirty women who now congregate upon the pavement, these soldiers of Christ, habited in the long white flowing robe of their order, bearing on the shoulder the red cross, made the "flints vocal" with their measured footsteps. At the bottom of Temple Street is another specimen of a leaning building—the 'Fourteen Stars Tavern,' an old wooden structure, which overhangs the road so much, that one is almost afraid to pass under it. A short walk brings us to Bristol Bridge, erected in 1762, on the foundations of its predecessor, a very curious old structure, covered with houses, and bearing in the middle a "faire chappel," dedicated to the blessed

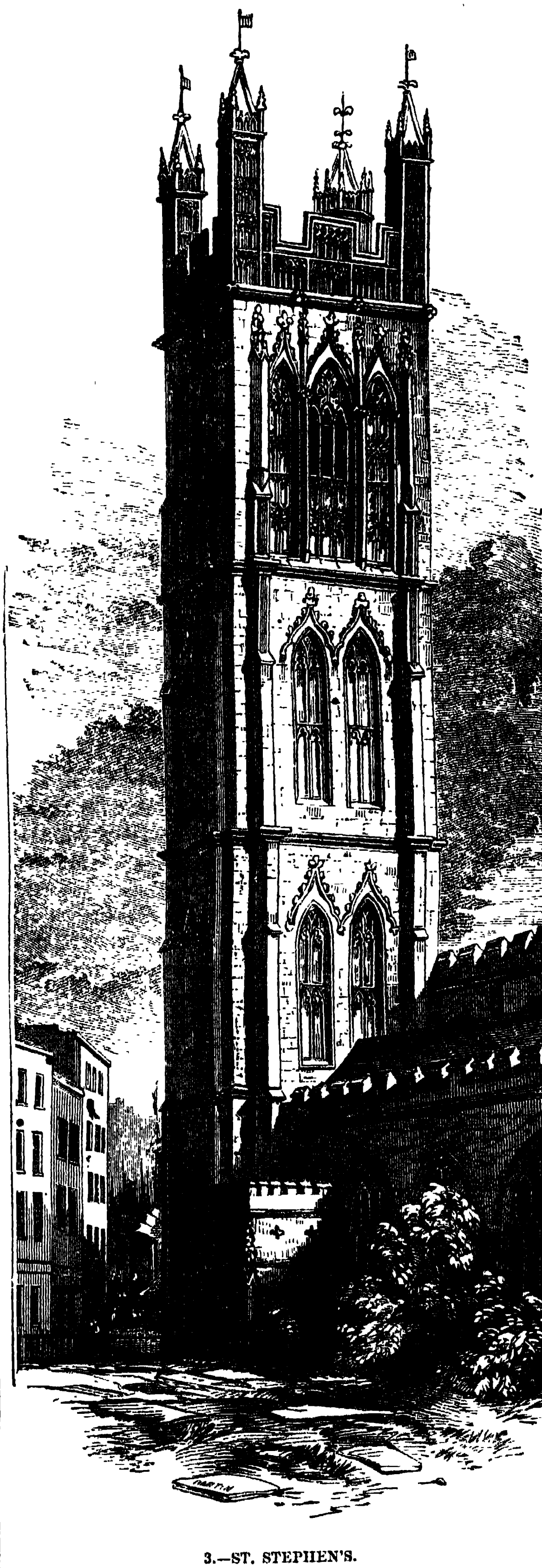
Virgin Mary. It was the very counterpart of the old London Bridge; and one of Chatterton's finest poems is commemorative of its opening by the monks, in grand procession, in the thirteenth century. The present bridge, handsome and wide as it is, scarcely suffices for the circulation of the life-blood of the two great counties which it connects; what then must have been the confusion a hundred years ago, in the time of the former structure, when seventeen feet was all the clear way between the houses for both foot passengers and carriages! On the left of us, as we pass over, the river, like the Pool, is crowded with sloops and small coasting vessels, which discharge on the quay side, known here as the Back. We are now fairly entered upon the old city, and High Street, which is built upon a slight ascent, still preserves somewhat of its ancient character. It is obvious, as we pass up, that the better class of traders are ebbing away fast from its neighbourhood; large shops are to be seen divided into two, each making a desperate struggle for existence. The top of the street is the very centre of ancient Bristol, and here one of the distinguishing features of the city becomes obvious—the multitude of its churches, and the thickness with which they are planted together. At one time there stood a church at the corner of each of the four streets, which branch off at this place; in the centre shot up the High Cross, and within a bowshot arose the spires and towers of six more sacred edifices; so that the view of this part of the city, from the hills which surround it, presented to the spectator one mass of spires. Four of these buildings have since been pulled down; but enough still remain to justify the expression that Bristol is "a city of churches." The High Cross, "beautified" with the effigies of eight kings, benefactors to the city, has long since been removed, to afford room for the increase of traffic. This old Cross had often been the scene of blood. Thomas, Lord le Despenser, was beheaded here for the part he took in the rebellion against Henry IV.; and it was the site of a still more tragic occurrence in 1461, when Sir Baldwin Fulford and two other Lancastrians were executed by the orders of Edward IV. The king carried his bloodthirstiness so far, as to order a place to be got ready in the church of St. Ewen's (which stood upon the site of the present Council House), that he might see the prisoners pass to where the axe awaited them. There is a passage in the churchwarden's book to the following effect: "Item, for washynge the church payven against K. Edward IV. is coming to Bristow. iiii. ob." It would have been better if they had paid this sum for washing his Majesty's hands of such a bloody piece of business. Chatterton, in his 'Bristowe Tragedie,' has rendered imperishable this event. If we loiter here for a moment, the interesting nature of the spot must be our excuse. As we have already said, four streets, running north, south, east, and west, meet the view: before us lies Broad Street, its outline broken by picturesque-looking houses, and bounded by its very old church, dedicated to St. John, under which opens one of the ancient gates of the city. Wine Street, with its curious old wooden house, brought in frame from Holland, and set up at the corner of the street in the sixteenth century, and now Stuckey's Bank; and at the right Clare Street (High Street we have already spoken of), down which we turn. The Council House is a chaste building, possessing no peculiarities, either good or bad, which criticism can take hold of. A statue of Justice surmounts its pediment, however, which is beautifully designed, and from the chisel of Baily, a native of Bristol. The Exchange, lying upon the left hand a little farther down, is an extremely handsome structure, and like most of the public works erected in this city in the middle of the last century, is an evidence that art was not overlooked by its wealthy and public-spirited projectors. The façade is Roman, very highly ornamented; and that portion of it which forms the merchant's walk is a spacious open square, surrounded on all sides by handsome arcades. There is a conscientiousness about the manner in which every portion of this building is finished, which shows to great disadvantage works executed in these days of lath and plaster and compo: the business transacted here, however, is now confined to the corn-trade. The mass of merchants resort to the Commercial Rooms, on the opposite side of the road; and sales are struck over the wet broad sheet of 'The Times,' instead of the damp flag-stones of the Exchange quadrangle, which now seems almost deserted. At the back of the Exchange runs the chief market of the city, occupying a great space of ground in a very irregular manner; the supply from the fruitful counties of Somersetshire and Gloucestershire is excellent and abundant. A feature which strikes the stranger as he passes through is the singular costume of the market-people. The vegetable stalls are mostly kept by Kingswood women—children of that rude race which Wesley, with his meek yet indomitable spirit, strove to evangelize—here they stand, handling Brobdignagian cabbages, and watering drooping radishes, in the selfsame-fashioned dresses in which their great grandmothers attired themselves; the hat they wear is of black felt, the wide leaves of which are bent down to cover the ears, and the shallow rounded crown is encircled with puffing of black ribbons; under this head-covering peeps the plaited white cap, and the hair is dressed in an infinite number of small thin loops, which forms a fringe, as it were, across the forehead. The older women wear a blue great coat, confined at the waist by a band, whilst two or three capes protect the shoulders; the younger ones, however, have discarded this latter garment, and complete their toilet with a bright yellow handkerchief folded over the bosom. There is something so quaint and interesting in the dress, that when the wearer is pretty—and many of the young Kingswood women are eminently so—it is quite dangerous to attempt bargaining with them.

Returning to Clare Street again, we must not omit to mention, as a sign of Bristol's care even in the middle ages, for literature as well as for commerce, that there anciently stood, beside All Saints' church,

now close upon us, the House of Kalenders, which belonged to a fraternity half laic, half religious, founded here long before the Conquest, and whose duty was, to convert Jews, instruct youth, and keep the archives of the city. In this house, as long ago as the middle of the fifteenth century, lectures were delivered twice a week, and a valuable library stood open to the public; so that, as regards Bristol at least, yesterday's Mechanics' Institutes need not fling "dark ages" so contemptuously in the teeth of the past.

"Not only we, the latest seeds of time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past; not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well."

Still more churches as we proceed down Clare Street,—St. Werburg's, with the west face of its tower washed with the storms of four or five centuries into a bright and most artistic tone, next arrests our attention. On a sunny day, when the lights and shades are particularly strong, we question if a more picturesque combination can be afforded in any city than the view of the buildings here congregated. Looking towards the top of the street, St. Werburg's tower, with the bright sun upon it, stands out against the gloom in which the Exchange is buried. Then again the elegant Italian dome of All Saints repeats the light, and carries the eye on to where the old Dutch-built Bank, with its many galleries and projecting angles, forms a complete picture in itself. Near the bottom of Clare Street we come to what, after St. Mary Redcliff, might be considered the pride of Bristol as regards ecclesiastical architecture; and indeed we doubt if there is so fine a specimen of what is termed the "perpendicular" style in England as the tower of St. Stephen's church It is about 125 feet in height; but the delicate tracery, which the eye follows from its base to the beautiful open-work of its pinnacles, makes it look much higher, rising as it does like a tall and graceful lady, above the gloomy warehouses which surround it on all sides but the one on which it is viewed. Time has added to its effect by washing bright and clear here and there the projecting ornaments, which show against the sable dress with which the smoke has enveloped it. (Cut, No. 3.) The church is much older than the tower, which was built about 1472, by John Shipward, one of the many merchant princes Bristol boasted in that early time. Those sturdy traders were as inclined for a fight as for traffic, if we are to believe a document published some years since in the Bristol Mirror, which gives an account of what the citizens call the English Chevy Chase, or the battle of Nibley Green, fought in the year 1470, not many miles from the city, between the followers of the fourth lord of Berkeley and those of the first Lord de Lisle. At this bloody encounter both John Shipward and Philip Mede, another merchant, were, as this document asserts, present; it is certain, however, that they were promoters of the strife; and this was all the more singular, as both of them had been members of Parliament for the city, and had filled the office of its chief magistrate. This occurrence taking place during the wars of the



3.—ST. STEPHEN'S.

roses, it was hushed up, and nothing came of it, if we except this glorious tower, which it is said Shipward erected as some expiation of his offences against "God and the king's laws," in aiding of this bloody battle.

Water, again; well may Andrew de Chesne, who wrote in the time of King Stephen, say of Bristol, that it "seems to swim in the water, and wholly to be set on the river banks." It is not the Avon we are now coming to, however, but a canal, cut in the thirteenth century to afford berthings for great ships, which before that time often received damage by grounding on the mud in the river; it was also constructed to turn the course of the Frome, a small tributary to the Avon, which the good citizens have been at some pains to hide from view, as not a vestige of it is to be seen, although it meanders through the centre of the town. It is worth while pausing for a moment on the swing-bridge we are passing over. To the right of us lie moored the picturesque-looking Severn trows, built after a fashion that must have prevailed before the flood. Ranged side by side, each one, with its bright brown mast, intensely red little flag, and black pall-like tarpaulings, covering the cargo piled high upon the deck, and the bargee, who is always seen there stretched out at length upon his stomach fast asleep, they form a picture which contrasts strangely with the vessels seen on the other side of the bridge, keen little clippers, with masts raking at a tremendous angle. These vessels are mostly Guernsey and Jersey traders, or luggers bringing fruit from Spain and Portugal. Still further down, the great chimneys of the Irish steamers lean over the quay while they discharge their cargoes. And beyond these, towering over a confusion of West Indiamen, with top-sails struck, the light tracery of an American or a Chinaman is painted against the sky, its long pennant floating languidly in the wind. In showery weather, when the sails of the ships are unclewed to dry, and shadows run over them as they belly to the breeze, the scene here is exceedingly picturesque; and, to make the whole perfect, half way down the quay a great sun-dial, raised high upon a pillar, flashes intelligence from its golden face.

At this spot one of the features which tend to render the city so picturesque is observable,—the suddenness with which the hills to the north of it dip down into the busy mart of men. Several of the quaint old streets in this quarter of the town seem terminated by sloping banks of verdure, clothed with waving trees, and terraced and dotted with houses. The abruptness with which nature meets and refreshes the eye, wearied with dull ranges of warehouses and dingy streets of brick, reminds one of similar transitions in towns of Switzerland or Savoy, where the perspectives of streets are terminated by wall-like mountain sides, or gigantic peaks. St. Michael's and Spring Hills are those which, in the present instance, lie before us; the former covered with a fringe of trees which seem almost to kiss the sky. As we proceed along St. Augustin's Parade, we note that gradually the plate glass in the windows grows larger, the shop fronts more imposing, and the goods exposed more *recherché*, the people wear more the air of loungers, and trade is evidently shaking off the coarser look of barter. The reason is simple,—we are on the high road to Clifton, the genteel sister, who looks down upon hard-working Bristol with the most profound hauteur.

College Green (Cut, No. 4) might be considered the debateable land between commerce and fashion; here all the characteristic features of the city might be said to meet. As a good overture foreshadows and suggests the movements and melodies of an opera, so does this green contain within itself a miniature of Bristol. As we stand in the centre, surrounded on all sides by avenues of lime-trees of tenderest green, to the left, in complete quiet and deep monastic gloom, lies the Cathedral, (Cut, No. 5,) looking much as it did five centuries ago; this side of the Green seems quite given up to the solemn spirit of religion, and is the representative, together with the church of the Gaunts and that of St. Augustin's the less, of the spiritual life of the city. On the other hand is the thoroughfare which leads to Clifton; here trade speaks in the busy throng, which forms a line of ever-moving life. If we turn for a moment, we perceive, through the entrance to the Green, the masts of ships, the flapping sails, and the burning reflections of the setting sunlight, cast by their pitchy hulls upon the water; thus commerce contributes to the scene. And not alone to the eye speaks this singular concentration in one spot of so many different features of the city. He who muses with closed eyes beneath the cool shadows of the limes, becomes aware of the strange medley of sounds which pour into his ear. Mingled with the busy hum of men and the rush of carriage wheels comes the heave-yo of the sailors, as they warp some ship to its berth, or the swift run of the crane chain, as it drops the cumbrous bale into the gaping hold, and above all, the Te Deum in sudden swells of the organ, and voices of the "singing boys," booming through the open doors of the cathedral.

The associations connected with this Green are of the deepest interest. Here, under a great oak, St. Augustin held a conference with the bishops of the Anglican church; and here the preaching friars and priests denounced the "heresy" which was so soon to overturn their faith. The cemeteries of the abbey and of the church of the Gaunts once stood here, and the deposit of human remains has risen the soil several feet above the original level; doubtless the trees, which for city trees are luxuriant and vigorous in the extreme, owe much of their beauty to the fat monks, who lie so comfortably at their roots. The mutilated pile which occupies almost the entire south side of College Green, is nearly all that remains of the great and wealthy monastery of St. Augustin, founded in the twelfth century by Robert Fitzhardinge, (said to be of the Royal family of Denmark,) a great merchant of Bristol, and first of the noble family of Berkeley, many succeeding members of which have enriched it from time to time. But very little of the original building is now, however, to be seen, the abbey having been

rebuilt in the fourteenth century. At the dissolution of these houses at the Reformation, Bristol was erected into a bishopric, and this edifice then became the cathedral of St. Augustin.

The outward appearance of this building is extremely heavy, and totally devoid of architectural beauty: the tower, which is low and massive, forms, perhaps, its best feature. The body of the church seems made up of huge buttresses, in the construction of which a great many red sandstone blocks were introduced; these having decayed and worn away, during the course of centuries, a series of indentations are apparent, which gives it the appearance (if we might so express it) of being pock-marked. The floor of the cathedral is several feet below the level of the Green; we are, accordingly, obliged to enter by a descent of steps. The first feature which strikes the eye in the interior is the uniform height of the chancel, two side-aisles, cross-aisle, and the portion of the nave yet standing: this gives a feeling of unusual space, and the effect must have been magnificent, when the other portion of the nave—which extended 150 feet westward—was in existence. The vaulting is light and elegant, and some of the bosses are extremely grotesque in character. The elder Lady's Chapel, situated at the north side of the church, is evidently the oldest portion of the building; and, doubtless, formed a part of the original abbey built by Fitzhardinge. Bristol historians seem quite uncertain when, or in what manner, the nave was destroyed; it is surmised, however, that it was pulled down by some of Henry VIII.'s commissioners, before it was decided to convert the abbey into a cathedral. The interior suffered much damage from the iconoclasts, during the great Rebellion; many fine windows were destroyed, and several of the ancient monuments were, unfortunately, greatly injured, and those which have survived the two revolutions, religious and political, are now slowly succumbing under the hands of barbarous deans. The slovenly yellow-wash brush has been smeared over monuments as well as walls; and cross-legged crusaders,—many of whom sleep here their stony sleep—mitred abbots and knights, who once lay in all the splendour of coloured and gilded armour, now alike repose in garments of yellow-wash, put on one over the other, until the original figures beneath them are almost obscured. There is one little chapel in which particular havoc has been committed,—the chapel of the Newtons, — containing several altar-tombs, the effigies upon some of which were entirely destroyed by the Puritans. The others, once so quaint with colour and heraldic embellishments, have now been reduced by the Vandals of the place to buff coats, and hose of the commonest ochre. Upon one of these tombs—that of Sir Henry Newton, who died in 1599,—there is an epitaph, written with such a fine martial tramp, that we cannot forbear giving it:

> " Gourney, Hampton, Cradock, Newton last,
> Held on the measure of that ancient line
> Of Baron's blood; full seventy years he past,
> And did in peace his sacred soul resign.
> " His church he loved; he loved to feed the poor;
> Such love assures a life that dies no more."

Sir Isaac Newton belonged to this family, whose seat, Barr's Court, was situated at Hanham, only a few miles from Bristol: it is now a barn; the garden, once so quaint and beautiful, is reduced to a common field, and the outline of the fish-pond is yet traceable within it. The only remnant of this baronial hall to be seen is the coat of arms, let into a building now used as a cowhouse. '*Sic transit!*'

There are very few monuments of modern date worthy of notice in this cathedral; but of marble mason's grief there is a plentiful supply; indeed, the walls are dotted all over with funereal urns, weeping willows, and the usual patterns kept in stock by the statuaries, the effect of which mars that solemn repose the eye looks for in such a building. There is a monument by Bailey, very beautiful in design, and a figure, emblematical of Faith, by Chantry, which, for purity of expression, we have rarely seen equalled; but, undoubtedly the finest piece of sculpture in the cathedral is the monument to Mrs. Draper—Sterne's Eliza—executed by Bacon. Two exquisite female figures, typical of Genius and Benevolence, form the composition; the one bearing a living torch, the other, a nest of pelicans, the mother feeding her young ones from her own bleeding breast. The delicacy with which this group is executed, is something marvellous. Young sculptors would do well to see it, that they may learn how conscientious and fastidious a really great artist is in the finish of his works. There are several monuments to different members of the Berkeley family, and a very fine altar-tomb, with effigies of a full-length knight and lady upon it. At one time this tomb was supposed to represent the founder of the fabric, Robert Fitzhardinge, and Eva, his wife; but it has been since satisfactorily ascertained that it belongs to one of his descendants. As we pass into the cloisters, through a postern in the south-west corner of the church, we step upon a grave more interesting than those of mailed warriors,

> "Imprison'd in black purgatorial rails,"

for it contains the dust of genius. Here Edward Bird, the artist, lies buried. He came to Bristol a painter of tea-trays — precious trays! what gentle figures now bend over these works of thy hand, and serve the choice Bohea!—executed here many famous pictures, including one of the most pathetic and touching compositions ever produced by artist,—'The Battle of Chevy Chase'—died, and was followed to his lonely grave in this spot by four hundred of his friends and admirers. No spot could have been chosen more fitted to receive his dust. By day, the sunlight cast on the pavement in gothic windows of gold through the cloister tracery, slowly and noiselessly moves athwart his tomb; whilst, at times, the wild wind sweeps sighing through the dim arcade, and the autumn leaves, as they circle and gambol round the unseen footsteps of Decay, pass over his sad-looking place of rest.

The cloisters present a melancholy ruin; the west and south sides have long since disappeared; and for some unaccountable reason, the eastern arcade has lately been blocked up with freestone. The northern walk is therefore all that remains, and it would probably have shared a like fate with the others, but that the chapter-room opens from it, by means of a very rare Anglo-Norman porch. The chapter-room is in a most perfect state of preservation, and presents a fine specimen of the same style of architecture. The dean and chapter, in restoring it, some years since, however, raised a wooden floor, about five feet over the ancient pavement, in order to keep out the sepulchral dampness; but much at the expense of the proportions of the room, and completely to the obscuration of the stone benches which surround it. Before leaving the cloister, if we peep through the keyhole of a large door, we shall see the blackened ruin of the bishop's palace, burnt by the mob in the Reform riots of 1831. The bishop now has an episcopal palace at Stapleton, a few miles from Bristol, as well as in Gloucester; the two sees having, within these few years, been consolidated. As we proceed by way of the cloisters to the College Green, remnants of old Gothic work lie about us on all sides; and as we puzzle over an ancient manuscript, and try to eke out those letters that time has obliterated, so we conjecture of the original proportions of this monastery, by its detached and outlying fragments.

By far the most interesting and elegant of all the remains of the Abbey, however, is the Anglo-Norman archway, the most perfect and beautiful specimen of this early style, perhaps, to be met with in England The intersecting arches, and the zig-zag mouldings, which ornament it, are almost as perfect as the day



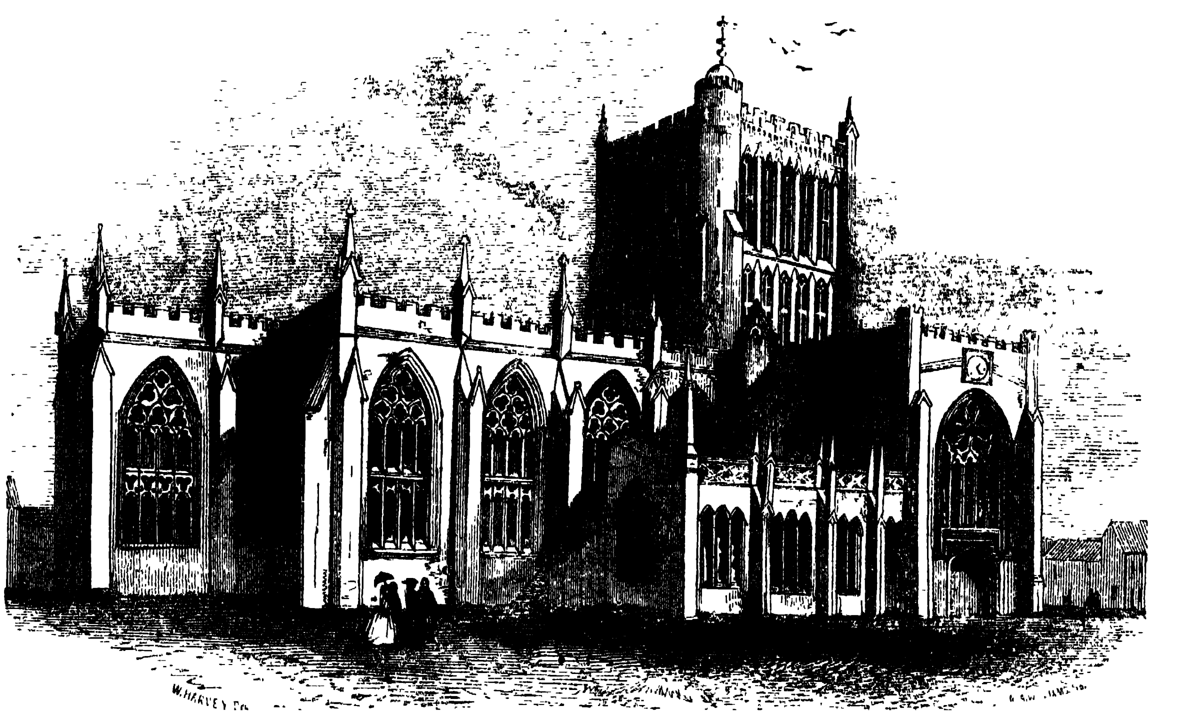
4.—COLLEGE GREEN.

they were chiselled. There is a dwelling-house over this gateway in the perpendicular style, built in the fifteenth century; adorned with canopied niches, in which are the statues of kings, noblemen, and abbots, and one of the Virgin Mary. Fresh as this old archway looks, the picture it frames is still fresher, though far more ancient. As we look through the opening from the Green, the distant hills and fields meet the view, and present much the same appearance as they did centuries ago; it only requires one of the black canons of the old abbey to saunter up, to take us back to the days of king Stephen.

But we have tarried too long, we fear, in the neighbourhood of these interesting remains, and our reader wishes us to push on. We must not do so, however, without drawing attention to the chapel of the Gaunts; largely endowed, if not built, by some of the early members of the Berkeley family, the knightly effigies of many of whom are here to be seen. This chapel now goes by the name of the Mayor's Chapel, and it has been superbly embellished of late for the use of the chief magistrate and corporation. It is entered over the dust of one of the greatest scoundrels of whom history takes note. Captain Bedloe, the associate of Titus Oates in the 'Rye House Plot' conspiracy, lies buried here, without a sign, or word, to denote the place of his sepulture.

We are now close upon the confines of Clifton: Park Street, handsomely and regularly built, upon a very steep hill, lies before us; and trade, as we see by the shop-blinds, every here and there between the private houses, is gradually scaling the height, and making this once fashionable and quiet neighbourhood a busy thoroughfare. The street is so steep, that as we view it from College Green it appears almost perpendicular, up which the carriages zigzag, and the people climb, almost in defiance of the laws of gravitation. Arrived at the top, however, with much labour, a new scene opens upon us; but across the air-drawn barrier which here divides proud independent Clifton from toiling Bristol, we are not yet inclined to step; by-and-by, when we do so, it must be with a prouder carriage, as an actor does, when he advances from the side scenes to the brilliant stage.

Returning then to Bristol for a short while, we must not forget to mention, among the great thoroughfares, Wine Street, Castle Street, and Old Market Street, which run eastward, almost in a line, and lead to the old 'Upper Road,' to Bath. Parallel to Wine Street lies one of the most ancient, and certainly the most picturesque of Bristol's thoroughfares—Mary-le-port Street—one part of which is so narrow, and the houses so much overhang, that the sky is only visible as a ribbon of blue: the inhabitants can shake hands with each other out of their garret windows with ease; and cats make nothing of a flying visit to the tiles "over



5.—THE CATHEDRAL.

the way." Every house here is delightful to the painter's eye, from the great variety of its outline: in many cases, the windows—those handsome protruding structures, so prevalent in Queen Elizabeth's time—extend the whole breadth of the house, and every floor is so built as to overhang the one below it. Here and there the arms of some ancient guild might be seen moulded in the plaster-work, but well nigh obliterated by the annual supply of yellow wash they receive. It is quite impossible for two carriages to pass each other in some parts of this street; yet we should fancy that the good people of Bristol would regret to see it swept away, even for the convenience of having a more serviceable thoroughfare. Wine Street is completely modernized; but in Peter Street we again meet with the gables and huge windows of the olden time. Behind St. Peter's Church is the Mint, so called from its being the house where money was coined after the destruction of the castle, in which this branch of the king's service was originally carried on. It is now a hospital, and the poor-house of the city; Bristol, by a Local Act, having the management of its own poor. And here before this fine-looking old mansion they congregate—a wretched-looking crowd—twice a week for relief; yet within a few yards, among pauper's graves, covered with oyster-shells and rubbish, lies one who in his lifetime was still more wretched—Richard Savage, the poet! Castle Street is built upon the site of the old Castle, destroyed by Cromwell in 1655. Scarcely a vestige remains of this famous fortress, which once formed the military key of the west. Wandering along Castle Green, curious to see what remnants might yet be found of a stronghold which had endured twelve sieges, and had taken a part in all the great rebellions and civil wars of our history, we were attracted by the soughing of a forge-bellows, and the glow proceeding from an open doorway. Looking in, we beheld the red light illumining a finely-groined roof; and upon making inquiries, we found this blacksmith's shop to be an ancient crypt of the Castle, and the only remains of that building now in existence.

A fortress stood upon this spot as early as the time of the Saxons, and served as a check to Danish marauders in the neighbourhood; but it owed its importance as a mighty stronghold to Robert, Earl of Gloucester, bastard son of Henry I., who, foreseeing the impending struggles, and wishing for security against the time when his father's death would lead to fierce disputes for the crown, fixed upon Bristol, the head of his barony, as a place in which to entrench himself; and scarcely had he finished rebuilding the Castle, commenced in 1130, when King Stephen attacked him, but unsuccessfully. Shortly afterwards, however, he entered its walls, but as a prisoner instead of a triumphant conqueror; and here he remained some time. A writer who describes this Castle in the reign of that monarch, does not give it a very bright character: he says, "On one part of the city, where it is more exposed, and liable to be besieged, a large castle rises high, with many banks, strengthened with a wall, bulwarks, tower, and other contrivances to prevent the approach of besiegers; in which they get together such a number of vassals, both horse and foot, —or rather, I might say, of robbers and freebooters—that they appear not only great and terrible to the lookers-on, but truly horrible; and it is scarce to be credited: for collecting out of different counties and regions, there is so much the more numerous and freer conflux of them, the more easier under a rich lord and the protection of a very strong Castle, they have leave to commit whatever pleases them best in this rich country." The citizens showed the estimation they held their gallant protectors in, by building a wall between the Castle and themselves!. In later times, however, it freed itself of this charge of being a mere stronghold for freebooters. It was the last place which made any stand for Richard II., when the civil war broke out during his absence in Ireland; still later its dungeons held John Vere, Earl of Oxford, after the battle of Tewkesbury laid the Lancastrian banner in the dust. During the great Rebellion, Bristol, the second city of the empire, was naturally coveted by the King and the Parliamentarians, especially so by the latter. "The Parliament," says Prynne, "his Excellency, London, and the whole kingdom, looked upon Bristol as the place of the greatest consequence of any in England, next to London, as the metropolis key, magazine of the west, which would be all endangered, and the kingdom too, by its loss." Colonel Nathaniel Fiennes held it for the Commons early in the struggle, but it was carried by Rupert in 1643, at which time King Charles and his two sons entered it in all the pomp of military triumph: it was not to be supposed, however, that the Parliamentarians would long allow such a strong place as Bristol to remain in the hands of the Royalists. Fairfax and Cromwell marched against it two years later, with a powerful army; and as they were not the men to go away again, leaving their work undone, Prince Rupert, after sustaining a sharp assault, thought it advisable to give the city and Castle up to them; and with Bristol fell the chief hope of despotic power in England.

We have given a cut of Steep Street. (Cut, No. 6.) It was by means of this precipitous defile that the Parliamentary forces entered the city; and the people within their houses keeping up a bloody fire from their windows as they passed, the troopers grew so exasperated that they entered, and put every one they found in them to the sword. Cromwell wisely ordered the Castle to be levelled with the ground immediately it came into his possession; and with its venerable towers the military history of Bristol might be said to have ended. The Castle moat still remains, and shows the extent of ground it once occupied; and this stagnant water-girdle, of old designed to keep out assault, has now in its turn become assaulter; and from year to year slays more with its pestiferous breath than ever did the culverins, crossbows, and cannon of the Castle. Why do not the Bristol people complete the work

which Cromwell commenced, and fill up this foul and stinking ditch.

The Manufactories, etc., of Bristol.

St. Philip's and Temple Meads, two districts which lie to the east of the city, and on either side of the river, are almost entirely given up to manufactories, and there is perhaps no place in England which contains such a variety of them in so small a space. St. Philip's especially is

> "A huddled mass of brick and stones,
> And working shops, and furnace fires."

As we pass along, one moment a huge glass-house cone attracts our notice, the fierce glow of the great fires which we see through the open door making black *silhouettes* of the busy workmen who stand before it; the next brings us to where the din of hammers proclaims an iron-foundry; then again 'tis some distillery, or a pottery, or alkali works. And here, indeed, as one of Bristol's native poets has said,

> "Tall belching chimneys rise in vain,
> To mock the poor deluded town;
> Pouring a poisonous vapour-rain,
> Their heavy vomit, down."

Glass may be considered a staple manufacture; this city has been the seat of the trade for many centuries: immense quantities of bottles are made here, and the flint glass of Bristol is famed throughout England. Soap is also a staple product of the city: as long ago as the thirteenth century it sold largely of this article to London. The locomotive factory of Messrs. Stothard and Slaughter, one of the most entensive in the kingdom, is situated in St. Philip's, and a peep into their workshops shows us goodly rows of these gleaming monsters, in different states of progress, some but gigantic skeletons, others puffing with their first trial, and just ready to be launched upon their arrowy course. Within a short distance lies the Bristol cotton-works, with its noble façade and little village of workmen's houses clustered around it. This factory is more complete within itself, perhaps, than any other in the kingdom; it has attached to it large bleaching-works, and a foundry and engineering establishment, where all the looms and other machinery of the works are made and repaired. Upwards of two thousand persons are here employed, chiefly in the manufacture of a coarse kind of cotton goods calculated for the Levant trade; the whole place is very perfect in its arrangements, and the comforts of the workpeople are carefully attended to. These works are situated on a short canal running into the Avon. Still farther up the river, at Crew's Hold and Keynsham, large lead and brass-works are carried on. The manufactures of Bristol are by no means confined to this quarter of the city, however. Walking along some of the greatest thoroughfares, we come now and then upon huge many-storied buildings, emitting at all possible parts little jets of steam: these are the sugar-baking houses; Br'stol has a name for refining sugar, and it commands higher prices throughout the markets of the world than the refineries of any other place. About the middle of the last century these establishments were much more numerous than at present, and immense fortunes were made by this manufacture. "A Bristol sugar-baker" was a stock character of many of the comedies of that day, and was generally put forward as the representative of everything that was rich and vulgar; it need not be said with what slight reason. The poor sugar-bakers are now allowed to pursue their avocations unmolested, and the calumny has been transferred to the great millocrats of the north. Groups of boys may generally be seen about these refineries, trying to get a "taste" out of the empty sugar casks piled in front of them. A word or two might not be here out of place, with respect to the sledges, or drays, employed in this and other branches of trade in Bristol, as most absurd things have been said about them; one writer will have it that "they suffer no carts, lest, as some say, the shake occasioned by them on the pavement should affect the *Bristol milk* (sherry) in the vaults, which is certainly had here in the greatest perfection." And to this day one of the common falacies respecting Bristol is, that all its traffic is carried on with these sledges; to some extent this is true, but from no care, however, lest the lactuaries of the city be damaged, but for the simple reason, that where heavy goods, such as tobacco, sugar, rum, &c., have to be moved from place to place, a low dray is much more convenient for the purpose of lifting in and out than a high-wheeled cart. Strangers who visit Bristol, however, will find just as many of the ordinary kind of vehicles as are to be met with elsewhere. In addition to the foregoing list of manufactories, we must not forget the many important founderies and wrought-iron works flourishing here, in which chain cables and anchors of the largest size are made; manufactures of patent shot, sheet lead, tobacco and snuff, chocolate, cocoa, and floor-cloth, absorb a vast amount of labour; and by the trades of hat and pinmaking the two neighbouring villages of Easton and Winterbourne are in a great measure supported. The reason of the manufacturing activity displayed in a place which a stranger would imagine wholly given up to commerce, is to be found in the vast coal-fields upon which Bristol is built, and which renders fuel, —the very life-blood of metal working, and other trades requiring great heat,—so plentiful and cheap. These coal-fields extend from a point a few miles north-east of Bristol to the south-west, and east a distance of thirty miles; the beds are generally shallow, but the quality is excellent. Unlike the pits about Birmingham and in the north, those in the immediate neighbourhood of the city, especially the Ashton and Brislington colleries, are situated in the midst of the most rural and beautiful scenery; verdure extends up to the very pit mouths, and the tireless arm of the mighty giant steam, lifting like a plaything enormous loads from out the bowels of the earth, continually meets the eye as we clear a clump of trees or the brow

of some flowery hill side. In working for coals, some very singular geological formations have been found; and in the quarries at Brislington, bamboo canes have often been turned up. How a hint of this kind rolls back the scroll of time, how the imagination is baffled when it attempts to realize a period when the proud-looking foliage of the tropics clothed the steep ascent in place of lofty elms, and when saurians of sixty feet in length were the pet playthings of the vale.

We must not leave the subject of Bristol industry without referring to the craft of ship-building, which might be expected to flourish here: but it is not so; for some reason with which we are unacquainted, the busy hammer of the shipwright has been heard less and less on the banks of the Avon, and the tall poles which have cradled so many noble ships now look silly and idle in the deserted yards. Of the two splendid establishments, replete with the most perfect machinery for the construction of both wooden and iron vessels, that which moulded the "Great Britain," and sent forth the finest steamer in the world, is now turned into a locomotive factory; and where once they bound swift rushing steam to the iron keel, broad-gauge engines are now in the course of construction: the other, the magnificent ship-yard that has turned out some of the best of the West India mail-boats, has either been silent for years, or only employed in the most partial manner. The heart seems gone out of the city, for ship-building, at least: may it only be for a time!

The Port of Bristol.

The river Avon opens into the Bristol Channel at Kingroad,—a splendid haven capable of holding a thousand ships in perfect security, and ten miles from



6.—STEEP STREET.

the city. From this outside roadstead the largest ships are brought up to Bristol at high tide. The advantages of a port, running as it does into the very lap of England, were not lost sight of by the Romans,—as one of their most important stations, called Abona, was situated upon the Avon, a few miles below Bristol.

The commerce of Bristol began to develope itself at an early period of the Saxon history, and at the time of the Conquest it was a flourishing port. William of Malmsbury, who wrote in Henry the Second's reign, speaks of Bristol as full of ships from Ireland, Norway, and every part of Europe; and by the time of Edward III., it had attained to the dignity of being the second port in the kingdom. In the roll of the fleet which attended that monarch at the siege of Calais, we find that London furnished 25 ships and 662 mariners, while Bristol sent 22, with 608 mariners; nearly as many as all the other ports put together. The activity of Bristol appears to have gone on increasing very rapidly; for in Henry VII.'s time we find that William Canynges, one of its princely merchants, whose name the city still cherishes, possessed, among many other ships of 400 and 500 tons burden, one 'Le Mary Radcliffe,' of the enormous burden of 900 tons; an evidence in itself of the vast traffic the place carried on in ancient times. It is not, however, to the magnitude of her commerce that Bristol owes her early fame alone. To the enterprises of one of her citizens, England stood indebted for her magnificent possessions in the New World. In the year 1497, Sebastian Cabot, son of a Venetian, but himself a "Bristol man born," as he describes himself, sailed from this harbour in the 'Mathew,' accompanied by other ships, on a voyage of discovery, and in the course of the same year touched Newfoundland,—being the first person who ever set foot upon the *mainland* of America. In returning home he sailed along the coast as far as Florida; and by virtue of this visit North America became annexed to the English crown. This brilliant achievement forms the first of many associations which the Bristolian loves to dwell upon in connection with his beautiful river. In imagination he sees the little 'Mathew' dropping down the Avon with her bold ship's crew, flushed with the anticipated triumph of reaching some far-distant land as bright as those isles which Columbus had just discovered—he hears among the rocks and woody hills the echoing cheers of the ancient "Bristow" men, habited in the velvets and "bravery" of the time, as they take leave of the adventurous craft about to enter strange seas where man never before drove his daring keel, and at the bend in the river which hides the city from his sight, he sees, in fancy, Sebastian himself uncovering his fine Venetian head in token of a last farewell. With this romantic picture of an early time, the imaginative citizen contrasts a later and still more exciting scene when by these precipitous woods and under these mighty cliffs glided a widely different craft. This time 'tis no quaintly carved high-sided ship bending under her bellying sails, and committing herself to the mercy of the elements and the keeping of God, but a vast black hull, driving the water before her, and beating up with some invisible power great foam-waves at her sides. Not half so nobly apparelled as old Sebastian stands the master of this new adventure upon the quarter-deck; but beneath the prosaic black coat beats as bold a heart, and under the little cap of blue a brow whose science would look to that "ancient mariner' very much like an acquaintance with the black art. This new ship is the 'Great Western,' on her first voyage to New York; she is putting forth in the very teeth of tempest, laughing tides to scorn, and going to certain destruction (so said the wise men of the world); still on she speeds, drawing behind her a long black line of smoke—England's new-found pennant—till at last she is lost behind the folding hills gone to cast a bridge across the sea to that land which the little 'Mathew' had four hundred years before discovered. Upon no waters but those of the winding Avon have two such splendid adventures as these been written.

Towards the latter end of the seventeenth century another occurrence took place in connection with the port that is worthy of note. Old Dampier, the gallant buccaneer, having sailed from Bristol with two armed vessels, on an expedition in search of Spanish treasure ships, anchored off the island of Juan Fernandez. Perceiving a light on shore during the night, he sent a boat to reconnoitre, which not returning, the pinnace went in search; but soon "came back from the shore with abundance of crayfish, and *a man clothed in goat-skins,* who looked more wild than their first owners." This man was Alexander Selkirk — the original of Robinson Crusoe—who was taken to Bristol, after having been on the island for four years and four months. Dampier, on his way, captured a Spanish galleon; but the greatest treasure he took was the wild man in goat-skins; for without him the world would never have seen one of its most delightful tales.

In the year 1804, the whole of the Avon was dammed back as far as Cumberland basin, at the Hotwells, and formed into a magnificent floating harbour, at an expense of £600,000, and a new channel cut for the tide, commencing above the city, towards Bath, and terminating at Rownham Ferry, about a mile below it. The citizens, however, committed one fatal mistake, when the new harbour was formed; they allowed the river, the very porch as it were of their town, to go out of their own hands. The Dock Company to which it was made over, raised the port dues so high that ship-owners have from time to time avoided the place; and many harbours possessing not half its natural advantages have absorbed much of the commerce that should rightly have found its way to Bristol. This evil has latterly grown so serious that the citizens have bestirred themselves in the matter, and most probably ere this paper issues from the press the Bill they are now pushing through Parliament for the recovery of their river will have received the Royal assent.

Bristol might be said to have reached its commercial culminating point about the year 1828, when its gross receipts of customs were £1,204,000. At that time the West India trade was flourishing here exceedingly; the intercourse with Africa and America was also great; and vast quantities of Spanish wool was imported into Bristol for the use of the Gloucestershire cloth manufactures. Sinee that period the port might be said to have stood still; which, considering the vast increase that of late years has taken place in the population of the city, —at present numbering 180,000 souls—is as much as to say that it has gone back. In 1847 the gross receipts were £1,004,789; if we add to this sum what would have been received but for the operation of the new tariff, we shall have a total a little above that of the year 1828.

This want of progress is attributable to many causes besides the injury done by the high port charges. The wool trade has entirely left the port, through causes quite irrespective of local influences. When Saxony wool came into use about thirty years ago, it found its natural place of import at London, and the Spanish trade gradually followed to where the chief market was established. In many of the streets of Bristol you are reminded of the commerce once carried on in this article by the vast warehouses for its reception, now either closed, or turned to other uses; and with the shutting of every warehouse door, a corresponding mooring-ring on the Quay-wall might be said to have grown red with rust. The American trade has mostly flown to Liverpool, to which port some portion of the West India interest has also shifted itself. The whole of the sugar trade is in the hands of a few "merchant princes" possessed of immense wealth, who have banded together to keep it in their own hands; and the monopoly thus produced has been extremely prejudicial to the city. There are two branches of commerce, however, which have flourished here latterly—the African and the timber trade. The African vessels chiefly go to the coast of Guinea, and traffic glass beads and hardware for gold dust, palm-oil, and ivory. These vessels are all smart-looking brigs, and coming in from a voyage there is something extremely picturesque about them: the sailors, with great broad-leaved straw hats, all with something in their hand for shore—parrots, tropical fruits, calabashes, monkeys, rude wooden carvings, or African goats, which they have bartered with shining negroes for a clasp-knife or a string of beads. The timber trade has received a great impetus from the railways. Bristol supplies nearly all the central lines of the kingdom with the deals and other woods which they consume. One part of the Floating Harbour, called the Sea Banks—the widest portion of the river —is occupied by timber ships, some of them upwards of a thousand tons burthen; and it is a most lively sight to see them discharging their great brown logs, which are shot out from the ports in their bows, and fall dashing and splashing in the water. A considerable portion of the trade of Bristol is carried on by steamers. Packets leave once or twice a week for Dublin, Cork, Waterford, and Liverpool, and for the ports and watering-places on the Bristol Channel, in most cases every day.

The Floating Harbour of Bristol affords every facility for an extended commerce. No port perhaps in England presents such a length of quay line for the berthing of all kinds of craft. The Welsh Back, as it is called, which alone extends half a mile, is principally occupied by fishing-smacks and sloops trading in the Severn and channel, and brigs from Ireland, with corn and provisions. As we proceed further along, we find that the vessels are of a larger size; and by the time we reach what is termed the 'Grove,' the coasters have disappeared, and large ships, either West or East Indiamen, or Americans, lie ranged side by side. By the number of the sheds, the size of the cranes, and the noble range of warehouses which here abut upon the wharfage-ground, we are assured that this spot is the principal portion of the harbour. At Princes-street bridge, a small wooden structure which crosses the river from the centre of the Grove, we stand in the very thick of the port, and a perfect forest of masts rises around us on every side. The river at this spot assumes a triangular form. The Sea Banks and the artificial cut (before spoken of) here join the Grove. Besides the line of quay-wall and wharfage-ground, which in all must extend upwards of three miles, and a large portion of which will admit ships of seven or eight hundred tons to discharge alongside them, there are several floating graving docks and basins. (Cuts, Nos. 7, 8, & 9.) Bathurst Basin is a large piece of water, connected on the one side with the New Cut or channel made for the river when that portion of it which runs through Bristol was converted into a floating harbour, and on the other with the Grove. Small coasters and barges here find accommodation, whilst Cumberland Basin, situated at the extremity of the Sea Banks, opens immediately upon the tidal Avon, and receives the large vessels and steamers. With such accommodations as these, with a port which vessels can sail from at so many points of the wind, and with a situation which naturally commands the very centre of England, it is to be hoped that Bristol, now she is about to shake off the incubus of her heavy port dues, will again resume her former position in the commercial world, and no longer allow her fame to be talked of as a "thing of history." That her wonted fires yet linger in her breast, let the enterprise which sent forth the Great Western, and pioneered the nations with swift footsteps across the western wave, or the science which built that iron Leviathan, which all the fury of the Irish sea could not destroy, bear living and irrefragable testimony. She has plenty of spirit yet, and, what is quite as important, plenty of capital,—perhaps too much, or at least in too few hands,—to give it play, and a railway system which is quite impregnable. To the north, to the west, and to the east, she grasps with iron hands the custom of an immense district; and as long as the "smooth Severn stream" runs her old course to the sea, her vantage ground cannot be out-flanked.

There is one inconvenience connected with the port of Bristol; steamers can only come up the river at certain times of the tide: to this circumstance it undoubtedly owes its many other advantages being overlooked, when Southampton was chosen in preference to it as a Government Packet-station. To remedy this evil it is intended to make a railroad to Portishead,—a small watering-place, situated in the Channel some ten miles from Bristol, where a pier will be run out into the sea, and enable the largest transatlantic steamer to disembark its passengers and mails at low water. An Act was obtained in 1846 for the work, and some portions of it had been commenced—when the panic came, and hung it up on the same peg which holds so many of the like projects, cut off in their very bud. For one reason we rejoice at the suspension of this line; it will, we trust, give a long lease to those noble elms which form so beautiful a background to the entrance to Cumberland Basin, and which this railway threatened to destroy.

Public Buildings and Institutions.

Among the public buildings which we have not fallen in with in our ramble, the Guildhall, situated in Broad Street, claims our first notice. (Cut, No. 1.) It has been erected on the site of the old one, within the last few years. Its style is Elizabethan; but its design is neither original nor as picturesque as it might have been. The term 'Masons' Gothic' might indeed be justly applied to most of the modern buildings in Bristol, as very few of them have even a decent effect; although, in many cases, ample opportunity has been given the architect of showing his genius, both by the extent and situation of these buildings. The entrance to the Guildhall is by a very long passage, extending nearly the whole depth and length of the interior of the building, and thus cutting it into two portions. At the end of this hall a flight of stone steps leads into the Justice Chamber. The staircase is lighted by some stained glass windows of a deep amber colour, which, viewed through the gloom of the long hall, has a very good effect. The room apportioned to the administration of justice is little better than a corner cupboard, and the light coming in only from one side gives it a very uncomfortable appearance. The reason why the old hall was pulled down was on account of its inconvenience; but we question if the good people of Bristol have gained much by their new one. The Bankruptcy Court for the Bristol district is also held in this building. In King Street and Princes Street there are some public institutions and places of amusement. The Bristol Library, which contains a valuable collection of books, the Merchant Venturers' and the Coopers' Hall are situated in the former street, all of which are handsomely built of freestone. The Bristol Theatre is hidden away behind some old houses: the interior has, however, been panegyrized by Garrick. To those accustomed to the brilliant theatres of the metropolis it looks dingy enough at the present day; but, fifty years ago, it was the largest and best-attended house out of London; and since that time it has been the nursery for some of the best actors who have trodden the metropolitan stage. In Princes Street—once inhabited by the most considerable merchants of the city—stands the Old Assembly Rooms. The proportions of the interior of this building are very handsome; but it is now almost entirely deserted, and serves only to show how far westward fashion has ebbed. The arts and sciences are well represented in Bristol by the Philosophical Institution,—a freestone building, conspicuous as we go up Park Street, from its fine circular portico, supported by Corinthian columns. It contains a very extensive museum, in which there is a choice collection of minerals, and some interesting specimens of mammalia: its richest treasure, however, is the original marble statue of 'Eve at the Fountain,' by Baily; the best, perhaps, of English pieces of sculpture. Attached to this establishment is a Philosophical Society, a Reading-room, and a Theatre, in which public lectures are delivered; and temporary accommodation has been found here for a very valuable Institution, now in its infancy—an 'Art Academy,' in which students draw from casts the nude and draped figures. A large sum has been bequeathed for the formation of this Academy, so much required in a city which produces so many artists; and it is the intention to erect some suitable building for it as speedily as possible. Bristol, like most large cities, has an Athenæum (situated in Clare Street). It was once a Mechanics' Institution, languishing, and nigh to die,—for it was one of those "social lies" which, sooner or later, as Carlyle says, must "come to the bank of truth for payment." Instituted for working men, and not proving calculated for their wants, the middle classes feebly monopolized it, under whom it was slowly declining, when the influence of Genius, like the sun, revived its drooping energies. The words of Dickens and Disraeli, at similar institutions throughout the country, found an echo here, and the old and effete Mechanics' Institution suddenly flowered into the brilliant 'Athenæum;' and this history might be read for that of all the more important institutions of the like kind throughout the country.*

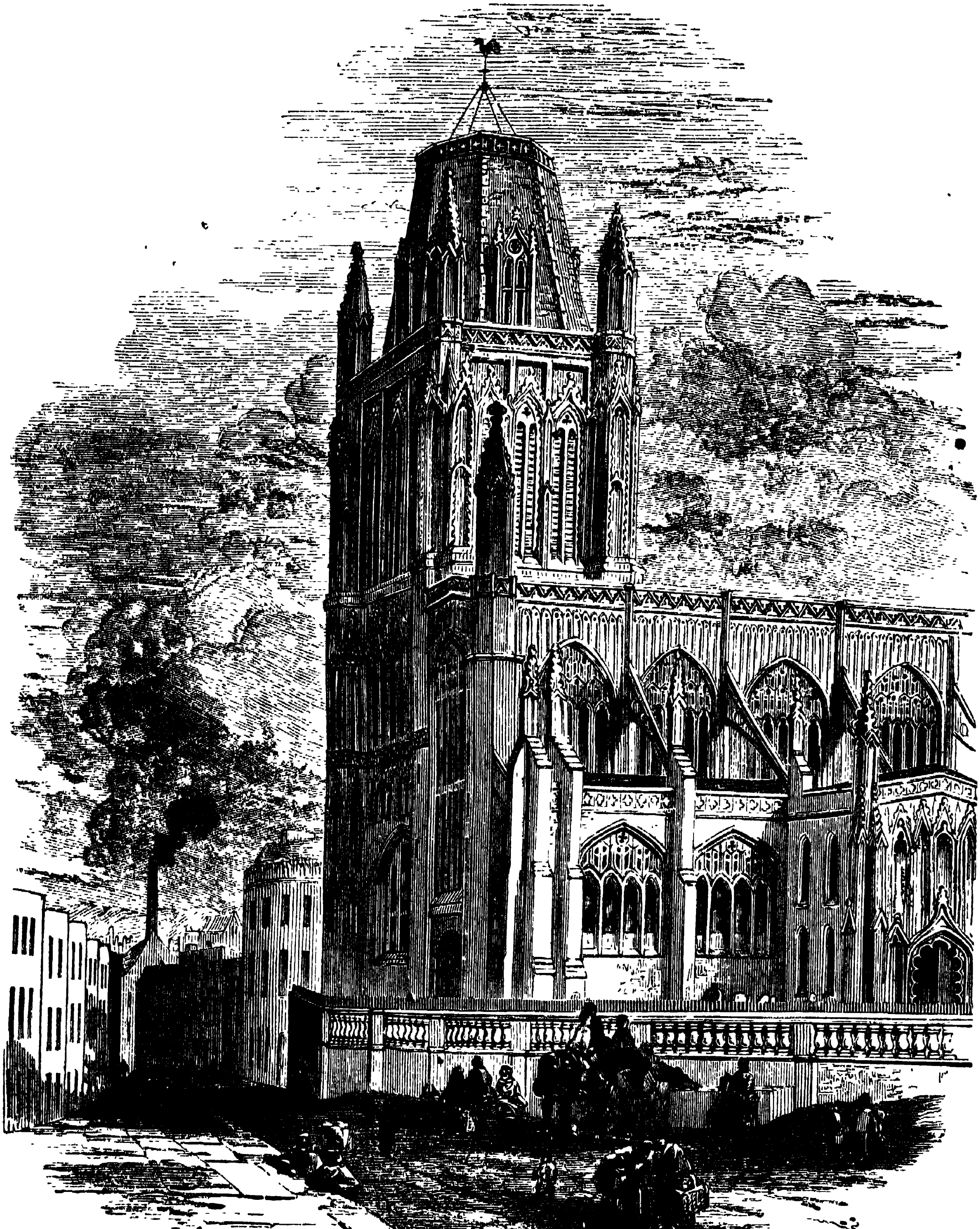
The Post-office—which forms a kind of wing to the Exchange—for such a city as Bristol, is a very confined building. The Custom House, again, rebuilt upon the site of the old one burnt down in the riots of 1831, seems a very mean establishment to represent the commerce of so large a port. It is situated in Queen Square, which is built upon a broad tongue of land, surrounded on three sides by the different quays. This square covers no less than seven and a half acres of ground, and is ornamented by walks of fine elm-trees, and a very beautiful equestrian statue of William III., executed in bronze by Rysbach, which stands in the

* In the account of the Birmingham Provident Institution, (Birmingham, p. 174,) it should have been stated that the planning of that institution was wholly due to Mr. Sanders: it was only in the development of the plan that others took part.

middle of the green. During the riots this spot was the scene of the most atrocious acts; the chief fury of the populace being expended upon it. Beginning at the Mansion House, the residence of the mayor, the mob, composed chiefly of boys and very young men, successively fired every building (with the exception of two, which were defended by the inhabitants) on the north and west sides; and by this magnificent midnight illumination, a vast mass of the rioters, after plundering the wine-cellars of their contents, sat down on the grass, to an orgie from which many of them never arose again. In the old Custom House a most horrible catastrophe took place: some of the rabble having gained access to the housekeeper's room, which was situated on one of the upper floors, were feasting themselves, when they discovered that the place had been fired below by some of their companions. The only means of escape was through the front windows; these looked over the leads covering the portico of the building, which, through the action of the fiery element, was converted into a sea of molten metal. Forced out of the room, and hanging on to the sills, for a moment they remained suspended between two dreadful deaths; then one by one they fell, with horrible cries, into the liquid lead below, where for some time they were seen to writhe in the most dreadful agonies.

There are two arcades in Bristol, very elegantly built, and extending in a line upwards of 600 feet: two gaols; that at Bathurst Basin, capable of receiving two hundred prisoners, and so built that the governor can command the whole of the prison yards, without leaving his own apartments; and the other, which is the Gloucester County Prison, situated at the east end of the town. There is also a general Cemetery, planted on a gentle hill-side, at Arno's Vale, within a mile of the city. The ground is full of cypress trees, which at some future date will make this beautifully-situated and tastefully laid-out burying-ground a most picturesque spot.

If Bristol cannot boast so many beautiful buildings (always excepting her ecclesiastical edifices, which are unrivalled,) as some other large cities, she at least stands pre-eminent in the spirit that animates her institutions, and in the benevolence that has founded her many noble charities. Turn which way we will in our rambles through the city, we continually meet with some trim almshouse, its quadrangle planted with flowers, and its inmates dosing away their old age in security and comfort. These asylums, which in all number twenty-four, have chiefly been endowed by wealthy merchants of a past generation; among them the latest and the most eminent name is that of Edward Colston, whose benefactions to Bristol alone amounted to nearly £60,000. The memory of his good deeds is annually kept alive in the city, by the dinners of the Anchor, Grateful, and Dolphin Societies, on the anniversary of his death. At these banquets the good citizens manage to mingle politics and turtle in a most harmonious manner. Charity, too, is not forgotten, as on some occasions upwards of £3,000 have been subscribed at them for the use of the poor. In the breast of the effigy of Colston, by Rysbach, in All Saints' Church, where the great philanthropist lies buried, there is placed weekly, in accordance with a bequest left for that purpose, a fresh nosegay,—may it bloom there for ever; but it will never send forth a sweeter incense than the grateful prayers of those whose necessities he has relieved. Of the benevolent Institutions of Bristol, there is really no end. The Infirmary, which stands at the head of them, and bears upon its front the noble motto, "Charity universal," was erected in 1735, and the Bristolians boast of it as the first Institution of the kind, supported by voluntary contributions, established out of London. It has accommodations for two hundred in-patients; and upwards of two thousand on an average are received every year, while assistance is given to at least six thousand out-patients gratuitously. There is another 'General Hospital' in the city, and two public Dispensaries. Dorcas and Samaritan Societies, Female Misericordias, Penitentiaries, and Refuges, are as plentiful as blackberries; and as though the good people of the city had exhausted all the ordinary methods of relief, and wished to try their hands upon some good work which all the world besides had considered hopeless, a Deaf and Dumb Institution has been established, in which poor creatures deprived of their two most important senses are instructed with incredible pains and patience to read and write. In Bristol there are a vast number of public schools. The Free Grammar-School, in the immediate neighbourhood of College Green, is the most important of them. This establishment is richly endowed; and here boys residing in the city, for an annual payment of £6, can obtain a first-rate classical education, with the chances of several fellowships and exhibitions. Queen Elizabeth's Hospital, a foundation very similar to that of Christ Church, London, as well as the Bishop's College, will be spoken of when we come to Clifton; the bare mention of them here will therefore be sufficient. Colston's Free School is another large and important charity, that clothes, boards and educates one hundred Boys for seven years; after which they are apprenticed, with £15 each as a premium to their masters. For Girls there is a very handsome establishment, located in a large new building, called the 'Red Maid's School;' the dress is scarlet, with a white tippet, and it is a very pretty sight to see the long line of brilliant colour this school makes walking in procession every Sunday to St. Mark's Church. There is a vast quantity of Lancasterian, Diocesan, Infant, and inferior Charity Schools; whilst Sunday Schools are innumerable. We have already spoken of the number of the ancient parish churches of the city; the great increase of the suburbs of late years has caused the erection of many more, and now they count no less than thirty, whilst of Dissenting Meeting-houses of all denominations there are thirty-seven, the greater number of these are burly Ebenezers or tasteless Zions; but latterly a marked improvement has taken place in the ideas of the Dissenters as regards



10.—ST. MARY REDCLIFFE CHURCH.

architecture. Highbury Chapel, situated at the top of St. Michael's Hill, belonging to the Independents, is a charming specimen of Gothic, plain, yet exquisitely picturesque in all the combinations of its parts; but the triumph of art is at Buckingham Place, Clifton, where there is a Dissenting chapel, erected in the florid Gothic style, so beautiful in its proportions, and so graceful in its details, that we should have imagined it from the hand of Pugin himself. There must be some dreadfully Jesuitical architect at work in Bristol, we fear, who is making an adroit use of freestone and bricks and mortar, to sap the principles of dissent.

The Church of St. Mary Redcliffe.

"The pryde of Bristowe and the westerne loude."

The poetical associations connected with St. Mary Redcliffe Church, and the glories of its architecture, demand at our hand more than the cursory notice we have given to the other ecclesiastical edifices of Bristol. Not a Bristolian but believes in this Church, as being the most perfect structure of its kind in the world; not an inhabitant of its parish, that has dwelt beneath its shadow, or listened to the silvery melancholy of its chimes, but possesses for it a mysterious sort of affection and love, such as no other pile in the kingdom perhaps commands. This feeling is not called forth merely by the building; for, beautiful as it is, there are many finer ones in the country—to the associations which are connected with it—to the poetry which still haunts its deep shadows, and plays about its time-worn pinnacles—to the spirit of its poet, which seems yet to hover round it as the perfume lingers round a vase long after the rose-leaves are decayed—we must ascribe the deep attachment Bristolians bear to St. Mary Redcliffe Church.

The first ecclesiastical structure erected on its site was built in the reign of Henry III.; it appears, however, to have been only an insignificant chapel. In 1294 Simon de Burton, who was five times mayor of Bristol, commenced a very splendid edifice here, which was completed by William Canynges, a merchant,—the greater portion of which was destroyed, according to old documents, in 1466, by the falling of the spire; it was shortly after built, however, in its present form, by the grandson of the first founder of that name, William Canynges, the celebrated merchant so often alluded to in Chatterton's Poems. Beautiful as is the present structure, its predecessor must have been even more so, if we may judge by the smaller north porch, which is evidently much older than the other portions of the building, and in all probability a remnant of the original church. Nothing can exceed the exquisite open-work of this doorway; its character is Norman, but instead of the zigzag ornaments and the hard breadth which marked that style, no lacework could be more beautiful than the lattice-like manner in which its arch is ornamented. Now, however, decay has unfortunately worn some portion of it away, and the other seems held together by the soot and dust which cover it. The church is cruciform, the tower rising from the west end to nearly 200 feet in height. Its north side, formerly hidden by mean houses, has lately been thrown open, and the charming variety of outline which it exhibits, now strikes the eye as we emerge from Redcliffe Street. The south side has been chosen by our artist. (Cut, No. 10.) The best view is that at the north-west corner,—where the eye catches at the same moment the magnificent tower, the beautiful little porch before spoken of, and the middle north porch. The tower, wrought in a most elaborate manner, yet bears a small portion of the spire, the remainder of which the citizens intend to restore; and the whole height will not then be less than 300 feet. The interior, as you enter the western door directly under the tower, is strikingly beautiful; the view to the high altar extending a distance of 197 feet. The church, a few years since, was lighted by large brass chandeliers suspended from the roof, and the view down the centre aisle through the frame caused by the doorway was quite enchanting. The twisted arms of gleaming metal holding the sconces came out sharp and distinct against the gloom in the distance, whilst the clustered pillars, rising to the embossed roof, here and there discovered themselves. All the witchery of the scene, however, has been effectually banished by the introduction of gas, which sheds anything but the appropriate "dim religious light." Those who have the opportunity should visit the church on Whit-Sunday, as on that day the Lord Mayor and Corporation go there in grand procession, when it is superbly decorated with flowers, and the middle aisle is strewn with rushes so deeply that the footsteps of the solemn Bumble, who precedes his Worship to the churchwarden's pew, cannot be heard. The effect of clusters of beautiful colours around the pillars, and every "coigne of vantage," is as strange as it is beautiful. This rare interior, however, has no need of foreign ornament to enhance its charms; as long as its clustered pillars shoot up, and, fan-like, spread as they reach the richly-groined roof, it will be the admiration of all who love the refinements of Gothic architecture. At the high altar, if they are not already removed,—as was the intention some time since—are three pictures, by Hogarth; one of which—'The Ascension of our Saviour,' is an evidence that he possessed a deep sense of the beautiful, and at times a very high feeling. There is an angel in this picture, which for grace and beauty Correggio would have admired. In another subject, 'The Sealing of the Tomb,' an incident occurs particularly Hogarthian. A Roman soldier is securing the stone with a stick of common red sealing-wax; and so literally has the painter rendered it, that we read upon its side, "wel brand en vast houd," (burn well, and hold fast,) the old Dutch motto generally found on wax. There are many interesting monuments in this Church; among which is that of William Canynges, the founder, and his wife Joan. Affixed to the tomb is a list of this eminent merchant's ships, mentioned in another

place as being of extraordinary tonnage considering the age in which he lived. Not far from the remains of this celebrated man is a flat stone, upon which a spoon and a skimmer are engraved; this stone covers the grave of his cook. Here also lies interred Sir William Penn, a Bristol man, and one of the vice-admirals who assisted at the taking of Jamaica. This worthy was a great crony, if we might so speak, of old Pepys; and we find him continually mentioned in his Diary. He is better known, however, as the father of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. Against the pillar, beside his tomb, the old worthy's armour hangs, and rust is slowly eating it through and through, whilst his three pennants, too ancient and worn

"The old wave of battle to remember,"

when the breeze comes up the aisle, are dropping shred by shred to pieces.

Among the records of the Church is a catalogue of some of the ancient furniture; from which we take the following very curious items:

"An image of God Almighty rising out of a sepulchre, with all the ordinence that longeth thereto," (that is to say,) "a lath, made of tymbre and ironwork, that 'longeth thereto."

Item—"Thereto 'longeth heaven, made of tymbre and stained clothes."

Item—"Helle, made of tymbre and ironwork, *with devils the number of thirteen.*"

Item—"Four nyghtes, armed, keeping the sepulcree with their weapons in their hands," (that is to say,) "two spears, two axes, with two bows."

Item—"The Holy Ghost coming out of heven into the sepulcree." Amongst the yet remaining curiosities of Redcliffe Church is an immense rib-bone attached to a pillar under the tower, said to be the rib of a Dun Cow, slain by Guy Earl of Warwick. Mr. Owen would perhaps pronounce it to be the rib of a whale.

We must not leave the Church without visiting the one spot hallowed by genius, the muniment-room over the north porch; and what a strange, old-world-looking place it is. As we enter it a cloud of dust arises from the rubbly floor, and the keen wind wails and whistles through the unglazed apertures which open on one side of it. On the ground are scattered some old-looking boxes of a most monkish character—the famous chests from which came the Poems of Rowley, according to the account given by Chatterton. These chests originally belonged to William Canynges, and they were first opened in 1727, when it was imagined that writings of great value were contained in them. They were found to hold a vast number of papers relating to the Church, and others of a miscellaneous character, which found no favour in the eyes of the dry lawyer that looked over them. The Church-papers were removed to a secure place, and the others were left exposed. Many persons from time to time helped themselves to the latter; and among the chief depredators was the father of Chatterton, who having entry to the Church at all times, through the sexton, a relative, carried off baskets' full at once. Long after the father's death young Chatterton saw one of these parchments, which had been converted into a threadpaper by his mother; and having questioned her as to where it came from, he ultimately discovered what remained of them, which consisted principally of Poems by William Canynges and Thomas Rowley, a secular priest of St. John's Church. Such is the account given by the Young Poet when he attempted to palm off his forgeries upon the world as genuine ancient rhymes.

That Chatterton found many old documents in this very muniment-room there can be little doubt, and it is quite within the bounds of probability that they provided him with many hints for his Poems; but it does seem strange, considering the modern structure of his verse and sound of his words through all their outlandish spelling, that any man at all educated should have been taken in by them. Yet many were; and the simplicity with which they believed in the songs of Rowley, was only equalled by the uncharitableness which took possession of their minds when they found them to be only the lays of a poor charity school-boy. Directly their antiquity was gone, with a certain class, their merit departed—as though poetry was a thing to be judged of after the fashion of a pedigree—and the genius that produced them was sneered at as an unwholesome fire, and the "wondrous boy" had to endure that bitterest of all hostility which emanates from a well-quizzed antiquary or an outwitted quidnunc. Two generations have passed since poor Chatterton "perished in his pride," and the fame of the Poet has at lenghth risen clear above all the foul vapours and rancouring spirit of the Rowleyan controversy. Some justice was even attempted to his memory, a few years ago, in the erection of a cross surmounted with his effigy, in the garb of the "*Charity-school*" in which he was educated. It was set up alongside the beautiful north porch, and its architecture, not being either particularly correct or elegant, of course in such a position "oderous" comparisons were drawn between the two; the citizens said "it was like the old Church sprouting afresh"—this was meant as a censure upon it; but we certainly did not expect to find such a libel upon the reproductive powers of the noble old building coming from the mouths of Bristolians—and finally it was carted away. At present the only memorial to Chatterton is to be found in the deserted muniment-room, where the old chests over which he has so often pondered—the old dust which his excited feet have so often raised, and on which the sun-light and the moon-light alternately rest as they did in his day—combine to create that lifelike figure in the imagination compared with which a sculptured stone is cold and dead indeed.

The Church of St. Mary, Redcliffe, for the last two centuries has been going most rapidly to decay. It is quite painful to see how worn and mutilated the pinnacles and ornaments have become. The north porch, full of niches, each of which once contained some sculptured saint, is now almost a ruin, and many of the

windows of the fabric are in a shamefully dilapidated condition. The citizens have latterly become aware of the stigma which lies upon them for their neglect of this superb building, and one or two of the windows and the east end of the church have undergone a thorough repair. The white appearance of the new freestone at this part breaks up the general sombre tone of the building; but we trust that, ere long, the whole fabric will be renewed in the same manner, and then a few years, in such a smoky city as Bristol, will restore to it one uniform colour—not such a delicious tone, perhaps, as now pervades it, but one which shall not, at least, derive its beauty from decay.

Clifton and the Downs.

And now that we have shaken off the last dust of the old city, drawn on a pair of straw-coloured kid gloves and assumed a *dégagé* air, we will boldly step across the "air-drawn" barrier, which as we have before said runs along the top of Park Street, and enter Clifton.

At our very first step two imposing-looking buildings meet the eye,—the Blind Asylum and the Bishop's College; the first in the early English, the second in the Elizabethan style. Without stopping to criticise the architecture the attention is immediately struck by this pile of buildings,—for the two lie so much on the same ground and so close together that they seem but one edifice—rising as it does at the base of a gentle hill-side, whose height is covered with trees, and nobly thrown back so as to allow of a fine drive and a profusion of flower-beds, it is a very great ornament to the spot. The Blind Asylum is quite one of the "Show" Institutions of the city. The inmates employ themselves in weaving very beautiful baskets, and every week they give a concert of sacred music in the chapel, at which they show their musical science to the public, who are freely admitted.

The Bishop's College, a preparatory seminary, has lately been instituted. It is founded on the model of King's College, London, and is capable of accommodating upwards of 200 boys. The discipline is under the exclusive conduct of a head master, who is subject (only in this respect) to the visitorial authority of the Bishop. The education given here is very first-rate, and is conducted in conformity with the principles of the Church of England. A very short distance from this spot, proceeding along the park wall (which might be well substituted by an iron railing) brings us to a cluster of public buildings, which, both in situation and importance, renders the neighbourhood quite the Calton Hill of Bristol. The Victoria Rooms is admirably planted in the isthmus formed by the separation of the roads leading to Clifton and Durdham Downs. (Cut, No. 12.) The architecture is graceful, and it is by far the best Grecian building erected in the neighbourhood. A fastidious critic perhaps might object to the sculpture and figures which fill the tympanum of the pediment, as too energetic in action, and wanting in that rectilinear principle in which the Greeks always modelled reliefs for such enrichments, but the general effect is extremely good. It possesses some noble apartments,—the reception room is 70 feet long by 30 broad, and the hall is 117 feet by 55 feet wide. The Victoria Rooms have completely absorbed all the company which used to frequent the old Assembly Rooms in the city, whose motto, *Curas cithara tollet*, seems now singularly out of place, as music is scarcely ever heard within its walls to drive away the cares empty rooms and ground rents engender.

If we now turn up by Meridian Place, two other buildings, admirably situated, lie before us. The new Catholic chapel, a Grecian temple, commenced on a grand scale, which will, one of these days, when the body to whom it belongs finds money enough to complete it, form one of the greatest ornaments to Clifton. At present it is roofed over in a temporary manner, and presents a very ugly appearance. As we proceed along Meridian Place, the elevation we are on assumes an exceedingly picturesque form, and commands a fine view. We stand on a terrace situated on the top of a steep hill-side; a little space of table-land (if we might so term it) beneath us forms the stranger's burying-ground, —a most poetical spot, in which all those who have found "the health-giving spring" of no avail, sleep underneath a deep solitude and shadow of willow trees; and on Brandon Hill, which forms the rising ground opposite, stands the new Queen Elizabeth's Hospital. This building is recently erected in the Tudor style, and is as florid as red bricks can make it. Standing on the steep ascent, and approached by a fine flight of steps and a winding carriage-road, this public school has a most imposing effect, especially when seen from below. As we have not yet paid a visit to Brandon Hill, situated only a stone's throw from us, we will ramble upon it with our reader for a few moments. Having gained its top, which rises no less than 250 feet, what a perfect view of the city, the Avon, Clifton Hill, and the surrounding country meets the eye! In our engraving we have been obliged to content ourselves with one aspect of the scene; but as we turn from side to side, a complete panorama unfolds itself. We have often thought what a perfect public garden this hill, or rather little mountain, would make. Touching the confines both of Clifton and the city, it might be rendered a marriage-ground of beauty between them. Properly laid out, its natural capabilities improved by art, it would afford a pleasure-spot not to be surpassed by any in the kingdom. From its cone-like form, ornamental water could not be well introduced; but has it not the river at its base, winding along and animated all its length by commerce, and dotted by glancing sails?—a far nobler prospect than even Virginia Water, with all its swans. And then what a really poetical mind could make of it! what statues might be erected here to the great men who have toiled, and thought, and served in the city lying at its foot. Here a statue of Cabot, resting on a globe, his gaze turned westward to where the new world first

"Swam within his ken;"

there might stand Chatterton, contemplating his much loved Redcliffe Church, that towers so grandly in the distance; or Southey, as he mused in his youth, fired with some beautiful vision of the banks of the Susquehannah and perfect peace. Here the citizens should have, as an embodyment of the spirit of "ancient Bristow," the effigy of Canynges, her great merchant prince and church founder; or Colston, with hand open as the day, distributing charity to all. What a noble company of worthies Bristol might congregate on this hill-side, and what a lovely spot it might be made! Bristol, however, is so situated in the very lap of the picturesque, that she seems to have no desire for a public garden, for Tindall's Park, which we have passed in our way from Park Street, is by far too open and field-like in its character to be considered in that light.

The neighbourhood of Clifton behind Meridian Place, to which we return, is quite flat, and exhibits a series of villas, surrounded by gardens; these have extended so of late years, that we question if the visitor of a dozen summers back would recognize the Clifton of the present day. Field after field have successively succumbed to bricks and mortar, till what but a few years ago was but a large village, is now a handsome pleasure town of 20,000 inhabitants. At the present moment, Landsdown Square, covering an immense area of land, and built in the most superb manner, is in course of erection. There is nothing, however, about this portion of Clifton that other watering-places might not equal, and we must reach Clifton Hill before the peculiar features of the place become apparent. (Cut, No. 11.) Taking our stand by the church, we have a foretaste of the beauties which disclose themselves still farther on. There are no rocks yet; but before us lie, low down in the hollow, the river, and Cumberland Basin, dotted with steamers and shipping; and beyond, the valley of Ashton, with the swelling uplands clothed with fir-trees, in its vicinity; again, beyond all the Dundry Hills, rising like a vast rampart of green, and shutting out the view farther south. Row after row of houses are planted at our feet down the slope, appearing every now and then amid the foliage:

> "And up the garden-cultured hill
> Sits full-fed Capital apart,
> Watching the golden sweat distil
> In hungry Labour's mart."

As we proceed towards the Clifton Down, a row of elegant shops—a thin thread of trade—runs through the very heart of Clifton; but we can well turn aside by this line, and sweep round the magnificent Royal York Crescent, the most extensive terrace we ever remember to have seen. A walk upon this superb promenade of nearly half a mile brings us to that portion of Clifton which appears so beautiful from the river, the many terraces and rows of buildings rising one over another to the summit of the hill. It must be tantalizing to such a beauty as Clifton not to be able to look at herself; the river is too muddy, we are sorry to say, to reflect her, and at no point within the village can she survey the fullness of her charms. As we proceed the breeze freshens, and suddenly we come out upon Clifton Down, and take in at one glance the magnificent ravine through which, far beneath us, the Avon rolls its turbid tide. On the opposite shore, the Leigh Woods clothe the precipitous banks with thickest foliage, and the eye falls upon a deep hill of green, as far as it can reach; we have yet to breast the steep, however, until we gain the Observatory, crowning the highest point of St. Vincent's Rocks, which run parallel with the south bank of the Avon. A pebble kicked from the edge of this tremendous cliff falls sheer down 300 feet into the carriage road, which winds along its base. To stand upon the summit and look down the fearful foreshortening of the grey old rock requires nerves of no ordinary quality. The elevation we stand upon commands a rocky pier (divided from us by a deep ravine) from which the new Suspension Bridge is to hang its slender threads some 900 feet across to a similar pier on the summit of the opposite woodland. Stupendous abutments for this undertaking have long been finished, as well as the towers which will support the roadway, but the chains are not suspended; and we see huge piles of these great rusty vertebræ lying idle upon the pier. Upwards of £40,000 have already been expended upon this magnificent undertaking, and no more money being forthcoming, the works are now at a stand-still. One single bar of iron—looking no larger than the gossamer which hangs from tree to tree in a garden—sweeps across the gulf; and on this fragile-looking thread, a wicker car travels from side to side with visitors who are courageous enough to trust themselves in it, and the journey is quite as fearful as it looks. We were adventurous enough ourselves once to go across, and the sensations we experienced are still vivid upon our brain. A little wooden house is built on the edge of the cliff to keep the car in; and from this spot the adventurer starts. To sit in the basket whilst the men in attendance are preparing to let go, and to look along the line, dropping in the centre as it does some fifty feet, is enough alone to make one slightly nervous; but when the cry comes "hold fast," and with the speed of light you rush down, as you fancy for the moment, into eternity, the stoutest gripe the sides of the wicker car with a convulsive strength, and lift themselves as though the world was falling from beneath them. As you get over towards the middle of the passage the speed decreases, and after rising up for some little time on the other side, the car comes to a stand still; and now, being half way over, and the strange feeling in your stomach, which the swallow-like rush down the wind has given you, having a little subsided, leisure is afforded to gaze about, and if you have courage to look down, some idea of the height at which you hang suspended, may be gained by the flights of rooks that, frightened from their holes in the rocks by the passage of the car, whirl far beneath you, the sun shining like so much gold upon their backs. A rope attached to the basket pulls it up the ascending bar to the landing-



11.—CLIFTON HILL (TOP). 12.—VICTORIA ROOMS (CENTRE). 13.—HOTWELLS AND BRIDGE (BOTTOM).

place on the opposite side. You give a shilling to perform this highly exciting journey.

Mr. West's observatory, which every one should visit who goes to Clifton, contains some splendid telescopes and a camera obscura, that paints upon its disk the whole country around from the balustrades of the tower to the horizon. This is rather a tell-tale piece of optic work: for many a scene, not intended for the public eye, is here disclosed. The lovers who behind some rock or turning snatch a kiss as they fondly fancy unobserved, are only daguerreotyping the action upon the table of the obscura, exciting the laughter of the gentlemen and blushes of the ladies, who may be there witnessing the exhibition. And now having swept the horizon with the large telescope, and made out what the man is doing on the hill three miles off, let us dive into the Giant's Hole, a cave opening out into the face of the rock some ninety feet down. Mr. West, having trepanned old St. Vincent's crown for some depth, and driven an inclined gallery into the solid rock for about 150 feet, has completed the communication by a circular flight of steps, and now the most nervous lady can gain this place which a few years back the daring crag-climber--and some of the Bristol boys are pretty expert at the work—would not attempt to reach. The cave is very spacious, and commands a splendid view. It was formerly an hermitage, and William of Wyrcestre, who visited it in 1480, speaks of it as, "the hermitage with an oratory or chapel, in the most dangerous part of the rock called Ghyston Cliffe, situated in a cave of the rock twenty yards in depth, in the same rock above the river Avon, in honour of St. Vincent:" and this statement of its having been a chapel was confirmed by the discovery, by Mr. West, of a mullion of a Gothic window, or more probably of some shrine, when the place was first opened.

Returning to the Down again, we must not overlook the Roman encampment, in the centre of which the Observatory stands; the line of fortification is still easily traced, forming nearly a half circle, having the steepest part of the cliff for its base. On the opposite side of the river there are two more encampments of large size, situated upon either hand of a deep comb, or valley, of which we shall speak more fully by-and-by. Bristol seems to have been the centre of a vast chain of encampments. In the immediate neighbourhood are Cadbury Camp, and extensive intrenchments at Naish, Henbury, Aldmondsbury, Oldberry, Elberton, and Old Abbey, on the Gloucester side of the river; and lower down on the Somersetshire side, at Worle Hill, and East Brent, there are some magnificent fortifications. Doubtless these were the strongholds referred to by Tacitus, when he tells us, "Ostorius took away their arms from those who were suspected, and restrained those on the rivers Severn and Avon by surrounding them with camps." Clifton Down is but of small extent, and St. Vincent's Rocks do not continue along its river front for any great distance; a hill side, covered with low trees, taking their place down to the water, through which a carriage-drive winds its way. These amenities of nature however are only of a short continuance: in the distance we see the Avon again, skirted on its north shore by precipitous cliffs—known by the name of the Black Rock, from the beautiful dark marble which its quarries yield. Durdham Down is only a continuation of Clifton Down; it is very large in extent, and forms the lungs of Bristol, for here the citizens come to inhale the healthy breezes which blow up channel. At the western extremity of the Down, beyond what is called the Sea Wall, there is a little hanging wood, laid out as a public pleasure ground; and an ancient tower, called Cook's Folly, rises in the middle of it. These ancient towers seem to attract beautiful traditions, as the tree-stems gather the wild honeysuckle and other clasping plants about them, and be sure Cook's Folly is not without its wondrous tale. The legend goes that it was built by an anxious father to protect his only son and heir against some evil fate which it had been predicted at his birth should overtake him before he reached a certain age. The child was carefully secured within the high tower, and all harm was warded off till the very last night had arrived, over which it had been decreed he was not to live. His friends, now believing in his speedy delivery, made merry with him, as he greeted them from his high turret, and the morrow was anticipated with joy. The young heir lowered his rope by which he obtained his supplies from below, and hoisted up the faggots to warm him through the last night in which the prediction had to run. As he threw the firewood upon the blazing hearth, however, his fate overtook him in the shape of a viper, which sprang upon him from among the faggots, and inflicted his death wound. The name of the bereaved father was Cook, and the tower went by the name ever afterwards of Cook's Folly, in consequence of his idle attempt to frustrate what had been decreed.

The view from the top of this tower of a summer's evening is quite enchanting—more like one of Danby's poetical dreams than a sober truth of nature. The river, lost and then found again amid the deep gloom of its steep woody banks, glides like a silver serpent to the sea, which in the distance gleams with the setting sun upon it like a dazzling silver shield.

As we return over the ferns, we come to the Zoological Gardens, situated close to the turnpike which divides Durdham and Clifton Downs. They have been formed these ten years, and are now in a very flourishing condition. The ornamental water in it is prettily designed, and the shrubberies and grottos interspersed about it have a charming effect. The garden contains a very fine collection of animals, and the bear-pits, by the guide-books, seem to be thought a great deal of by the citizens. Here are given galas, athletic games, and other entertainments, after the cut of those at Rosherville and Cremorne.

There is a steep winding walk formed on the precipitous face of the hill-side which leads from Clifton Down, known by the name of the Zig-Zag. Along this pathway we slowly wind, and if we were bota-

nists, we might discover many plants in our short journey worthy of notice, and which are quite peculiar to this spot.

The Hotwells and Leigh Woods.

And now safely arrived at the base of St. Vincent's Rocks, and in front of the handsome Hotwell House, which gives a name to the narrow slip of tenements skirting the water as far as Cumberland Basin, we can look up into the face of the cliff towering above us, holding in its forehead, like some gigantic Cyclops, the great eye-like cave we have not long left. There is something almost gothic in the form of these rocks; jutting out, as they do here, into two vast abutments, which time has rounded, and the weather tinted with the softest gray. The nearest of these abutments is crowned with the suspension-bridge pier—the bar of which hangs from above us, cutting a thin clear line against the sky,—built of red sandstone, which in some manner spoils the general tone of the range of rock; indeed, in its present unfinished state, the whole bridge very much damages the "keeping" of the scene just here, which is indescribably grand. The Hotwell House, a small structure of the Tuscan order, covers the celebrated springs which draws to Avon's banks so many poor faded creatures, who clutch at the last straws that life holds out to them. (Cut, No. 13.) According to the analysis of Mr. Herapath, the renowned chemist of Bristol, its principal contents are,—carbonate of magnesia, sulphate of lime, and chloride of sodium, in conjunction with carbonic acid gas, and nitrogen gas. It is the safest mineral water in England, as it approaches nearest to common water; and, in fact, it is used for domestic purposes. The efficacy of this spring appears first to have been discovered by sailors many centuries ago, who used to resort to it for the cure of scorbutic complaints. That it was very early known there can be no doubt, as William of Wyrcestre—who seems to have poked about every corner of his native city—speaks of it in the fifteenth century as being then celebrated. If we wish to try its qualities, we can do so either by going to the Pump-room and getting it warm from the spring, or by proceeding to the public "Tap" outside, where from an iron cup we can drink it cold and free of charge.

We must imagine the tide to be high as we proceed to Rownham, for at low water the Hotwells loses more than half its beauties. The tide rises at the Cumberland dock-gates fifty feet, so it may be imagined what a vast stretch of mud the banks exhibit when the water is withdrawn. On certain days, when the Irish steamers arrive, Rownham Ferry is one of the most picturesque spots in the kingdom. The noise and confusion, the blowing off of the steam, the growling sound through the trumpet of the voice of the pilot, who may be swinging in some large ship into the gates, the shouting of sailors, and the very intelligible squeaking of pigs, make up a charivari of sounds not easily forgotten. How to cross the broad river in the midst of tugs, Irish packets, and vessels of all descriptions, at first sight puzzles us; but the ferry-boat is so capacious, and the boatman so collected and quiet, as though it was an ordinary matter, that we give ourselves up to him with most perfect confidence. What a change this to the time when the trajectus belonged to the monastery of St. Augustin, and instead of such a motley crowd as now throng into the boat, only the abbot on his mule came down to the quiet river bank, and was ferried across on his way to his domains at Leigh. The Rownham ferry-boat, on fine afternoons, is quite a picture. Here, among the passengers, we see a group of artists proceeding to Leigh Woods to sketch, describing with ardour some momentary effect; next them, a posse of country girls returning from market; the great mass however is generally composed of the *bourgeoisie* and their families, well provided with bulky baskets of provender for a pic-nic in the woods, or for an early tea in the public gardens which lie along the river side. Now we are half across the river, let us turn and look at Clifton. See how superbly she lies reclined upon the hill-side, terrace after terrace sweeping their white crescents one over the other to the very top of the ascent, and one daring terrace pushing out like a great promontory upon a point of rock, suspended, as it were, between sky and water! Here and there green hanging gardens climb up the steep, setting off this "great white queen" of watering places by their breadth of verdure—it is here, indeed, that Clifton can be seen. If we turn on the other side, we have the various craft slowly making their way through the dock-gates into Cumberland Basin, and on all hands the clouds of white steam coming from the many little packets; the immense dock-gates just finished, which are large enough to admit the 'Great Britain,' also meet the eye. To passengers coming from a long voyage, the port of Bristol must appear charming; to the old Indian, who has not seen a tree, a really tender green tree, since he left his home in his youth, the sail up the river beside such a bank of verdure as Leigh Woods present, must indeed be a treat after the moral scurvy he has so long endured. Up to within a stone's throw of the entrance to the Cumberland Docks, great elm trees rise in rounded masses of grateful colour, and the mingling of the commercial with the picturesque is quite complete. A sudden swaying of the hundred people in the ferry-boat warns us that we have grounded upon the opposite shore, and now, hey for Leigh Woods! A towing-path runs between the skirts of the wood and the water, and we have not proceeded far along it before we find we get glimpses of sylvan beauty, curious peeps into thick squirrel-loving woods. A string of horses towing up some vessel—for the steam tugs have not quite superseded them—oblige us to step from the pathway to the couch-like softness of the mossy bank, and pushing aside the leafy boughs we are in a moment in the land of Oberon, where, unless we tread lightly, we shall startle up Peasblossom and Cobweb as they lie curled up asleep within the tender scrolls of the fern. Out of

the dark undershade of green we emerge into the Nightingale Valley, a rising ravine running between perpendicular rocks and steep hill-sides, up which the white-tailed coney runs. This path through the valley is a charming walk, shaded by mountain-ashes and trees of every description, which net the ground with their interwining roots. Up this ascent having toiled at length, we reach an open space; on either hand of us lie two great Roman entrenchments, the Bower Wall and Stoke Leigh Camps. These fortifications are supported by rectangular bases of almost impregnable cliffs. The outlines of both entrenchments are still quite perfect; in one place there are three fosses, running parallel to each other. Great trees have formed their roots amid the Roman mortar, and the interiors of these camps are now transformed into beautiful grassy table-lands, where the feet of the merry pic-nic dancers move to the throbbing music of the harp. In these woods we meet with every kind of foliage, from the slender silver birch to the gnarled oak; here they rise gracefully in the light, there they form a "horrid shade," and remind one of some of the gloomy scenes of Dante. One comb, called Salvator's Valley, from its sombre wild-looking character, is much frequented by artists. But the whole wood has been the nursery for art time out of mind; here poor Müller learnt the cunning of his pencil; here Danby and Pyne, and Johnstone and the Fripps, have wandered and reproduced the scenery afresh upon the living canvass, until scarce a gallery in the country is without some passages of this wood, some recollections of artists who have studied here before the great open book of nature. Poets also have trodden these "bosky bournes," and mused along its chequered shades. We can almost fancy we see Coleridge, and Southey, and Lovell, the young quaker enthusiast, three abreast, brushing aside the boughs as they pass, eagerly talking of Pantocracy, and planning the golden age they intended to establish in some wilderness of the new world.

But there is enough poetry passing before us in this old wood without going back so far to talk of those who merely dispensed it. What a passing poem is the river itself, winding its way beneath us. Lying at our full length upon the sod that once sunk beneath some Roman soldier's foot, we watch the weather-beaten ships slowly making their way up the river, with slackened ropes and leaning masts, as though oppressed and wearied by their long journey; and the little steamers, full of company from Chepstow or Portishead, the music from on board floating softly over the waters as they pass. Then, labouring along, like some little ant dragging a huge grain of corn, a steam-tug appears between the folding of the hills, and gradually the towering masts of a large vessel become one after another visible; she is an outward-bound American, and, by the crowd following along the banks in her wake, some weeping, some faintly cheering, an emigrant ship for New York. What conflicting feelings must fill the breasts of the passengers on board! the sturdy Englishman



14.—ST. VINCENT'S ROCKS, FROM THE NIGHTINGALE VALLEY.

who leans against the mast views sorrowfully the scene about him; the swelling sound of the harp, and the moving figures between the trees of some dancing party in the woods,—the passing steamers full of pleasure people,—the swings surrounded by boisterous mirth, tossing figures here and there high among the foliage;—all these incidents, speaking of joyousness, must fall with a melancholy influence upon his heart, which not even the sight of the gleaming axe at his side, speaking of strange adventures in the backwoods and new scenes of independent life, can altogether suppress. The ship, with all her high hopes and lingering regrets, passes out of sight, leaving behind her just that touch of sentiment in the mind of the spectator which harmonizes so well with this beautiful scenery at the pleasant close of an evening in summer. Our view here is not confined to the river, but takes in the Clifton Down opposite, with its promenaders sprinkled about like so many bright flowers, and the rocks rising in all their solemn grandeur. There is a delicious peep of these cliffs as we proceed down Nightingale Valley towards the river again. Hemmed in on either side by the ravine, the solid wall-like rock (crowned by the observatory) rising in the distance affords a cool background of eternal gray to the foliage, and renders the scene here strikingly beautiful. (Cut, No. 14.)

If we emerge from the wood, and stroll along the towing-path beside the river, we shall have an opportunity of viewing the rock farther down, and the general features of the scene to perfection. The forest character of Leigh Woods does not extend more than a mile from Rownham Ferry; after that distance it assumes more the form of a young plantation, on an abrupt hill-side, but it is still beautiful in appearance. As we proceed we find quarriers at work, some of them scooping out considerable portions of the wood. Southey used to speak bitterly of this partial demolition of a wood which he held sacred to the fairies. It was "selling the sublime and beautiful by the boat-load." We question, however, very greatly whether so much damage has been done to the general effect of the scene by these quarries; nay, we are even of opinion that if these works were to stop now,—and they are not likely to be continued, we hear, much longer,—the effect in a few years' time, when the rawness of the new rock shall have gone off, will be better than it ever has been. Little breaks of Gaspar Poussinish cliffs between the foliage will tend to add much to the general picturesqueness. About a mile down the river we come to a tea-garden, laid out on the side of the hill, and a very favourite resort with the citizens. A great clatter of teaspoons, the sound of merry voices from the bowers interspersed among the foliage, and swings here and there animating the wood, evidence that happiness as well as tea is here dispensed. The Black Rock rises on the opposite shore, a little way down,—a vast limestone formation, blasted from top to bottom by the quarrymen, who hold full possession of it. This rock is the great magazine of stone for repairing the roads, &c., in Bristol and its neighbourhood. Its face looks remarkably picturesque from the sanguine stains with which it is smeared, as though some Titan's blood had been spilt upon it. The Red Rock would have been a much more appropriate name for it than its present one. Returning up the river, we gain a fresh view of the scenery, and perhaps the best one. The green slope of Clifton Downs is here seen, and St. Vincent's Rocks dispose themselves in pleasanter outlines, and more of them can be seen than when viewed from the Bristol side. Whilst in this neighbourhood the visitor should not omit the opportunity of inspecting the charms of art as well as of nature. The Claudes in Mr. Miles' collection of pictures, at Leigh Court, are the finest in the country. There are a great many first-rate pictures of other old masters there, one especially, of Leonardo de Vinci, (the Salvator Mundi), that nobody forgets who has once seen it.

The Scenery and Watering-Places in the Neighbourhood.

With her steamers and her railroads, Bristol might be said to hold in her hand the reins of pleasure. So speedy is the communication with the coast, that one hour her merchants might be seen in their counting-houses, the next watching the white foam-waves beating upon the iron-bound coast of Somersetshire, or picking up shells on some of its beaches. There are three watering-places in the immediate neighbourhood of Bristol—Portishead, Clevedon, and Weston. The trip to Portishead, which can be performed by steamer, is very delightful, and its appearance from the water is striking in the extreme, being built upon the bold headland which protects the anchorage of Kingroad from the stiff 'sou'-westers' that blow up channel. This headland is covered with wood to its summit, throughout which walks have been formed; and of a fine summer's evening the whole commerce of Bristol might be seen passing within a few hundred yards of the shore, under full sail. Clevedon and Weston lie some few miles apart from each other, a little way down the coast. A more delightful spot than Clevedon could scarcely be imagined; it lies warm in a deep valley—that is the old village—and is the very place to take a poet's fancy. Here Coleridge lived, and wrote his lays 'To Sara;' his cottage is a show place, and is just the sort of house that a poet, and no one else in the world, would have gone to live in; for beside its picturesque exterior, it has nothing on earth to recommend it. At Weston we have what neither of the other places possess—a fine sandy beach, some three miles in length. At high tide, this beach forms a most delightful promenade. The tide sweeps in over the smooth sand to the musical sound of its bursting foam bells, and the whole length of beach is alive with many groups of people, watching the waves curl in, and laughing and running as the water overtakes them. There is a pier here, to which several pleasure-boats are attached; and the sail round the Flat and Steep Holmes, which lie in the sea just like two great whales

coming up to blow, is the favourite excursion of the good people from Bath and Bristol who frequent the place. But a few years ago it was a small fishing village; now it contains many thousand inhabitants, supports a *newspaper*, and keeps a railway going! Not far from Weston are two of the most remarkable spots in the west of England —the Banwell Caves, and the Cheddar Cliffs. The caves are extraordinary places; people who come to see them naturally look about them, expecting to find some hint of their neighbourhood, but they find nothing but a little rustic cottage, situated on a gently rising hill. These caves are completely subterranean, and are reached by ladders extending a great depth in the earth. There are two principal caves, in which a vast number of bones of the bear, wolf, buffalo, and stag, are found all together embedded in a mass of mud. How they came there is a question which geologists have yet to decide.

The Cheddar Cliffs are most extraordinary instances of rock scenery. Some of these cliffs are upwards of 800 feet high, and are in places so narrowly separated from each other, that they present rather the appearance of a deep fissure than a chain of rocks. They grow gradually wider at other parts, and when we can get a little space to view them in, they look sublime indeed. A very curious stalactite cavern has lately been discovered in them. The visitor enters by a fine porch, from which start three or four passages, some twelve feet in width by forty feet in height. From the roof and sides of these halls drop the most fantastic and beautiful marble stalactites. In some places these singular petrifactions take the forms of pillars hung with graceful drapery; at others, they mimic the animal and vegetable creation, &c. The proprietor, who shows the cave, points out here and there a piece of bacon, a loaf of bread, a plant, or animal. When lit up by candlelight, the full effect of this singular place is seen to perfection. We question, however, whether the lovers of the picturesque will not be more pleased by the picture from the outside of this cave; for there we have a superb view of the rocks rising behind a large sheet of the purest water, on the banks of which tea-gardens are laid out, and upon whose silvery bosom a pleasure-boat, freighted with a party of musicians, might at times be seen to glide, whilst their instruments awaken the echoes of the adjacent cliffs. A view of the Wye and its transcendent beauties has already been given in a previous number of the 'Land we Live in,' we need not, therefore, here do more than allude to a spot whose fame crowds the Chepstow steamers in the summer with tourists. Packets leave Bristol twice a day for Newport, in whose neighbourhood there are many interesting remains. The Castle, situated on the banks of the Usk, was once a very strong place, and still presents to the front of the river three very formidable towers. The town of Newport is said to have risen upon the ruins of Caerleon, in the time of the Romans; a splendid city, which, according to some writers, was no less than nine miles in circumference, and contained many splendid palaces and aqueducts.

Its successor, Newport, certainly cannot vie with this traditionary magnificence. Its chief riches consists in the piles of iron and coal which line the river side for shipment. Newport is the natural port for these two strong sinews of English power; and on some occasions, as many as seventy or a hundred sail might be seen working their way down the Usk river—the majority, dirty colliers, we admit; but all under bellying sail they make a goodly and cheering show. Here many of the large ships, outward bound from Bristol, come to take in their return-cargo. It was much feared that the building of docks at this place would injure the former port; but it has since proved to be her most valuable channel wharf. In the neighbourhood of Newport there is some very beautiful scenery; Ebwy Vale, for instance, is picturesque in the extreme. Farther westward, the Vale of Neath and the waterfalls of Pont Neath Vaughan occur, in which passages of scenry are to be found that cannot be surpassed in England.

The immediate neighbourhood of Bristol is extremely beautiful. Indeed there are so many nooks and corners, so many woodlands and picturesque bits of rocky scenery, that we scarce know where to choose. At Stapleton and Frenchay, two villages only three or four miles from the city, situated upon the river Frome, which here is scarcely more than a running brook, we have perfect miniatures of the scenery at Clifton. Cliffs on the one side, steep woodland on the other, here and there an old water-mill, with its lazy pool,—mirror to the gray rocks,—comes in, and adds the one last feature required to make the picture perfect. At Henbury and Brislington again there are delightful walks: at the former place the Valley of Blaize, as it is called, affords some charming scenery. Here is a great rock, called Goram's Chair. Goram and Vincent were two giants, who competed a "long time ago," as they say in story-books, in cutting asunder St. Vincent's rocks. Goram, however, finding it, we suppose, hot work, or perhaps more sensibly determining to let his brother giant do the hard work, sat down on this singularly-shaped rock and went conveniently to sleep, while St. Vincent completed the job, and obtained all the credit of his labour, as he deserved to do. As there were no other giants, however, in these parts, where the credit came from we are at a loss to know. The Henbury Cottages, a better class of alms-houses, erected close to this valley, draws visitors from far and near to see them. They are all situated on a green, and lie quite embosomed in trees. They were designed by Nash, and there can be no doubt that he knew more about building cottages than palaces. This little group of buildings is perfectly unique. The best champaign view in the neigbourhood is obtained from King's Weston Hill: from this spot the spectator can follow the course of the Avon and Severn, and see across the channel as far, in clear weather, as the "bold Bloringe," and other still more distant mountains in Wales. Perhaps a greater extent

of country might be seen from Dundry Tower—a landmark, visible from nearly every part of Bristol and its neighbourhood.

Dundry Tower is situated on the long chain of hills which run in a southern course five miles from the city. From the battlements of this beautiful building,—which is almost as elegant a piece of architecture as St. Stephen's Tower, indeed, in some features it is even more perfect than that building, as it still retains the beautiful crocketed or overhanging pinnacles of open work, which were destroyed at St. Stephen's Tower in the early part of the last century by a high wind—we have a splendid view. To the north, a most luxuriant country stretches away to where Bristol lies enshrouded in a thick mist of smoke, and to the east we see the outskirts of Bath. Beyond these two cities the hills, among which Calne and Devizes, Stroud and Berkeley, lie hidden, are observable. The Severn, with its wide silvery flood, for nearly forty miles of its length, can be traced; and in the west rise to view the Quantock Hills, near Bridgewater; whilst to the south, the eye ranges down a magnificent slope, and across a breadth of fine English land as far as Warminster and the neighbourhood of Frome. Amid the most luxuriant foliage the country is seen to be dotted with church towers of handsome proportions; indeed the whole county is rich in ecclesiastical architecture. Scarcely such a thing as a steeple is to be seen in this part of Somersetshire; tall and graceful towers, of beautiful workmanship, will be found in the most insignificant villages. Not far from Dundry, at a village called Stanton Drew—or, as it has been rendered, the 'Stone Town of the Druids'—there are some very remarkable remains connected with this ancient religion.

In most cases we find Druidical stones situated on Downs or in barren spots; but those to be found here are interspersed between meadows and orchards. They consist of three circles of stones: the largest circle measures 342 feet in diameter. Only five stones of this belt remain; these are situated at very irregular intervals; and consequently have scarcely the appearance of having been placed there with any particular design. The smallest circle lies close at hand, and is about 96 feet in diameter: it is composed of eight very large and most irregularly-shaped stones, only four of which are now standing: they form a complete round, and clearly indicate the use to which they had been put. The *Lunar Temple*, as it has been called by Dr. Stukeley, is distant from the great circle 700 feet and upwards. Its diameter is about 150 feet, and it contains eleven stones. There are numerous superstitions and tales connected with these curious remains. The country people call them 'the Wedding,'—the tale going that the company at a wedding were suddenly turned into stone; and they even point out the different individuals that formed this very unhappy group. The bride and bridegroom were represented by these stones, the fiddlers by those, and a company of dancers by the cluster beyond. If so, all we can say is, the people in those days were of most Brobdingnagian proportions: the bridegroom must have been of an intolerable size, and the bride a great deal larger than she ought to have been. The country people allege the same sort of difficulty in counting these stones is found as at other places where similar remains exist. They tell a story of a baker, who, determining to do a sum in addition which his neighbours could not manage, set about it by putting a loaf of bread upon every stone he counted; but, somehow or other, he always found one stone uncovered by a half-quartern, and he gave up his task at length in despair. Not far from this group are some stones, either isolated, or in pairs. One large mass of rock called Hackell's Quoit, is said to have been thrown there from an enormous distance by a giant! Being generally formed of limestone, the road-mender has helped himself pretty plentifully to some of them; and in the course of a century they will perhaps have wholly disappeared. In a more westerly direction, and this side of the Dundry Hills, lies a cluster of villages of the most romantic character. Congresbury and Yatton would particularly repay the visitor, both by their scenery and their churches. There is a celebrated valley at Congresbury, to which pic-nic parties resort from Bristol. The church is a very fine edifice, but not equal to the one at Yatton, which is built quite in the style of a cathedral. The Gloucestershire villages in the neighbourhood of Bristol are not so rich in appearance as its Somersetshire environs, but several of them are much frequented by the Bristolians. The Old and New Passages, two ferries across the Severn, are very favourite places of resort in summer. The New Passage derives its name from a singular historical circumstance. Charles I., being pursued by a party of Parliamentarians, through Shire Newton, embarked in a boat at the Black Rock (New Passage) and was ferried safely to the opposite shore. A number of his pursuers compelled other boatmen to carry them after him; but the ferrymen being of the King's party, set them down upon a reef called the English Stones, and gave them to believe that the rest of the passage was fordable. The Parliamentary troopers immediately made the attempt, but were all drowned, and the King thus escaped. Cromwell, enraged at his prey escaping him, revenged himself by shutting up this ferry; and it was not re-opened until 1713, and then it received its present name of the New Passage. The Old Passage is situated some miles further up the river, and it forms the principal ferry upon it. At high tide it is two miles across, and is traversed by a steamer every quarter of an hour. The Welsh mail goes across by this passage. Not far hence is the village of Thornbury, famous for its ruinous castle, which was begun by Edward Duke of Buckingham. Thornbury also possesses a very large Church, built in a cruciform shape, and surmounted with a very beautiful tower. Many of the Gloucestershire villages afford fine fields for the antiquary, as their churches generally are of a very early date.

THE LAKE DISTRICT.

It is a desirable thing for every country that it should have within its borders a mountainous district. Though some people regard such a district as little better than waste land, unless it happens to be rich in minerals, it has a value, however wild it may be, as real and as great as can be boasted of by the richest plain; and a value the greater, perhaps, in proportion to the wildness. The wilder the mountain-region of any country, the more certain it is to be the conservator of the antiquities of that country. When invaders come, the inhabitants retreat to the fastnesses where they cannot be pursued; and in places cut off from communication do ancient ideas and customs linger the longest. Every mountain-chain or cluster is a piece of the old world preserved in the midst of the new; and the value of this peculiarity far transcends that of any profitable quality which belongs to territory of another kind.

There is, also, a value belonging to a mountainous district which in our particular time can hardly be over-rated. It is the only kind of territory in which utility must necessarily be subordinated to beauty. However open-hearted and open-eyed we may be to the beauty of utility itself, and of all that is connected with it, we cannot but enjoy the privilege of access to a region where grandeur and grace reign supreme from age to age, and the subsistence and comfort of men occur only as an accident or an after-thought. It is well that we should be able and disposed to honour and admire the great inventions and arrangements of men,—the sublime railway, the wonderful factory, the cheerful stretch of corn-fields, the hopeful school-organization, and all glorious associations of men for mutual benefit: but it is well also that we should have access to a region where the winds and the waters, the mists and the stars, old forests and unapproachable precipices occupy the space, and man is seen only here and there, sheltering himself in some recess, or moving, a mere speck, on the mountain-side, or drawing his subsistence from the trout-stream, whose flow is scarcely heard among the echoes of the mighty hills. Elsewhere we have beauty in the midst of use. In a mountain-district we have a complete world of beauty which cannot be touched by the hand of Use. Man may come and live, if he likes and if he can; but it must be in some humble corner, by permission, as it were, and not through conflict with the genius of the place. Nature and beauty here rule and occupy: man and his desires are subordinate, and scarcely discernible.

Yet it does not follow that the hilly retreats of any country are bare of human interest. As I have said, they are conservative of races, and manners, and traditions; and they also offer a quiet field to science. The other day I was climbing among the ridges of the highest mountain-cluster of the Lake District, when I came upon a rain-gauge, set up in a desolate and misty spot,—sometimes below and often above the clouds. There are four more set up, and carefully secured against the force of the gales, on other heights, and an aged shepherd has them in charge: he visits them once a month, to record what they show. As I watched the tall old man with his staff passing out of sight on the vast mountain-slope, I thought that knowledge and wisdom are as appropriate and as beautiful here as anywhere else on the earth. This mountain solitude is no scene for the busy handiwork of men, in their toil for bread or convenience; but neither is it a tomb "where no knowledge or device is found." Contemplative science may sit upon these heights, for ever vigilant and for ever gratified; for here without pause come all the necessary aids and means in long array,—the stars and the sunshine, the gales and the mists, the hail and the lightnings,—all conceivable displays of light, and Nature's whole orchestra of sounds. Here is the eye of science trained and charmed by all that is luminous, from the glittering dewdrop, past the spectral mist, and the rainbow under foot, to the furthest gleam of the western sea: and the ear is roused and instructed by all mournful melodies, from the hum of the gnat in the summer noon, to the iron note of the raven, and the dash of the torrent, or the growl of the thunder, echoing through cavern and ravine. Here then, while man is subordinated, he is not excluded. He cannot obtrude his noisy devices and his bustling handiworks upon this royal domain of nature: but if he is humble and devoutly studious, Nature will invite his industry to prosper in her valleys, and his science to keep watch upon her heights.

The conservative office belonging to all mountain-districts has never been more distinctly performed than in the case of these west moorlands, from which Westmoreland takes its name. A remnant of every race hard-pressed by foes in the rest of England has found a refuge among the fastnesses of the north-west. The first people of whom we have any clear impression as living here are the Druids, as the upper class, probably, of the Britons who inhabited the valleys. There are still oaks worthy to be the haunt of these old priests; but there were many more in the days of the Druids. There is reason to believe that the mountains were once wooded up to a great height, with few breaks in the forest; and it is still said by old people living at the foot of Helvellyn, that a squirrel might have gone from their chapel of Wythburn to Keswick, about ten miles, on the tree tops, without touching the ground. The remaining coppice of hollies, firs, birch, ash, and oak, show something of the character of the woods of which they are the degenerate remnants. And when we look upon Rydal Forest, and the oak woods of some of the northern seats, we see how much at home the Druid race or caste might formerly be in the region.

Several of their stone circles are scattered about the district, calling up images of the shaven-headed, long-bearded, white-robed priests, gathered in a glade of the neighbouring forest, or assembling in some cleared space, to put fire to their heaped sacrifice of animals and doomed criminals. Such punishments of criminals, here and in those days, were little enough like the executions in our cities in the present age. Then, as the rude music of the wild Britons drowned the cries of the victims, and the flames of the wicker pile cast a glare fitfully on the forest trees, or darted up above the fir-tops, the red deer shrank further into the brake; the wild bull sent an answering roar from the slope of the mountain, the wolf prowled about for the chance of a prey, and the eagle stirred his wings upon his eyrie. The Druid and his barbaric Britons, the red deer, the wild bull, and the wolf, are all gone from the living scene, to group themselves again for us, as we see, in the ghost-land of tradition; and the eagle shows himself so seldom, that his presence is looked upon as a mere casual return.

It was a strange day for the region when the Roman soldiers came; and strange must have been the sight to the sentinel set by the Britons to watch what the foreign invader was about to do. The sentinel would climb the loftiest tree of the highest forest line, and tell what he saw to his comrades below. He would tell of the Roman standards peeping out from the pathways in the woods, and the armour that glittered when the sun shone out, and the halt in the meadows at the head of Windermere, and the formation of the camp, the pitching of the tents in long lines, and the throwing up of the breast-works. Then he would come down, and lead the way for his warrior brethren to attack the enemy. However desperate might be the onset of the wild Britons in their skin garments, with scythes and clubs in hand, they could not dislodge the foe; and when they were driven back, to hide themselves again in caves and ravines, the enemy immediately began to make pathways for the passage of their soldiery. The echoes might be the sentries then, telling of the shock of falling trees, one by one, till a broad highway was made for many miles. Then there was the cleaving of the rocks, and the breaking of the stones for paving the highway, and building the piers of the bridges. By what we see now, we know that these Roman roads not only crossed the valleys, and cut over the spurs of the hills, but followed the line of some of the highest ridges. When the Romans had gained the summit of High Street, for instance, what a day it must have been for the natives! The lines and clusters of the soldiery must have been seen against the sky,—some bringing the stones, and others paving the broad way, and others keeping watch, while signal trumpets were blown from time to time, scaring the birds from their rock-nests, and making the British mother press her infant to her bosom, lest its feeble cry should be heard from the depths of the wood below.

These Britons hid so well, that they remained in considerable numbers when the Romans were gone. But they never regained possession of the fertile valleys and meadows: the Saxons and Danes took possession of them as the Romans left them. The Britons were now, however, well armed. They had obtained some of the Roman arms, and they could so well oppose the Saxon battle-axe and hammer, that they never yielded up their mountain region, except in small portions here and there, during the whole six hundred years of the Saxon dominion in England. They held their villages and hamlets, as well as their ravines and forests: and, for any thing that appears, they were living in almost their primitive condition among the west moorlands when the Normans arrived, and scattered the Saxons abroad, to find life and shelter where they could.

To these west moorlands the Saxons came, not now as conquerors, and to possess the land, but as fugitives, who had no chance but to become outlaws. Many a man of rank and wealth came hither to escape slavery, or the ferocious punishments inflicted by the Normans on those who meddled with their game. When a Saxon noble had seen his lands taken from him and given to some Norman soldier, his daughter compelled to marry any one of the foe who chose to demand her, his servant deprived of eyes or hands for having shot a deer in his own woods,—when his blood boiled under these injuries, and he could do nothing in self-defence; he gave the sign to his followers, caught horses where he could, and rode away to the west moorlands, to be henceforth the head of an outlaw band among the Fells, descending upon Yorkshire and the southern levels of Lancashire, to plunder for subsistence, and destroy everything Norman, in gratification of his revenge. After this time we know no more of the Britons; and the Romans are traceable only by the remains of a camp, road, or bridge, here and there.

Almost everywhere else in England the Saxons and Normans mingled, and intermarried, and forgot their enmity within two or three generations: but it was not so among the Fells. The lands might be nominally given away to Norman chiefs; but they did not come to take possession of them. The wild hills and moors yielded nothing worth insisting upon and holding by force; and they were too near Scotland, where there was an enemy always on the watch against the new possessors of England. So, while Norman castles domineered over the fertile lands of all southern districts, the Saxons kept their race, language, and, as far as possible, their usages, untouched among the Fells. Accordingly, instead of the remains of feudal castles and feudal usages among the more retired parts of this district, we find only the changes which have been made by Nature, or by the hand of the shepherd, the miner, or the forester, for the needs of their free inhabitants.

The Normans, however, approached as near as they could. It may be observed here that in the Lake District, the ground rises gradually from the outskirts to the centre. From surrounding levels swell gentle slopes, with shallow valleys between; and within these are higher hills, with deeper intervals, till we find, as a

nucleus, the peaks of Scawfell and the neighbouring summits, cleft with chasms and ravines. Certain Norman nobles and monks, to whom lands had been granted, came and sat down in the levels, and spread their flocks and tributary husbandmen over the slopes and nearer valleys, though they appear never to have attempted an entrance upon the wilder parts. The abbey of Furness was established in A.D. 1127; its domains extending over the whole promontory of Furness, and to the north as far as the Shire Stones, on Wrynose; and being bounded on the east and west by Windermere and the Duddon. The mountain-land included here is not much: only the Coniston mountains and Wetherlam being of considerable elevation.

The Abbot of Furness was a sort of king in his place. His monastery was richly endowed by King Stephen, and maintained in wealth by the gifts of neighbouring proprietors, who were glad to avail themselves, not only of its religious privileges, but of its military powers for the defence of their estates against Border foes and the outlaws of the mountains.

In the low grounds between the Scawfell Peaks and the sea, Calder Abbey was next placed. It dates from A.D. 1134; seven years after the establishment of Furness Abbey, of which it was a dependent. The small religious house of St. Bees was restored by a Norman about the same time. It was very ancient, and had been destroyed by the Danes; but it now became a Norman monkish settlement. Round to the north-east, and lying under the Picts' Wall, we find the Augustine Priory of Lanercost, founded in 1169 by the Norman lord of Gilsland. Several castles were scattered around the skirts of the mountain cluster: and as the serfs on the estates rose to the condition of tenants, facilities were continually offering for the new owners to penetrate more and more into the retired parts of the district.

The process appears to have been this, in the case of Furness Abbey:—The lord's land was divided into tenements. Each tenement was to furnish, besides proper rent, an armed man, to be always ready for battle on the Borders or elsewhere. The tenement was divided into four portions,—woodland, pasture, and arable land being taken as they came; and each portion was given to an emancipated serf. The four who were thus placed on each complete tenement took care of the whole of it;—one of their number always holding himself in readiness to go armed to the wars. Thus spread over the land, and secure of being permitted to attend to their business in all ordinary times, the tenants would presently feel themselves, and be regarded by the mountaineer, husbandmen on their own ground rather than retainers of the hostile lord; and their approach towards the fastnesses would be watched with less and less suspicion. As for the shepherds, they were more free still in their rovings with their flocks: and when, by permission of the abbots, they inclosed crofts about their hillside huts, for the sake of browsing their charge on the sprouts of the ash and the holly, and protecting them from the wolves* in the thickets, they might find themselves in a position for many friendly dealings with the dwellers in the hills. The inclosures for the protection of the flocks certainly spread up the mountain sides to a height where they would hardly be seen now if ancient custom had not drawn the lines which are still preserved: and it appears from historical testimony that these fences existed before the fertile valleys were portioned out among many holders. Higher and higher ran these stone inclosures,—threading the woods, and joining on upon the rocks. Now, the woods are for the most part gone; and the walls offend and perplex the stranger's eye and mind by their ugliness and apparent uselessness: but, their origin once known, we would not willingly part with them,—reminding us as they do of the times when the tenants of the abbots or military nobles formed a link between the new race of inhabitants and the Saxon remnant of the old.

The holders of these crofts were the original of the Dalesmen of the present day. Their name arises, we are told, not from the dales of the region,—these tenants being chiefly dwellers on the heights,—but from the word *deyler*, which means *to distribute*. In course of time, when the Border wars were ended, and armed retainers were no longer needed, the distribution of the inhabitants underwent a change, and several portions of land were held by one tenant. To this day, however, separate fines are often paid for each lot; this recognition of a feudal superior, on the part of purchasers who have otherwise a freehold tenure of their lands, being a curious relic of ancient manners. The purchaser of two or three acres, subject to no other liability, will enjoy paying his nine pence a year to the lord, in memory of the time when tenancy was a sort of servitude, of which there are now no remains but in this observance.

For many centuries, an extraordinary supply of armed men was required; for the Border wars, which raged almost without intermission from the reign of the Conqueror to that of Queen Anne, were conducted with great ravage and cruelty. Besides the frequent slaughter, many hundreds of prisoners were carried away, on the one side or the other, after almost every battle. The aim of the Scots usually was to attack and pillage Carlisle, Penrith and Cockermouth, and the neighbouring country: but though the devastation and pillage were chiefly experienced there, the loss of men was felt throughout the whole mountain district. The enemy sometimes fell on the Border towns in fair-time, for the sake of the booty: and sometimes they came down when least expected. We read of them as laying waste the district of Furness; and again as ravaging the whole country on their way into Yorkshire. Wherever they might appear or be expected, there must the armed vassal repair on summons; and for retaliatory incursions he must also be prepared. The curse of the war thus spread into the most secluded valleys, where there

* The wolf is spoken of as a public enemy in edicts of Edward I. and John. Sir Ewen Cameron laid low the last Scotch wolf in 1680. The last presentment for killing wolves in Ireland was made, in the county of Cork, in 1710.

was no road by which soldiery might arrive, or cattle be carried away. The young wife or aged parents need not there apprehend that their cottage would be fired over their heads, or their crops be trodden into the bloody swamp of a battlefield; but they must part with the husband and the son, to overwhelming chances of death, wounds, or captivity. Under the constant drain of able-bodied men for many centuries, the homes of the region must have been but little like what English homes, and especially mountain homes, are usually considered to be;—abodes where life goes on with extraordinary sameness from generation to generation.

After the Union, the Lake District became again one of the quietest on the face of the earth. Except some little excitement and disturbance when the Pretender and his force marched from Carlisle, by Penrith and Shap to Kendal, there seems to have been no inroad upon the tranquillity of the inhabitants to this day for nearly a century and a half. If there be any exception, it is owing to that Border distinction which made Gretna Green, and the conclusion of a certain sort of treaty there, the aim of a certain order of fugitives, whose pursuers were pretty sure to follow on their track. But this kind of Border contention must have been merely amusing to the Cumbrians; and the encounter and capture which they sometimes witnessed involved no danger to life or limb.

The changes which have taken place since the extinction of the Border wars at the Union are of the same quiet, gradual, inevitable kind, which Nature has been carrying on from the time that the mountains were upreared. Nature is always at work, producing changes which do not show from day to day, but are very striking after a course of years. She disintegrates the rocks, and now and then sends down masses thundering along the ravines, to bridge over a chasm, or make a new islet in a pool: she sows her seeds in crevices, or on little projections, so that the bare face of the precipice becomes feathered with the rowan and the birch; and thus, ere long, motion is produced by the passing winds, in a scene where all once appeared rigid as a mine: she draws her carpet of verdure gradually up the bare slopes where she has deposited earth to sustain the vegetation: she is for ever covering with her exquisite mosses and ferns every spot which has been left unsightly, till nothing appears to offend the human eye, within a whole circle of hills. She even silently rebukes and repairs the false taste of uneducated man. If he makes his new dwelling of too glaring a white, she tempers it with weather stains: if he indolently leaves the stone walls and blue slates unrelieved by any neighbouring vegetation, she supplies the needful screen by bringing out tufts of delicate fern in the crevices, and springing coppice on the nearest slopes. She is perpetually working changes in the disposition of the waters of the region. The margins of the lakes never remain the same for half a century together. The streams bring down soft soil incessantly, which more effectually alters the currents than the slides of stones precipitated from the heights by an occasional storm. By this deposit of soil new promontories are formed, and the margin contracts, till many a reach of waters is converted into land, inviting tillage. The greenest levels of the smaller valleys may be seen to have been once lakes. And while she is thus closing up in one direction, she is opening in another. In some low-lying spot a tree falls, which acts as a dam when the next rains come. The detained waters sink, and penetrate, and loosen the roots of other trees; and the moisture which they formerly absorbed goes to swell the accumulation till the place becomes a swamp. The drowned vegetation decays and sinks, leaving more room, till the place becomes a pool, on whose bristling margin the snipe arrives to rock on the bulrush, and the heron wades in the water-lilies to feed on the fish which come there, no one knows how. As the waters spread, they encounter natural dams, behind which they grow clear and deepen, till we have a tarn among the hills, which attracts the browsing flock, and tempts the shepherd to build his hut near the brink. Then the wild swans see the glittering expanse in their flight, and drop down into it; and the waterfowl make their nests among the reeds. This brings the sportsman; and a path is trodden over the hills; and the spot becomes a place of human resort. While Nature is thus working transformations in her deeper retreats, the generations of men are more obviously busy elsewhere. They build their houses and plant their orchards on the slopes which connect the mountains with the levels of the valleys: they encroach upon the swamps below them, and plough among the stones on the hill-sides,—here fencing in new grounds, there throwing several plots into one: they open slate quarries, and make broad roads for the carriage of the produce: they cherish the young hollies and ash, whose sprouts feed their flocks, thus providing a compensation in the future for the past destruction of the woods. Thus, while the general primitive aspect of the region remains, and its intensely rural character is little impaired, there is perhaps scarcely a valley in the district which looks the same from one half century to another.

The changes among the people proceed faster: and some of these changes are less agreeable to contemplate, however well aware we may be that they are to issue in good. Formerly, every household had nearly all that it wanted within itself. The people thought so little of wheaten bread, that wheat was hardly to be bought in the towns. Within the time of the existing generation, an old man of eighty-five was fond of telling how, when a boy, he wanted to spend his penny on wheaten bread; and he searched through Carlisle from morning to evening before he could find a penny roll. The cultivator among the hills divided his field into plots, where he grew barley, oats, flax, and other produce, to meet the needs of his household. His pigs, fed partly on acorns or beech mast, yielded good bacon and hams; and his sheep furnished wool for clothing. Of course he kept cows. The women spun and wove the wool and flax; and the lads made the wooden utensils, baskets, fishing-tackle, &c. Whatever else

was needed was obtained from the pedlars, who came their rounds two or three times a year, dropping in among the little farms from over the hills. The first great change was from the opening of carriage-roads. There was a temptation then to carry stock and grain to fairs and markets. More grain was grown than the household needed, and offered for sale. In a little while, the mountain farmers were sure to fail in competition in the markets with dwellers in agricultural districts. The mountaineers had no agricultural science, and little skill; and the decline of the fortunes of the statesmen (estatesmen), as they are locally called, has been regular, and mournful to witness. They haunt the fairs and markets, losing in proportion to the advance of improvement elsewhere. On their first losses, they began to mortgage their lands. After bearing the burden of these mortgages till they could bear it no longer, their children have sold the lands; and among the shop-boys, domestic servants, and labourers of the towns, we find the old names of the former yeomanry of the district, who have parted with their lands to strangers. Much misery intervened during this process of transition. The farmer was tempted to lose the remembrance of his losses in drink when he attended the fairs and markets. The domestic manufactures he carried with him,—the linen and woollen webs woven by his wife and daughters,—would not sell, except at a loss, in the presence of the Yorkshire and Lancashire woollens and cottons made by machinery. He became unable to keep his children at home, and they went off to the manufacturing towns, leaving home yet more cheerless — with fewer busy hands and cheerful faces—less social spirit in the dales —greater certainty of continued loss, and more temptation to drink. Such is the process still going on. Having reached this pass, it is clearly best that it should go on till the primitive population, having lost its safety of isolation and independence, and kept its ignorance and grossness, shall have given place to a new set of inhabitants, better skilled in agriculture. and in every way more up to the times. It is mournful enough to a resident to meet everywhere the remnants of the old families in a reduced and discouraged condition; but if they can no longer fill the valleys with grain, and cover the hill-sides with flocks, it is right that those who can should enter upon their lands, and that knowledge, industry, and temperance, should find their fair field and due reward.

There has been much lamentation made about the approach of railways to the district; and strenuous efforts were employed in vain to prevent their penetrating the mountain region. The thing is done now, and it can never be undone. One railway runs from Kendal to Carlisle, by Shap Fell; another skirts the mountain region to the north-west, passing from Carlisle to Maryport; another penetrates to Windermere from Kendal. It might be enough to say that, as the thing is done, and cannot be undone, there is nothing for it but to acquiesce, and make the best of it. But there is a more cheerful and grateful way of regarding the matter,—more cheerful, while not less serious. We can fully sympathize with the resident gentry, who, having either inherited the secluded abodes of their fathers, or come hither to live in the midst of quietness and beauty, dread the invasion of the quietness, and the impairing of some of the beauty. But, if they reckoned on having, for their own exclusive possession, any of the repose and beauty of the wide open earth, they reckoned on what they have no right to. They have hitherto enjoyed a rare privilege, a pure gift in their lot, temporary in its very nature; and when its term has arrived, they have no right to complain, as of any personal grievance. In the fulness of our sympathy for this class, we may even see with pleasure that the new state of things may yield them moral blessings of far greater value than anything they can lose. "The trail of the serpent" is in every earthly paradise, whether the dwellers heed it or not. Here it is evident enough to those who are not too familiar with the place to note its peculiarities. The life of refined enjoyment led by those who live in a beautiful seclusion, has a strong tendency to make them exclusive, fastidious, and too often insolent towards the world without. The danger of the growth of this temper is great to the most watchful and guarded; and it is certain that some who think the liberality of their tempers of more consequence than the seclusion of their valley, are personally thankful for the little shock which has roused them to a consideration of the claims of all fellow-heirs of the earth, and of the tenure on which they hold their local enjoyments.

We have full sympathy also with those who imagine that there will arrive by these railways an influx of moral and economical evil to the fixed population of the district. We do not agree with them as to the fact, but we respect the objection. Such persons fear that there will be a rush to the district; that starved artizans will come in crowds to displace the present occupants, or to divide their work: and that over-population, reduced wages, and pauperism, will be the consequence. But almost all the occupations of the region are so peculiar, so remarkably local, that it must be very long before strangers can compete with the old residents. Even the agriculture is modified by the locality: and if it were not, it is for the interest of all that the land should be in good hands; and the qualifications of those who can purchase and undertake to till lands are surely more promising than those of the parties who cannot hold the farms which have come to them as an hereditary possession. As for the other occupations of the region, it is difficult to see how the builders of Ambleside,—so noted in their craft as to be sent for from Liverpool, Manchester, and even London,—can be displaced and thrown out of work by hungry operatives from Manchester or Paisley. The same may be said of the copper and lead miners of Coniston and Borrowdale; the slate and stone quarrymen of Honister Crag, Rydal, and Langdale and many others. If more labour is wanted and can be maintained, it will gradually flow in, and be trained to its work: and this will be a good

for all parties. But there can be no reasonable fear that trained and skilled local workmen can be excluded or depressed by untrained and unskilled strangers from the manufacturing towns.

As for the fear that the innocent rural population will be morally corrupted by intercourse with people from the towns, we have no apprehension of this, but are disposed to hope rather than fear certain consequences from the increased intercourse of the mountaineers with the people of large towns. We doubt at once the innocence of the one party and the specific corruption of the other. 'Scarcely anything can be conceived more lifeless, unvaried, and unideal, than the existence of the Dalesmen and their families; and where the intellect is left so idle and unimproved as among them, the sensual vices are sure to prevail. These vices rage in the villages and small towns; and probably no clergyman or Justice of the Peace will be ever heard speaking of the rural innocence of the region,—which is indeed to be found only in works of the imagination. The people have their virtues, many and great: they are kind as neighbours, and hospitable to strangers: their probity in money transactions is very remarkable: they are thrifty and prudent, as far as their knowledge goes, while liberal and genial in their dealings: they are independent in their ways and notions; sometimes shy in manners, but in temper easy and free. Now, while this is the case, and while they dwell among their free mountains, in the birthplace of their country customs, scattered or gathered together where every man of them is wanted, and of value, and where there is room for a good many more, it appears most improbable that they should learn from strangers a trickery, servility,—a mendicant habit of mind, which is altogether inappropriate to their condition of mind and life. It seems improbable, too, that the mendicant class of townsmen—or those who carry within them the mendicant mind—should come hither by railway to reside. If, by the apprehended corruption, a spirit of accumulation and worldliness is meant, it is here already, in a greater degree than in the towns. The clergy declare that their duties are so far different from those of their brethren in cities, that they have to preach against worldliness, instead of having to inculcate foresight and thrift. We speak here in a very general way, as we must when describing a general population anywhere. We may, no doubt, find spendthrift villagers, and intellectual Dalesmen in the region; but we understand the prevalent character of the people to be as we have said.

Thus we have no fear of either moral or economical mischief to the region from the opening of railroads into it. On the contrary, we hope for much good. To begin with the lowest consideration,—we hope for a fuller and cheaper supply of fuel; a matter of no small importance in a region of mists and snows, where rheumatism and consumption are the curse of old and young in mountain dwellings. We hope for the introduction of arts and conveniences which are elsewhere already at the command of men of the same quality as the residents here. We hope for a quickening of intellect and education of taste, which cannot be more wanted anywhere than they are here. In some of the vales, the inhabitants appear really scarcely able to speak. Their seclusion, and the deadness of their lives, reduce some few of them, though not poor, to the intellectual condition of the lowest specimen of coal-pit or factory training which has been adduced to rouse the sympathies of society. The men have some little stimulus and friction of mind by going to markets, and meeting neighbours when out at work: but the women, who stay at home, seeing scarcely a face for months together, except at an occasional fair, seem hardly able to express themselves by speech. If they have any thoughts, they cannot bring them out. Such as these live in the most retired parts: but even in the villages and little towns, there is among the labouring classes a slowness of mind, and difficulty of utterance, truly surprising to any one conversant with people of the same standing in cities, and certainly not, in his eyes, any token of a condition too good to be improved.'

With the rousing of the intellect generally we may hope to see the improvement of taste in particular. The girls dress in a style which is quite gone out elsewhere—at least in the retired parts. In towns, we are disposed to welcome among the poor an ambition to be well dressed, as some little safeguard against squalidness or recklessness. Here, where such safeguards are not wanted, there is something painful, if not ludicrous, in the passion for fine clothes, unregulated by any degree of taste. We were approaching a primitive little country church one morning lately, while its rusty outside bell was clanging to collect the worshippers. Among these was a group of country women, one of whom, a fair girl, was talking very loudly about ball-dresses, slackening her steps as she approached the porch, to finish telling her companions her conjectures as to whether Charles —— admired her most in her diamonds or her emeralds. In a humble dwelling, in a retired corner of the district, we saw a curious article hung up at the foot of the bed—a clear muslin frock, which would fit a child of four years old, trimmed with lace and satin ribbons, and stuck over, in the waist and sleeves, with atrocious artificial flowers, red and blue, with a morsel of tinsel in the middle of each bunch. The same want of taste is seen in the household ornaments, as far as their idea of art is concerned, though, when they are not thinking of art, their taste is good enough. One may see in the fire-places in summer-time beautiful bunches of holly, or other green, refreshing the eye, while on the mantel-shelf are scarlet and blue earthenware castles, or the 'Children in the Wood,' lying in ball-dresses, with a lilac and green robin, very like a pelican in shape, covering them with cabbage-leaves. Round the walls are pictures of the 'Resurrection,' or the 'Virgin and Child,' so shocking as to make one look away; or Queen Victoria, on a prancing yellow horse, in a scarlet riding habit, with a fierce plume of blue feathers in her hat. It will be strange if, in a short time, the railway does not bring into the

district those specimens of art, in the shape of cheap casts and prints, which have of late years been a blessing diffused over every other part of the island. Meantime, we cannot believe that any inhabitant of the valleys would, if seriously asked, say that his happiness has been impaired by the sight of the parties who arrive by steamboat or railway, carrying their provisions, and sitting down in the churchyard, or under the trees of some knoll, to have their minds opened and their hearts softened by a spectacle of beauty which gives them for a time a new existence. The annoyance to residents is not from these; but from those self-called gentry who travelled hither before the railways were opened, and who came for other purposes than to enjoy the natural beauty laid open to all; people who prowl about the residences of the celebrated persons who live here for the sake of quietness, knocking at the door to ask for autographs, staring in at the windows, taking possession of the gardens, thrusting themselves into the houses with complimentary speeches, and then sending to the newspapers an account of all they saw and heard, and much that they merely imagined. If we were to tell what we have seen of the intrusions upon the domestic quiet of the aged poet whose presence is the crowning honour of the district, it would be seen that before railway and steamer were heard of in the neighbourhood of Windermere, all chance of quiet was destroyed for three months of the year, for those whose leisure and whose homes should, in common gratitude, be better respected. The new facilities for access have not as yet increased this evil; for the new class of visitors have better manners than those who could afford to come by other means. Of this new class we would say—let them come; and the more the better! that the more refreshment of spirit may be shed from the fountains of beauty here into the dusty ways of common life in the towns.

In order to give a detailed account of the principal objects of interest in the Lake District in the most intelligible and practical form, we will divide the whole into four portions, which will be treated separately.

It has been observed that, from the sea-coast and level lands which surround the region, the whole rises towards the centre, where the loftiest mountain peaks are found: that is, the ridges on the whole rise, and the valleys deepen, and the summits become more imposing, till, near the centre, Scawfell, Bowfell, Gable, and the Langdale Pikes, tower over all. We propose to divide the region lying round these mountains into four: and the first that we will take shall be that which is bounded by the Duddon, the sea, and Ennerdale. And, as we have not space to review every possible way of traversing the ground, we will suppose the observer to proceed in the best way of all,—on foot, for the most part, with the relief of a country car or a horse on the high-roads in the outskirts.

Perhaps the best way of approaching the Duddon is to descend upon it from Walna Scar, from Coniston. When the traveller has left the bright and prosperous environs of Coniston behind him, and entered upon the moor, he begins to feel at once the exhilaration of the mountaineer. Behind him lies a wide extent of hilly country, subsiding into the low blue ridges of Lancashire. Below him, he sees when he turns, here and there a reach of the Lake of Coniston,—gray, if his walk be, as it should be, in the morning: gray, and reflecting the dark promontories in a perfect mirror. To the right, as he proceeds, towers the Coniston mountain,—the Old Man; (Cut, No. 1;) and the only traces of human existence that he can perceive are the tracks which wind along and up its slopes,—the paths to the copper-mine,—and a solitary house, looking very desolate among its bare fields and fences. Soon, however, when he has crossed one or two of the grassy undulations of the moor, he comes upon a party of peat-cutters, with their crate, and their white horse, which looks absolutely glittering in the sunlight, amidst the brownness of the ground. The next trace of man that he meets is in a little stone bridge spanning the rushing brown stream, the outlet of the tarn called Goat's Water, which has always water enough to make foam among the stones in its channel, and in winter is a torrent. Before him is a pretty steep ascent, with a well-marked track: and as soon as he begins to pant, and to complain of the heat, a breath of cool air comes to him over the ridge, warning him to turn and bid farewell to the scene behind him before a new one is disclosed.

What a disclosure it is, when he has gone a few steps further! To the right, (the north,) rise the highest summits of the district, Scawfell and Bowfell, with the lower Hardknot interposed between them and the eye. A little further round to the front, (the west,) are the sweeping Screes, behind which Wastwater is hidden. Over the ridges before him lies, with a high horizon line, the sea, blue in the morning light: and his eye discerns, faint and far, the hilly outline of the Isle of Man. All around him are fells, sloping down to the Duddon, and completely inclosing the little circular vale of Seathwaite, into which he is now to descend. These fells are, some of them, and especially the one on which he stands, green and smooth: others are brown with heather; or half-covered with wood; or broken up by gray rocks. Below him he sees,—not the Duddon, for it is hidden in a deep rocky channel,—but the vale so well known through Wordsworth's description of it in his notes to his Duddon Sonnets. Down he goes into it, first by the green track across the fell, and then by a steep stony road, which lands him at last among the farmsteads of the vale, and the gray stone cottages, each overshadowed by its massive sycamores or light birch, and surrounded by its field plots.

Of course, his first inquiry is for the church, and Robert Walker's tomb: and he is told to follow the road above the beck (brook) till he comes to Newfield. The brook is so like a river that he takes it for the Duddon: but the Duddon, though close at hand, is not yet visible; there being still a ridge between its deep channel and the brook. A sweeter walk than this,—



1.—CONISTON OLD MAN.

the two miles from the ridge of Walna Scar to Seathwaite church,—can scarcely be found, nor a more complete contrast than between the wildness of the moor and the rich broken ground of the vale, with its wooded and rocky knolls, its full stream, prosperous homesteads, and fertile fields. When the traveller reaches the church, he finds it little loftier or larger than the houses near. But for the bell, he would hardly have noticed it for a church on approaching: but when he has reached it, there is the porch, and the little graveyard, with a few tombs, and the spreading yew, encircled by the seat of stones and turf, where the early comers sit and rest till the bell calls them in. A little dial, on a whitened post in the middle of the inclosure, tells the time to the neighbours who have no clocks. Just outside the wall is a white cottage, so humble that the stranger thinks it cannot be the parsonage: yet the climbing roses and glittering evergreens, and clear lattices, and pure, uncracked walls, look as if it might be. He walks slowly past the porch, and sees a kind-looking elderly woman, who tells him that it is indeed Robert Walker's dwelling, and invites him in to see the scene of those wondrous charities of sixty-six years. Here it was that the distant parishioners were fed on Sundays with broth, for which the whole week's supply of meat was freely bestowed. Hither it was that, in winter, he sent the benumbed children in companies from the school in the church, to warm themselves at the single household fire, while he sat by the altar during all the school-hours, keeping warmth in him by the exercise of the spinning-wheel. But the story is too well known for any need to give its particulars here. The stranger sees that there is a school-house now, and admires the healthy looks of the children about the doors. If he stops to speak to them, or examines the gravestone of the pastor, he will probably be accosted by an elderly man, who will ask him his name, and tell him of his own relationship to Robert Walker,—that he is the grandson of Robert Walker's sister. He will tell of the alteration of the times, and how the Wesleyans have opened a chapel at Ulpha, which draws away some of the flock; and that others have ceased to come to church since the attempts to get copper from the neighbouring hills,—the miners drawing away the people to diversion on Sundays. The old stocks are gone, he says; and the new families are different. There used to be from seventy to ninety worshippers in the mornings; and from fifty to seventy in the evenings: and now there are seldom more than seventy.

The traveller will next take his choice whether to follow up the Duddon towards its source, through a tract of broken rocks; or down towards its mouth, through scenery growing more open and fertile, till the river spreads among sands, where it meets the sea; or he will cross it, and proceed over the next ridge into Eskdale.

If he follows the river downwards, he will probably choose to ascend Blackcomb, the solitary mountain which occupies the centre of the peninsular lying between the estuary of the Duddon and the sea. Of this

mountain Wordsworth tells us,* that "its base covers a much greater extent of ground than any other mountain in those parts; and, from its situation, the summit commands a more extensive view than any other point in Britain." The old history of Nicolson and Burn † tells us, that "here ariseth gradually a very high mountain, called Blackcomb, which, standing near the sea, and having the two level counties of Lancashire and Cheshire on the south-east side thereof, may be plainly discovered on a clear day, from Talk-o'-the-Hill in Staffordshire, near one hundred miles distance. And from the top of Blackcomb one may see several mountains in North Wales, seven English counties, and as many in Scotland, together with the Isle of Man. This mountain, and the ridge of hills which run north-west from thence, are esteemed the best sheep heaths in the country." Here is great temptation to the traveller to ascend this solitary mountain; and we have further the assurance of Colonel Mudge, that when residing on Blackcomb for surveying purposes, he more than once saw Ireland before sunrise. But few visit the mountain, as it lies out of the track of ordinary travel through the district.

The traveller may follow the Duddon a few miles down its channel, and then cross it by the bridge near Ulpha, and proceed past Ulpha into Eskdale; or he may take a shorter and wilder route over the Fell from Seathwaite, dropping down into Eskdale at its most beautiful part. If he takes a guide, or, going alone, is careful to carry a pocket-compass, and not brave a fog, this way is undoubtedly the most desirable. He will cross the Duddon on the Stepping Stones, made memorable by two Sonnets of Wordsworth's, and note well the features of the pass above, which is the finest part of the course of the river; and then, ascending the opposite ravine by the guidance of the brook within it, he will emerge on the hill-side near the farm of Grassgarth. Holding on awhile north-west, over the Fell, now swampy, and now slippery with drought, he will see Eskdale opening before him, and descend to it beside another brook, through hazel copses and fields, to the bridge over the Esk, which he has long seen from above. From Coniston to Seathwaite church he had walked about six miles; and now four or five more to this bridge; and about five lie between this bridge and the great waterfall, which is the finest object in Eskdale,—Stanley Ghyll, often called, but erroneously, Birker Force by the country people.

If he is tired, he can have a bed at the Woolpack, a wayside house, a mile from the bridge; or he may go on another mile to Bout, a hamlet where he may rest in comfort in the clean humble inn, and enjoy a series of exquisite pictures in the little ravine and on the uplands behind and above the mill The view of Eskdale here is lovely, and the sea again bounds the view, the little town of Ravenglass lying visible in the bay where the Irt, the Mite, and the Esk flow into the sea. Perhaps the traveller may be able to engage a shandry here, to spare him some of the fatigue of the next day; or he may be fortunate enough to get a cast in the miller's cart, and lose nothing by having to stop to drop a sack of flour here and there. He may thus see something of the ways and appearance of the farm-houses, and hear the characteristic talk of the residents when exchanging news with the miller. In this case, however, he will appoint his meeting with the cart at the farm-house of Dalegarth, after seeing Stanley Ghyll, which he must on no account omit. This fall has, in itself, much of the character of Ara Force, the celebrated fall on Ulleswater; and the immediate surroundings may perhaps be rivalled by other waterfalls in the district. But the ravine itself is indisputably the finest in the region; and it is scarcely possible to say too much of the view from the Moss-house on the steep, which should certainly be the first point of view. From hence the eye commands the whole ravine, whose sides are feathered with wood from base to ridge. The fall is between two crags,—the one bare, the other crowned with pines; and if the spectator is there in the early morning, there may be a gush of sunlight coming in obliquely, which will give the last finish of beauty to that ultimate point of the view. Throughout the ravine, the young larches, the most modern feature, are so intermingled with the well-grown beech, oak, birch, and hollies, as to gratify the eye, instead of offending it, as they too often do. There is a bridge below, just seen from this height, which will tempt the stranger to find his way down; and there he will meet with two more, by means of which he will reach the fall. Here, among a wilderness of ferns and wild-flowers, he may sit in the cool damp abyss, watching the fall of waters into their clear rock-basin, till his ear is satisfied with their dash and flow, and his eye with the everlasting quiver of the ash-sprays, and swaying of the young birches which hang over from the ledges of the precipice. A path then leads him under the rocks, now on this side of the stream, and now on that, till he emerges from the ravine, and winds his way through the hazel copse to the gate, where the miller's cart may be in waiting.

Then he jogs along a tolerably level road, past homesteads, each overshadowed by its sycamore clump, —that luxury, introduced, we are told, within two hundred years, but now so common as to make one wonder what was in their stead before,—past wayside cisterns, where the waters from the hills are flowing in and out again the whole year round; past fields which expand and brighten as Eskdale opens out towards the sea; past Santon Bridge, where the Irt runs to the bay under an ivy-mantled bridge, through meadows and scattered woods; past Gosforth, a stirring and rising little town, where new dwellings, built of the red stone of the neighbourhood, are rising on every hand; up the hill whence there is a wide view of coast and sea, with the Isle of Man lying afar, so clear at times, when the wind is east, as that the shadows are seen filling the

* Works, (edit. of 1841, vol. ii. p. 189, note.)

† "History and Antiquities of Westmoreland and Cumberland," 1777, vol. ii. p. 13.

hollows of its hills; and then down between an avenue of beech, ash, and other trees, to Calder Bridge.

Here the miller's horse naturally turns its head,—for no one better understands its master's business,—to trot back again to Bout; and the traveller is left to order dinner, to be ready for his return from the Abbey. If he wishes for shade and quietness, to prepare mind and body for what he is next to see, he will go down through the inn garden, to the bridge, and perhaps waste an hour in watching the gush of the Calder past the curve of the red rock, and into the brown shadow of the low bridge, beneath which the vivid green ferns wave without ceasing. It is but a mile to the Abbey. Having gone through the village, and past the bare new red Church, he enters upon a scene so quiet, that a monkish feeling steals over him before he catches a sight of the Abbey. Nothing is heard as he passes along the shady road but the stroke of the woodman's axe, or the shock of a falling tree, or the whirr of the bustling magpie, or the pipe of the thrush, unsubdued by the noonday heat. The squirrel, perhaps, hies across the road; and where the sunshine streams in under the tent of a spreading beech, a pair of white butterflies may chase each other with a dancing flight round its trunk up into the lucent green shadow; but no rude sounds or sights mar the repose sacred in his mind to the old Cistercians who trod these ways in peace while all the world besides was at war.

At the end of a mile he looks about for the ruins,—on his right hand. He sees a tempting avenue, and thinks he will try it; so he ventures upon opening the gate, and advances under the chestnuts, limes, and beeches, till he perceives somewhat under their sweeping branches which shows him that he is right. The greensward at the outlet is so bright as to have the effect of a gleam of mild sunshine, even on a shady day or after sunset; and, springing clear from this sward, rise to the left the lofty pointed arches of the old ruin, in noble proportions, disclosing beyond a long perspective of grassy lawn and sombre woods. The Abbey is built of the red sandstone of the neighbourhood, now sobered down by time (it was founded in A. D. 1134) into the richest and softest tint that the eye could desire. But little is known of it beyond its date and the name of its founder, Ranulph, son of the first Ranulph de Meschines, a Norman noble. The Church was small, as the scanty remains show; and the Monastery, which now looks like a continuation of the same building, could not have contained a numerous company. From the fragments of effigies preserved, it appears that some eminent persons were buried here; but who these knights and nobles were, there is no record available to tell, carefully as these memorials were wrought to secure the immortality of earth.

The eye is first fixed by the remains of the tower, from whose roofless summit dangles the tufted ivy, and whose base is embossed by the small lilac blossoms of the antirrhinum; but at last the great charm is found in the aisle of clustered pillars. Almost the whole aisle is standing, still connected by the cornice and wall which supported the roof. Luxuriant honeysuckle and ivy load these remains with verdure and luscious bloom, climbing up till they grow down again on the other side. The traveller will wander in and out among these pillars, and into the sombre corner where the tall ash grows over towards the old tower wall, making a sort of tent in the recess; he will look into every niche and damp cell in the conventual apartments, and go down to the red and tufted and broken river-banks, and watch its stream leaping and rushing along in its deep channel, under the over-arching trees, and he will say to himself, how well the old monks knew how to choose their dwelling-places, and what it must have been to the earnest and pious among these Cistercians to pace their river-bank, hidden in the shade, and to attune their thoughts to the unceasing music of the Calder flowing by. After all, it is a pity not to contemplate this place in the evening. It is a fine thing to see the shadows flung upon the sward, sharp in the broad sunshine, and to have the eye caught by the burnish of the ivy, and the sense soothed by the shade of the avenue: but the scene is sweeter when there is just glow enough in the west to bring out vividly the projections and recesses of the ruins; and when the golden moon hangs over the eastern mass of tree-tops, ready to give her light as the glow dissolves; and when the rooks are winging their way to settle for the night in the nearest wood.

Calder Abbey is on the estate of Captain Irwin, whose house, a plain substantial dwelling, stands rather too near the ruins. As he did not build it, this is no fault of his; and he does what he can in carefully preserving the Abbey, and permitting the freest access to it.

From Calder Bridge the traveller should take a car to Ennerdale Bridge, or the Boat-house, a public-house at the foot of Ennerdale Water, where he may usually find accommodation for the night. Few visitors come to this lake, because it is not easily accessible, except to pedestrians, from any quarter but the west. It is, however, well worth a visit from the independent walker, who can find his way out again over the eastern fells.

Let the proudest and most independent traveller, however, not be too proud and independent to take a guide in wild and unknown places. When he studies his map, and sees a track marked straight from one point to another, he cannot conceive of any danger; and he throws on his knapsack, takes his stick, and, with a compass in his pocket, does not doubt that he may defy all the misleading powers of heaven and earth. But, once out of reach of human help, he may find his case not so plain as he thought. Instead of one path, as marked on his map, he may find three. and perhaps the one on his map may have disappeared in a swamp, or under recent accidents. He finds himself on the edge of a precipice, and does not know how far to go back. He finds the bog deepen, and thinks he can scarcely be in the right road. He finds a landslip, which compels him to make a wide circuit; and

meantime it is growing dusk. Worst of all, a fog may come on at any moment; and there is an end of all security to one who does not know the little wayside marks which guide the shepherd in such a case. In every part of the region, tales are current of the loss of life, under such circumstances, even of natives. Besides the accidents by snow, there are records of some in almost every dale, of death by fog, wet, fatigue, or fall, where the lost were much fitter for mountain expeditions than any stranger can be.

In every direction from the foot of Ennerdale Water, except the roads behind him, the traveller will have to cross mountain or moor,—either immediately, or when the road becomes a mere track beyond the head of the lake; and he should inquire for a guide at once, or learn the probability of his obtaining one at his point of entrance upon the Fell. We could hardly give a better warning on this head than by telling what befel us in this very neighbourhood. We proposed, a party of three, to cross Blake Fell to Scale Hill, by a track distinctly marked in the map, and which, according to it and the Guide-book, would be more difficult to miss than to find. But meeting with uniform answers from all of whom we inquired along the previous road, as to the difficulty to strangers of finding the path over the Fell, if any adverse circumstances should occur, we stopped at the Boat House to inquire for a guide. It was long doubtful whether we could procure one; and while the search was making, we lay on the shingle on the margin of the lake, rather perplexed as to our course if no guide could be had. The waters grew grayer and rougher while we waited: but we thought no more of this than that the wind would be refreshing during the ascent; and the heat that day was intense. Soon, the messenger returned with the news that a guide would await us at the distance of a few fields; and when we met him, we found that the walk was not more than six miles;—a mere trifle on an afternoon of tolerable coolness: so we considered our affairs comfortably settled, and set off up the Fell, all in good spirits and security. The heat was still very great; so we took our time, and lagged behind the guide, though he carried our knapsacks. He was a quiet-looking, elderly mountaineer, who appeared to walk very slowly; but his progress was great compared with ours, from the uniformity and continuity of his pace. In the worst part of our transit, I tried the effect of following close behind him, and putting my feet into his footsteps; and I was surprised to find with what ease and rapidity I got on.

At first, we stopped frequently, to sit down and drink from the streams that crossed the track, or flowed beside it: and during these halts we observed that the blackness which had for some time been appearing in the west, now completely shrouded the sea. Next, we remarked that while the wind still blew in our faces,—that is, from the north-east,—the mass of western clouds was evidently climbing the sky. The guide quietly observed that there would be rain by-and-by. Next, when we were in the middle of the wide Fell, and we saw how puzzled we should have been to find a path while winding among the swampy places, even in the calmest weather, we pointed out to one another how the light fleeces of cloud below the black mass swept round in a circle, following each other like straws in an eddy. Soon, the dark mass came driving up at such a rate that it was clear we should not achieve our transit in good weather. The dense mist was presently upon us. On looking behind, to watch its rate of advance, I saw a few flashes of lightning burst from it. The thunder had for some time been growling afar, almost incessantly. The moment before the explosion of the storm was more like a dream than perhaps any actual experience I ever had. We were walking on wild ground, now ascending, now descending, a deep Tarn (Floutern Tarn) on our right hand, our feet treading on slippery rushes, or still more slippery grass: the air was dark as during an eclipse; and heavy mists drove past from behind, just at the level of our heads, and sinking every moment; while before us, and far, far below us—down as in a different world—lay Buttermere, and the neighbouring vales, sleeping in the calmest sunshine. The contrast of that warm picture, with its yellow lights and soft blue shadows, with the turbulence, and chill, and gloom of the station from which we viewed it, made me feel this the newest scene I had witnessed for many a year. I had but a moment to look at it; for not only did the clouds close down before my eyes, but the wind scudded round to the opposite point of the compass, throwing me flat as it passed. Within a few minutes, I had several falls, from the force of the wind and the treachery of the ground,—now, in a trice, a medley of small streams. It was impossible to stop the guide, much as I wanted to ask him to look back now and then, to see to the safety of my companions in the rear. In the roar of the blast, and the crash of the thunder, and the pelt of the hail, I might as well hope to make the elements hear. So it was necessary to keep up my pace, that he might not stride away from us entirely; my companions making a similar effort to keep up with me. Through stumblings and slidings innumerable, they did this,—the lightning playing about our faces the while, like a will-o'-the-wisp on the face of a bog. The hail and rain had drenched us to the skin in three minutes. The first hailstones penetrated to the skin. They were driven in at every opening of our clothes; they cut our necks behind, and filled our shoes. Our hats were immediately soaked through, and our hair wringing wet. The thunder seemed to roll on our very skulls. In this weather we went plunging on for four miles, through spongy bogs, turbid streams, whose bridges of stones were covered by the rushing waters, or by narrow pathways, each one of which was converted by the storm into an impetuous brook. When we had descended into a region where we could hear ourselves speak, we congratulated one another on our prudence in having engaged a guide. Without him, how should we have known the path from the brook, or have guessed where we might ford the streams, whose bridges were out of sight? Two horses, we afterwards

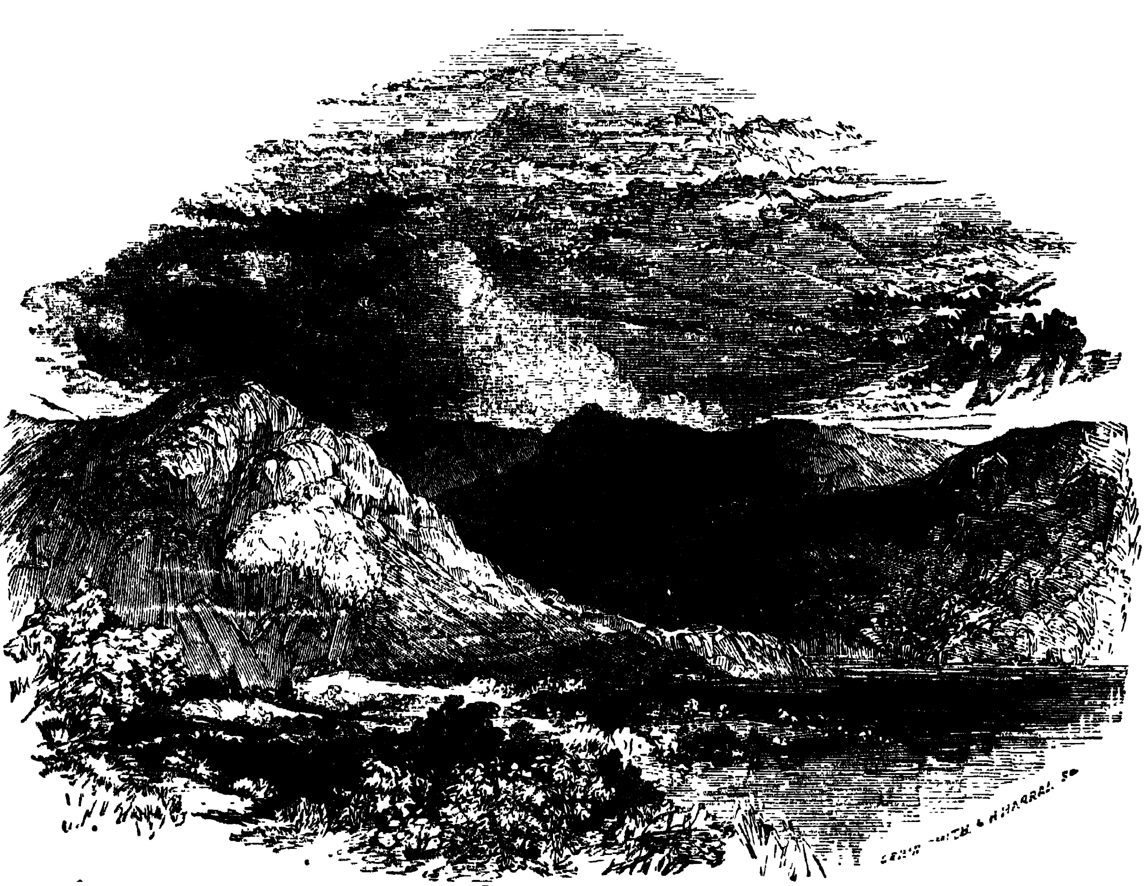
heard, were killed on the Fell in that storm: and we should never have come down, we were persuaded, if we had been left to wander by ourselves. Even in the clearest and safest weather, it is well worth one's five shillings to be free from the responsibility of finding the way,—free of one's knapsack,—free to deliver up one's attention to the enjoyment of the distant scenery, and of the characteristic communications of the guide.

Not far from hence, an inexperienced tourist passed a day rather curiously, in the autumn of 1842, from starting without a guide from Wastdale Head over the Fell to Buttermere. "After wandering about for some time, he missed the road, and, instead of getting into Buttermere by the pass of Scarf Gap, he took the deep ravine between Kirkfell and the Gable, and arrived (without finding out his mistake) at the precise point from which he had started, having made a circuit of many miles."* That is, he spent his energies in walking completely round the same mountain.

The chief danger in such adventures on the Fells is from the bodily exhaustion caused by conflict with the elements in such exposed places. I have encountered a wind at the top of a pass which blew so continuously, as well as vehemently, that I am persuaded I could not have lived half an hour, if exposed without shelter, or possibility of retreat. One is astonished at the effect, after the first minute, of a continuous wind too strong to stand in: and, after the second, exhaustion begins; and a minute or two more brings a feeling of some alarm. Floods of rain are rather exhilarating in warm weather, at mid-day; but the number of victims to heavy rain in this district shows what it must be to encounter it in cold weather, and after too much fatigue. Three men, residents of Kentmere and Staveley, were lost in places quite familiar to them, a few seasons ago. A stout woodman and his son, and a tailor of their acquaintance, went up towards High Street to fish, in late autumn: they were so worn out and drenched with heavy rain on their return, that they died in the descent. From the situation of the bodies the relatives were persuaded that the strong woodman might have escaped, but that he would not leave his boy and less hardy comrade. It is a fearful mistake in pedestrian tourists to underrate the force of storms upon the Fells.

* A Complete Guide to the Lakes (1843), p. 59.

A little beyond Calder Bridge, the road to Ennerdale turns up to the right from the main road to Egremont and Whitehaven. It passes over bare fells, where the heat is excessive on a sultry day: but the views are fine, of the coast and sea as far as the headland of St. Bees. Below lies the little town of Egremont, of Norman name (the Mount of Sorrow), and distinguished by Norman traditions. It was at the gateway of Egremont Castle that the horn was hung, in crusading days, which was twice blown by the gallant Sir Eustace de Lucy. As the Cumberlanders tell, Sir Eustace and his brother Hubert rode forth together to the Holy Wars; and Sir Eustace blew the horn, saying to his brother, "If I fall



2.—ENNERDALE WATER.

in Palestine, do thou return and blow this horn, and take possession; that Egremont may not be without a Lucy for its lord." In Palestine, ambition of this lordship so took possession of Hubert, that he hired ruffians to drown his brother in the Jordan: and the ruffians assured him that the deed was done. He returned home, and stole into the castle by night, not daring to sound the horn. But he soon plucked up spirit, and drowned his remorse in revels. In the midst of a banquet, one day, the horn was heard, sounding such a blast that the echoes came back from the fells, after startling the red deer from his covert, and the wild boar from his drinking at the tarn. Hubert knew that none but Eustace could or would so sound the horn: and he fled by a postern while Sir Eustace entered by the gate. Long after the wretched Hubert came to ask forgiveness from his brother; and, having obtained it, retired to a convent, where he practised penance till he died. The ruins of this castle stand on an eminence to the west of the town, which, with its fifteen thousand inhabitants, is now commonplace enough.

The road passes under the hill Revelin (another Norman name), and approaches Ennerdale Water at its finest end. (Cut, No. 2.) The lake is two miles and a half long; and at this lower end the mountains come down abruptly to the water. The traveller must take the road along its northern shore, as there is no room for a path on the southern; and pursue his way to the head of the lake, having the fine summits of the Pillar and Kirkfell before him as he goes. When he has left the lake behind him, he follows still the northern bank of the little river Liza, which flows into it, for a mile and a half, till he comes to the farm-house in Gillerthwaite, where he is to inquire for a guide. The guide will lead him on beside the stream, not crossing it till near its source, when they will turn to the right, up Blacksail, in search of the brook, which will show them the way down to Wastdale Head. The distinguishing features of this walk are the two great mountains, the isolated Pillar on the right, rising to the height of 2893 feet, and its craggy and precipitous sides forbidding the thought of ascent; and Kirkfell, round whose base the "inexperienced tourist" took his long day's walk. The ascent of this pass is steep and rocky; and its ridge is so narrow, that from it may be seen, by only turning the head, the vale from which the traveller has mounted, and that into which he is about to descend; that is, behind him, Gillerthwaite, with its circular green level, dropped over with wood, its farmhouse, and stream, and lake outlet; and, before him, Mosedale, the wild valley which winds away between Kirkfell and Yewbarrow, and discloses in front the great central summits of Scawfell and Bowfell — the rallying point of our winding exposition. Even here, with these landmarks in sight, travellers have missed the way to Wastdale Head. Some years ago, three young ladies, coming from Buttermere, dismissed their guide at this point, having taken his directions how to proceed. They had five or six hours of daylight before them; but they wandered about till daylight again before they saw a house. They got to the left of a beck instead of the right, became bewildered, and did not reach the valley till three in the morning.

Wastdale Head is better known, year by year; and every one who has visited it will send others to enjoy its glorious beauty. It is one of those perfect levels, shut in by lake and mountains, which give a different impression from any other kind of scenery in the world. The mountain passes themselves are so high as to leave no appearance of outlet except by the lake; and of these passes there are but two—the one we are describing, and that over Sty Head, which, seen from any point, looks prodigiously steep, as indeed it is, though we have seen the impressions of horse-shoes upon it. The green and perfect level, to which the mountains come down with a sheer sweep, is partly divided off into fields, the stone fences of which are provided with that primitive sort of stile—stones projecting in oblique order. A few farm-houses are set down among these fields, here and there, on the bends of the rushing and gurgling stream. In its own separate enclosure is the chapel,—the humblest of chapels, —with its three windows, one at each side, and one at the east end, and its skylight over the pulpit, and its eight pews. There is now a school. A chapel and a school, and no public-house or inn! Long may it be so! A lady who lived some time in this nook took an interest in the children; and, finding that twenty might be mustered, she offered a guinea a year towards a school. Two gentlemen, who made this their head-quarters for nine nights, while exploring the mountains, left a little money for the same purpose. The inhabitants entertain a schoolmaster on "whittle gate"* terms —*i. e.*, he boards at the farm-houses in turn; and an old man told us the other day that the plan prospers. "He gets them on very well," says the old man; "and particularly in the spelling. He thinks that if they can spell, they can do all the rest." We certainly wished, here and elsewhere—indeed, almost throughout the region—that good spelling would ensure personal cleanliness. The children certainly do not get on in that, however they may prosper with their spelling. The schoolmaster may think that this is not included in his province; but perhaps, if he and the clergyman were to insist, patiently and seriously, that "cleanliness is next to godliness," they might work a reform in the next generation. The dwellings are, in some respects, a pattern of neatness in the rural districts. The beds are perfectly luxurious in this respect. You might eat your dinner off the slate floor or the deal table; and pots and pans make a shining array; but it is best for one's own comfort, in certain of the dales, not to look at the children's hair, or the babies' faces, or anybody's skin or teeth. This must be from ignorance; for these same people are living in the midst of plenty. There are places where they employ a dancing-master for several weeks of the year, and dress gaudily in the dancing season. They attend fairs in good style, and

* This term describes the guest as putting in his whittle (his knife) among the provisions of the family.

support a schoolmaster, and fee the clergyman. Is it not possible to educate them up to a decent point of personal cleanliness? If parents fail to train their children to it, and the example of good habits here and there does not spread, is it not the business of the pastor and the teacher to take the matter in hand? It is time it was done.

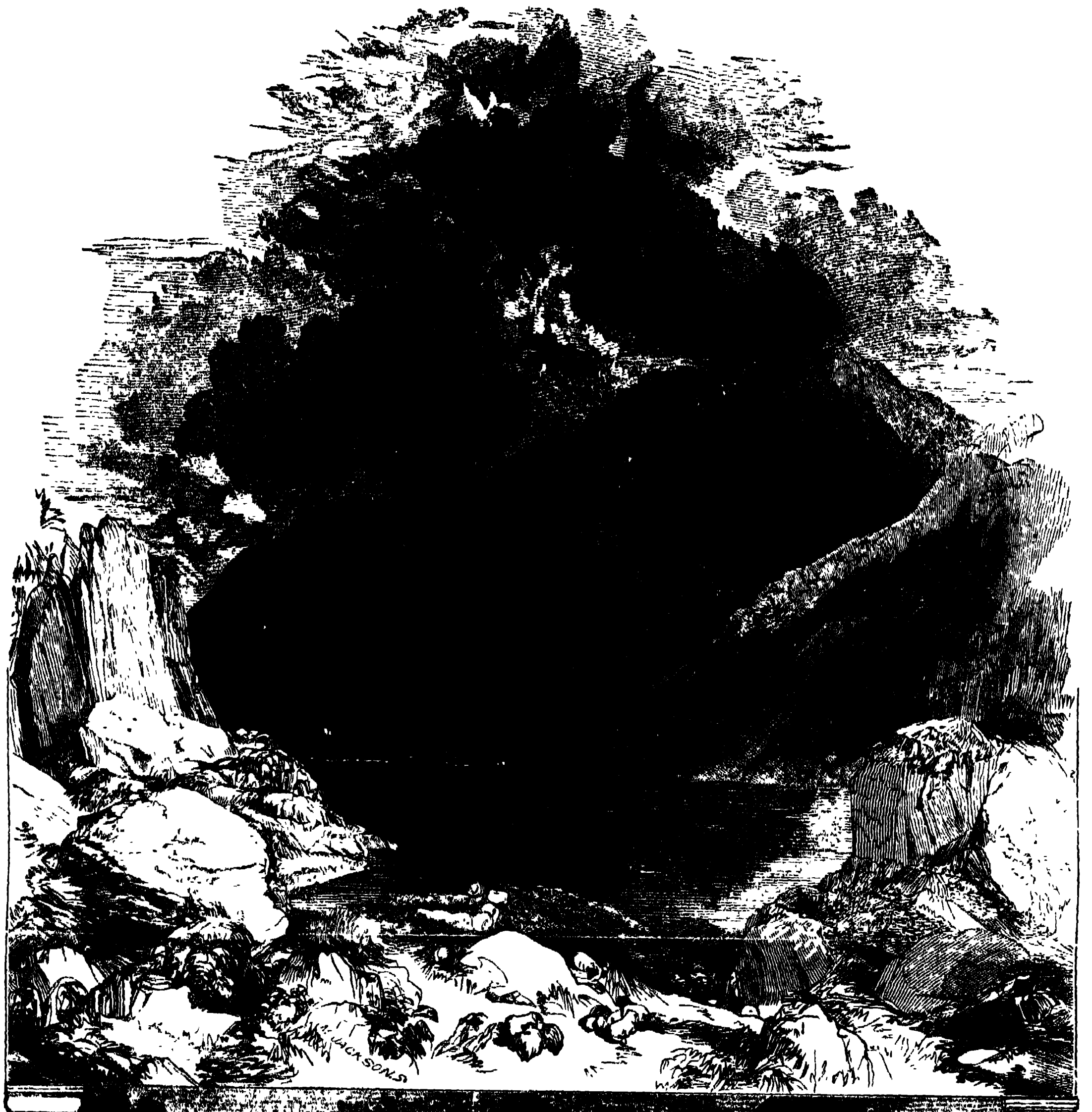
As we have said, there is no inn at Wastdale Head. Within the memory of the existing generation a stranger was a very rare sight. The Tysons, who dwelt in the dale head half a century ago, used to open their doors to any one who dropped down from the passes, as a mere matter of necessity, as any one would house a traveller coming in from among the snows. At any hour of the day or night, Tyson would welcome such a wanderer to the family accommodations, and then guide him on his way out. But such chance wayfarers told of the beauty of the nook; and others came. Of late years there have been so many that Ritson the younger and his wife, who now occupy the dwelling-house, have increased its accommodations; so that they can lodge and board, in homely comfort, several guests. And very comfortable the place is, with its nice beds, good bread, eggs, potatoes, cheese, bacon and tea, and the kindness and goodwill of host and hostess.

Is there any traveller who needs a warning to be careful not to get any hospitable mountaineer into trouble about Excise matters? It is painful to think —but necessary to tell—how the generous hospitality of the dalesmen has occasionally been abused for the advantage of Excise informers. In a farm-house in Langdale the owner has been three times fined for furnishing a draught of beer to a thirsty traveller, who pressed for it, and afterwards laid down money, including the beer in the payment for the bread and cheese, thus bringing the case within the reach of the law; so that the farmer now, fearing the kind feelings of his own family in his absence, keeps no beer for his own drinking. Here and there, a resident who, living in comfort, has yet but little to do with money, has been heavily and long oppressed by the imposition of a fine and costs, for permitting a stranger to hire his horse and cart. The simple-minded people were long in learning the ways of the law, in its interference with their hospitality to wayfarers: and even those who understand the case, and are on their guard, have sometimes been cruelly used, as an adventure of the John Ritsons may show.

One evening, in a time of bad weather, when both father and son were absent, a party arrived from one of the passes, apparently much exhausted, and asked hospitality of John Ritson's wife. She did her best to make them comfortable; but, cautioned by her husband, she declined to supply any but the most indubitable articles of refreshment: and this, though she never makes any charge, but takes what her guests think proper to give. The fellow who came to entrap her—no traveller, but an informer by trade—complained movingly of fatigue and exhaustion, and implored her to let him have a little whiskey. She long refused, saying that she did not supply it; but he so appealed to her compassion, that at last she told him there was some in the cupboard, and he might help himself. When going away, he asked what there was to pay. She answered—"Nothing for the whiskey; for the rest, what he pleased." He made out that it would be, without the whiskey, so much: and he should lay down so much more: would that do? She replied, "If he pleased;" and set them forth on their way. Such was the transaction which the wretch went straight to report, and which he so reported as that John Ritson was fined twenty pounds, and charged with the costs—a heavy sum to a dalesman, who lives almost entirely on the produce of his farm, and is far out of the way of towns and markets. One such case should be a sufficient warning to a traveller not to ask for any exciseable articles in private dwellings in these dales; lest one infringement of the law should tempt to a repetition of an act considered innocent and merely hospitable, and the informer find his way in at last.

If the traveller means to ascend Scawfell the next day, he should see Wastwater this evening, which he can very well do after his moderate walk from the Ennerdale Boat House. This is not the best way of seeing Wastwater, which should be approached from the other end: but he cannot have everything at the very best here, any more than in other passages of human life: and he may yet see Wastwater in the best way, if he will walk four miles from Ritson's without looking behind him. Then he will have the glory of the scene on his return; and there is quite enough for him to enjoy on his way down, in the spectacle of the Screes, with the still and gray lake lying at the base—quite up to the base—of their prodigious sweep. The Screes form the south-eastern shore of the lake, which is three miles and a half long. The line of this singular range is almost unbroken. The crest consists of crags, bare of vegetation, except where a mere tuft or drip of ferns sprouts out at long intervals. At about a third of the way down, these crags are hidden by a slope of *débris*, slanting into the lake. This expanse of rotten stone and red gravel, streaked with the colours found where iron is present, is so loose that it is believed not even a goat could climb it. No man ever attempts it: so there it lies from year to year, untouched but by the forces of Nature. The summer thunderstorm and the winter tempest sometimes shiver the loosely-compacted crags above: and then, when a mass comes thundering down, and splashes into the lake, the whole range feels the shock, and slides of stones rush into the waters, and clouds of dust rise into the air. The accessible side of the lake affords a charming walk—the road winds so easily among the promontories and bays.

At the end of his four miles, the traveller may turn his head; and then he will see reason for this being called the most sublime of the lakes. We have seen it in the sunny morning, and in the calm gray evening, when a pearly light lay upon the waters; and again





3.—SCAWFELL OVER WASTWATER.

4.—GRANGE, BUTTERMERE.

when heavy black clouds gathered about the stern mountain summits; and we have found it truly imposing under every aspect.

As he returns, the traveller will see as noble a group of mountains closing in Wastdale, as he can look upon from any one spot of the district. Carrying his eyes along from the Screes opposite, he sees next them the great Scawfell summits, which he hopes to reach to-morrow. Great End peeps over the ridge of Lingmell: and Lingmell (the lower slope of Scawfell), projects boldly into the dale, at the head of the lake. Great Gable closes in the whole pass. Next to it Yewbarrow advances towards him on his own side; and nearer, Middlefell; and he is standing under Buckbarrow. All these giant hills seem to grow, and deepen and darken as he advances among them, till he arrives at the rich green levels of the dale, and rejoices that they now fill the area which was once evidently occupied by the waters of the still retreating lake.

If it be still daylight, he had better go to bed notwithstanding: for he cannot be too early astir in the morning. John Ritson will get him up Scawfell in time to see the sun rise, if he wishes it. When we made the attempt (in which we were baffled) we rose at two, when the summer dawn was near breaking; and the walk up the dale towards Pease Ghyll was delicious, with the clear light brightening over Great End, and the fragment of a moon hanging over Scawfell. After half an hour's walk, we began to climb; and were soon gratified by fine glimpses into the abyss of Pease Ghyll, which gaped below us on the right, a rocky chasm, into and through which rushed a stream from the heights. Here, however, it became evident to us how great was our misfortune in John Ritson's having been absent on our arrival. Our guide, a very old man, was uncertain and changeable about the way by which he should take us; and he appeared far from strong enough to attempt an ascent so formidable, among precipitous rocks, loose stones, and slippery turf: so we were compelled to change our plan. We made him lead us over the lower ridges to Esk Hause, on our way to Langdale, by Sty Head and Sprinkling Tarns — a glorious mountain walk enough to those whose heads are not full of ambition to look abroad from the Pikes.

The best way to begin the ascent, for those who do not think the sight of Pease Ghyll worth the additional toil, is up Lingmell, which may be reached either by boat up the lake, or from Ritson's house. The distance from the base of Lingmell to the summit of Scawfell is about three miles; and the most active order of climbers may achieve the ascent in an hour and a half. But it is better to pause on the ridge of Lingmell, to see the glorious view there. There is always sufficient uncertainty about the weather, to the last moment, in a climate like ours, to make it wise to obtain what can be had in the course of an ascent to a very elevated peak like that of Scawfell, where a rapid congregation of vapours may shut out every object from the longing eye, at the instant of its greatest expectation. From this ridge, a sweeping course, over slopes, now of stones, and now of that species of moss which is the food of the reindeer, leads the traveller to the summit, and places him on the loftiest point in England, at a height of 3160 feet above the sea. The lower Pike, long supposed to be the loftiest of the two, is 3100 feet above the sea, and stands about 250 yards south-east of its companion, being separated from it by the remarkable chasm called Mickledore (Great Door).

Of the view from the summit we have the best account that could be desired in a letter from a friend of Mr. Wordsworth's, which is found in Mr. W.'s Guide to the Lakes: "On the summit of the Pike," says the writer, "which we gained after much toil, though without difficulty, there was not a breath of air to stir even the papers containing our refreshment, as they lay spread out upon a rock. The stillness seemed to be not of this world: we paused, and kept silence to listen, and no sound could be heard: the Scawfell cataracts were voiceless to us; and there was not an insect to hum in the air. The vales which we had seen from Esk Hause lay yet in view; and, side by side with Eskdale, we now saw the sister Vale of Donnerdale terminated by the Duddon sands. But the majesty of the mountains below, and close to us, is not to be conceived. We now beheld the whole mass of Great Gable from its base—the Den of Wastdale at our feet — a gulf immeasurable; Grassmoor, and the other mountains of Crummock; Ennerdale and its mountains; and the sea beyond! We sat down to our repast, and gladly would we have tempered our beverage (for there was no well or spring near us), with such a supply of delicious water as we might have procured, had we been on the rival summit of Great Gable; for on its highest point is a small triangular receptacle in the native rock, which, the shepherds say, is never dry. There we might have slaked our thirst plenteously with a pure and celestial liquid; for the cup or basin, it appears, has no other feeder than the dews of heaven, the showers, the vapours, the hoar frost, and the spotless snow. While we were gazing around, 'Look,' I exclaimed, 'at yon ship upon the glittering sea!' 'Is it a ship?' replied our shepherd guide. 'It can be nothing else,' interposed my companion. 'I cannot be mistaken; I am so accustomed to the appearance of ships at sea.' The guide dropped the argument; but, before a minute was gone, he quietly said, 'Now look at your ship—it is changed into a horse!' So it was; a horse with a gallant neck and head. We laughed heartily; and I hope, when again inclined to be positive, I may remember the ship and the horse upon the glittering sea; and the calm confidence, yet submissiveness, of our wise man of the mountains, who certainly had more knowledge of the clouds than we, whatever might be our knowledge of ships.

"I know not how long we might have remained on the summit of the Pike, without a thought of moving, had not our guide warned us that we must not linger; for a storm was coming. We looked in vain to espy

the signs of it. Mountains, vales, and sea were touched with the clear light of the sun. 'It is there,' said he pointing to the sea beyond Whitehaven; and there we perceived a light vapour, unnoticeable but by a shepherd accustomed to watch all mountain bodings. We gazed around again, and yet again, unwilling to lose the remembrance of what lay before us in that mountain solitude; and then prepared to depart. Meanwhile the air changed to cold, and we saw that tiny vapour swelled into mighty masses of cloud, which came boiling over the mountains. Great Gable, Helvellyn, and Skiddaw were wrapped in storm; yet Langdale, and the mountains in that quarter, remained all bright in sunshine. Soon the storm reached us; we sheltered under a crag; and, almost as rapidly as it had come, it passed away, and left us free to observe the struggles of gloom and sunshine in other quarters. Langdale now had its share, and the Pikes of Langdale were decorated by two splendid rainbows. Skiddaw, also, had his own rainbows. Before we again reached Esk Hause, every cloud had vanished from every summit. I ought to have mentioned, that round the top of Scawfell Pike not a blade of grass is to be seen. Cushions or tufts of moss, parched and brown, appear between the huge blocks and stones, that lie in heaps on all sides to a great distance, like skeletons or bones of the earth not needed at the creation, and there left to be covered with never-dying lichens, which the clouds and dews nourish; and adorned with colours of vivid and exquisite beauty. Flowers, the most brilliant feathers, and even gems, scarcely surpass in colouring some of those masses of stone which no human eye beholds, except the shepherd or traveller be led thither by curiosity; and how seldom must this happen! For the other eminence is the one visited by the adventurous stranger; and the shepherd has no inducement to ascend the Pike in quest of his sheep; no food being *there* to tempt them. We certainly were singularly favoured in the weather; for when we were seated on the summit, our conductor, turning his eyes thoughtfully round, said, 'I do not know that in my whole life, I was ever, at any season of the year, so high upon the mountains on so *calm* a day.' (It was the 7th of October.)"

From other visitors we learn that Ingleborough, in Yorkshire, and now and then the Welsh mountains, are visible from this summit.

Our traveller, about to conclude his circuit by descending upon the Duddon, must now make his way down first to Esk Hause, a central ridge, which commands, to singular advantage, a number of the leading valleys of the district, and sends down its first waters to the Esk. On the same morning, that 7th of October, the letter-writer above quoted saw it thus:—"... Three distinct views. On one side, the continuous vale of Borrowdale, Keswick, and Bassenthwaite, with Skiddaw, Helvellyn, Saddleback, and numerous other mountains, and, in the distance, the Solway Frith, and the mountains of Scotland; on the other side, and below us, the Langdale Pikes, their own vale below *them;* Windermere; and far beyond Windermere, Ingleborough, in Yorkshire. But how shall I speak of the deliciousness of the third prospect! At this time, *that* was most favoured by sunshine and shade. The green vale of Esk, deep and green, with its glittering serpent-stream, lay below us; and on we looked to the mountains near the sea,—Blackcomb pre-eminent,—and still beyond, to the sea itself, in dazzling brightness. Turning round, we saw the mountains of Wastdale in tumult; to our right, Great Gable,—the loftiest; a distinct and huge form, though the middle of the mountain was, to our eyes, as its base." When we were on Esk Hause, the spectacle of these three lines of landscape was remarkable. Towards Keswick the atmosphere was thick, just to the degree that gave a visionary character to the long perspective. The lake of Derwent Water was hardly distinguishable from its shores, so that the wooded islands and the town of Keswick lay as if in air, still and unsubstantial. In the direction of Eskdale all was bright and glittering; while from Langdale and the head of Borrowdale the white mists came tumbling out towards us, as if to stifle us; and nothing could be seen except at intervals, when a whiff of wind disclosed long sweeps of the sides of the valleys, and stretches of the streams and fields below. It is these changes that give a singular charm to this mountain district. The residents of the valleys, in their occasional ascent to these heights, never see the scene twice alike; the great landmarks themselves being scarcely recognizable but by their forms.

From this ridge the traveller may descend upon the Esk and the Duddon, whose sources lie near each other; and thus is completed the traverse of the first of our four divisions.

We will begin our second circuit by a descent from this mountain nucleus into the head of Borrowdale. The head of Borrowdale is forked, by the mountain Glaramara being set down in the midst. We will descend into the western vale, that of Seathwaite; and end our circuit by ascending the eastern, that of Stonethwaite.

Borrowdale was anciently called Boredale, "having its name probably from the wild boars which used in former times to haunt the woody part of Wastdale forest; the hill above it being called Styhead, where the swine were wont to feed in the summer, and fall down in autumn into this dale, where they fed upon nuts and acorns. Here are large flocks of sheep; and anciently were mines of lead and copper. Here also, in a very high and perpendicular rock called Eagle Crag, is every year an eyrie or nest of eagles." So says the old history.*

We have to pass down by Styhead; but we shall find no swine there, summer or winter. No creature now comes to drink at the tarn, the little clear rippling lake, where the mountaineer throws himself down to rest on the brink, when heated by the ascent from the

* "History and Antiquities of Westmoreland and Cumberland," II. p. 69. Nicolson and Burn.

vales. He has found everything sunny and dry, perhaps; but here he sees, by the minute diamond drops resting thick on the grass, that a cloud has lately stooped from its course, and refreshed the verdure in this retreat. It looks very tempting, this bright sheet of water; but no creature now comes to drink, unless a sheep may have strayed far from the flock, and in its terror may yet venture to stoop to the water, with many a start and interval of listening, till, at the faint sound of the distant sheep-dog, it bounds away. Some persons have laughed at the expression, in a grave poem, of the "solemn bleat" of

> "a lamb left somewhere to itself,
> The plaintive spirit of the solitude."

But such persons cannot have met a stray sheep high on the mountains. Their associations are of market-day in a town, or of droves of cattle in a dusty road. If they had ever felt the profound stillness of the higher Fells, and heard it broken by a single bleat, repeated and not answered, they would be aware that there is as much solemnity as plaintiveness in the sound. It is a sport of ours in such places to answer the bleat, when we are going in such a direction as not to mislead the wanderer. Sometimes we have thus gained the confidence of a single lamb: sometimes we have gradually attracted a considerable number, beguiled them on for a space, and then left them wondering.

On proceeding down the pass, we see no prospect below of "nuts and acorns" enough to feed swine in their own dale. There are crags on every hand where eagles might build, and where they have built often enough to deprive us of the lark and other singing birds, which have thus been driven from the narrow vales which assuredly they would otherwise haunt. When the angler leaves his home in the dale, in the early morning, he may not hope to see the lark spring from the furrow, and soar above the shadows of the hills; nor will any other songster amuse his ear but such as lie deep within the covert of the wood: but when he is approaching the Tarn, high up on the mountain, and pauses to watch the herons at their fishing, and the wild ducks on the brink, before he frightens them away, he witnesses a sudden alarm, before there can possibly be any notice of his intentions; and then he knows where to look for the cause of all the scudding, and flapping, and screaming. He looks up, and sees no longer the sailing eagle, descending at every circuit, with a louder rush of wings, and casting a broader shadow, till it has swooped upon its victim, and is gone; but, now the eagle has departed, the meaner buzzard, pouncing from stone or tree, or heavily rising from its nest upon the moor: or the more active hawk, which scares away the water-fowl no less surely than the nobler bird, which is now rarely, if ever, seen. The shadow of the latter has, we know, fallen upon this Styhead tarn; for the eagles, disturbed on their own crag at the lower end of Borrowdale, established themselves first on a rock in Seathwaite, and afterwards flew over the ridge into Eskdale. The disturbance was, of course, from the shepherds, who lost so many lambs as to be driven desperate against the birds. There was no footing on the crag by which the nest could be reached, so a man was lowered by a rope sixty yards down the precipice: he carried his mountain-staff with him, its spiked end being the best weapon against the birds. He did not expect to kill the old ones; but, year after year, the eggs or the young were taken. If he brought away the young alive, he had the birds for his pains; if the eggs, every neighbouring shepherd gave five shillings for every egg. It is said that no more than two eggs were ever found at one time. The nest was made of twigs, and lined with a sort of grass from the clefts of the rock. When the fowler failed, and eaglets were reared, they were led away, as soon as strong enough, by the parent birds,—no doubt to settle in some other spot,—and the parents returned without them. One of this pair was shot at by the master of a sheep-dog which had been actually carried some way into the air by it, escaping only by its flesh giving way: the shot took effect, but the eagle disappeared for a time. About a week after, it was found lying on the grass on the uplands at Seatoller, nearly starved: its bill had been split by the shot, and the tongue was set fast in the cleft; it could not make much resistance, and was carried home captive. But when relieved and restored, it became so violent, that it was necessarily killed. Its mate brought a successor from a distance; a much smaller bird, and of a different species. They built, however, for fourteen more years in Borrowdale, before they flew over to Eskdale. They were not long left in peace there; and when the larger bird was at length shot, his mate disappeared entirely. Such devastation as was caused by these birds is not heard of now; but while there are crags aloft and lambs in the vales, there will be more or fewer, nobler or meaner, birds of prey. We are unable to ascertain positively, amidst conflicting testimony, whether any eagles at all remain in the region. It appears that one has certainly been seen within a few years; and almost every season there is a rumour of one having visited some point or another; but, on the whole, we find that the preponderance of belief is against there being any eagles' nest among the mountains of Westmoreland or Cumberland.

When the traveller has reached the stream, and crossed the bridge, he may begin to look for the Wad (black-lead) mine on the hill-side to his left. It is high up; but the heaps of rubbish still point it out to him plainly enough. In the clay-slate of this mountain is a bed of greenstone rock; and "nests" or "sops" or "bellies" of black-lead are found in the greenstone. The plumbago is the finest ever discovered; and from it the famous lead pencils are made which are used everywhere by sketchers. But there is great uncertainty about finding it: at one time a mass of it was discovered lying along like a mighty tree, the thicker part being of the finest quality, and the ramifications of a poorer, till, at the extremities, it was not worthy even to clean

stoves. At other times, the searchers have been altogether at fault, for a long time together: and the works have occasionally been closed from this cause. There was a time when the value of this plumbago was so little known that the shepherds used it freely to mark their sheep: and next, the proprietors were obtaining from thirty to forty shillings a pound for the lead of one single "sop," which yielded upwards of twenty-eight tons. At that time houses were built at the entrance, where the workmen were obliged to change their clothes, under inspection, lest they should be tempted to carry away any of the precious stuff in their pockets. We believe the mine is at present in one of its turns of adversity; but, under the enterprising spirit of our times, probably some new "sop" will be hit upon before long, which will pay for the locking up of capital meanwhile.

Under the mine, and a little onward, amidst the copsewood, are the dark tops of the Borrowdale yews to be seen, the "fraternal four," which, as Wordsworth tells us, form "one solemn and capacious grove." The size attained by the yew in this district is astonishing. One which for many years lay prostrate at the other end of Borrowdale, measured nine yards in circumference, and contained 1460 feet of wood. The famous Lorton yew has about the same girth; and one of these four measures seven yards round, at four feet from the ground.

At Seatoller the road parts off right and left. We take the left, in order to quit Borrowdale for Buttermere; a magnificent walk, of a totally different character from any in our former circuit.

The road is very stony, and not a little steep: but the stream on the left hand, with its innumerable little falls, and the trees which sometimes overhang it, and the patches of grass and large smooth stones, tempting the traveller to many a halt, beguile him of heat and fatigue. And then, every time he turns, how exquisite are the glimpses into Borrowdale! Its cultivated levels contract, and the farmsteads disappear, one by one, as the projecting mountains overlap; till a mere triangular morsel remains—a hint of a peaceful valley lying among a billowy expanse of hills. It is always a pleasure to get out from between the fences upon the moor; and here the emancipation is soon obtained. The traveller mounts gradually by a horse-road,—a road practicable indeed for cars,—till he attains the summit of the turn under Honister Crag;—the dark, stupendous, almost perpendicular Honister Crag, where it almost takes one's breath away to see the quarrymen at work in the slate quarries above, looking like summer spiders hanging quivering from the eaves of a house. It was at the base of this crag that we once had the question forced upon us whether this was a car-road or not. A car, with four persons in it, had toiled slowly up from Borrowdale, without even the gentleman having once got out to relieve the horse. There were two young ladies also, who appeared capable of using their feet occasionally. The fourth was a stout lady: and all four were dressed as they might be for the flower-show at Chiswick. We were resting at the summit, with the crag opposite to us, when the car came up, and the driver civilly gave notice that the party had better alight, as the descent was so extremely rough and steep as to be unsafe for a loaded carriage. Instead of using their eyes to convince themselves that this was true, these gentry scolded the driver. The three juniors alighted, and set off arm-in-arm, slipping and suffering in their paper-soled shoes, and so engrossed with their hardships in having to walk down a stony hill, that they actually never once looked up at the Crag. They did not turn, to take a last look of Borrowdale; and now they actually passed under Honister Crag without seeing it! As for the lady, she loudly declared that she did not hire a car to be prevented riding in it; she should speak about it to the driver's employer, when she got home; and she should keep her seat: and so she did, scolding the driver, as well as the jolts would permit, as long as she remained within hearing. We imagined the amusement of the driver at this way of coming to see the country. He looked very civil and indifferent, not even objecting that it was not his wish that the pass should be so steep and stony. These are the strangers, and not those who come in third-class railway-carriages, and take their way on foot, who behave in a manner unworthy of the scenes around them: and even these may become softened and refined by what they see: and therefore they are welcome too.

The slate-quarrymen are a hardy race, capable of feats of strength which are now rarely heard of elsewhere. The most stalwart knight who ever came hither of old, with his full armour and battle-axe, to fight against the Scot, never carried a heavier weight, or did more wonders in a day, than these fine fellows. The best slate of Honister Crag is found near the top: and there, many hundred feet aloft, may be seen by good eyes the slate-built hovels of some of the quarrymen, while others ascend and descend many times between morning and night. Formerly, the slate was carried down on hurdles, on men's backs: and the practice is still continued in some remote quarries, where the expense of conveyance by carts would be too great, or the roads do not admit of it. Thirty years ago, a man named Joseph Clark made seventeen journeys, including seventeen miles of climbing and sharp descent, in one day, bringing down 10,880 lbs. of slate. In ascending, he carried the hurdle, weighing 80 lbs., and in descending he brought each time 640 lbs. of slate. At another time, he carried, in three successive journeys, 1,280 lbs. each time. His greatest day's work was bringing 11,776 lbs.; in how many journeys it is not remembered: but in fewer than seventeen. He lived at Stonethwaite, three miles from his place of work. His toils did not appear to injure him: and he declared that he suffered only from thirst. It was believed in his day that there was scarcely another man in the kingdom capable of sustaining such labour for a course of years.

In some places where the slate is closely compacted, and presents endways a perpendicular surface, the quarryman sets about his work as if he were going after



5.—CRUMMOCK WATER, BUTTERMERE, AND HONISTER CRAG.

eagles' eggs. His comrades let him down by a rope from the precipice, and he tries for a footing on some ledge, where he may drive in wedges. The difficulty of this, where much of his strength must be employed in keeping his footing, may be conceived: and a great length of time must be occupied in loosening masses large enough to bear the fall without being dashed into useless pieces. But, generally speaking, the methods are improved, and the quarries made accessible by roads admitting of the passage of strong carts. Still, the detaching of the slate, and the loading and conducting the carts, are laborious work enough to require and train a very athletic order of men. In various parts of the district, the scene is marked by mountains of *débris*, above or within which yawn black recesses in the mountain side, where the summer thunders echo, and the winter storms send down formidable slides into the vales below.

The stream in the valley beneath Honister Crag,—the beginning of the river Cocker,—must be crossed by stepping-stones or wading, according to the weather: for there is no bridge. At the end of this wild and stony valley, where sheep and their folds, and a quarryman's hut here and there, are the only signs of civilization, stands the farm-house of Gatesgarth, with its clumps of sycamore and ash. The road thence to Buttermere, lying for the most part above the Lake of Buttermere, is bordered by the plantations which clothe the base of Great Robinson. This little lake is only a mile and a quarter long. At the head,—that is, the south-east,—it is apparently closed in by Honister Crag; and High Stile and Red Pike tower on the south-western side. At its northern end, the lake has for its margin the green meadows which separate it from Crummock Water: and these meadows are dropped over with woods, hedges, and a few dwellings; so as to offer a tempting resting-place to the angler who comes to enjoy the plentiful sport yielded by the two lakes. On this level stands the little Buttermere inn: and on a rising ground by the road-side is the new Chapel, erected on the site of that which was celebrated for being the smallest in England,—being completely filled by half-a-dozen households.

Travellers who do not desire to make the longer circuit which we have to describe, turn off here among the mountains to the right, to pass through the Vale of Newlands to Keswick. We should desire nothing better than to go up the Vale for six miles or so, till we come in view of Derwent Water, and the rich plain which lies between it and Bassenthwaite, just for the sake of coming back again. The road is perfectly easy, winding up and along the green hills opposite Whiteless. The sweep of these bare green hills is fine; and the walk along their sides very exhilarating, from the airiness and freedom of the scene. The grand point of the journey is perhaps the turn into the second pass,—that of Newlands Haws,—where, at its head, Great Robinson sends down the first waters of one of the streams which go to make the Lake of Bassenthwaite. Above this pass it was that, according to tradition, there was once gold and silver found, enough to supply not only the kingdom but a considerable foreign market, till the works were destroyed, and the miners slain, in the civil wars. In modern times, however, more gold and silver have been sunk in the Newlands mine than raised from it. When the traveller has advanced far enough to obtain a good view of the plain, with Saddleback beyond, and to discover the blue mountains from which flow the Tyne and the Tees, he may rest and refresh himself, and reckon on new pleasures on his return. At the end of his walk, in his descent upon Buttermere, he will obtain charming glimpses of the two lakes, and be in face of a noble array of mountains, from Gable to Melbreak.

He must, of course, see Scale Force, on leaving Buttermere for the other end of Crummock Water. It is best, as far as the aspect of the fall is concerned, to go to it across the fields from the inn: but some of the low ground is so muddy, at all ordinary times, that the walk can be achieved in comfort only after very dry weather. If he goes in a boat, he is landed a mile from the Fall; and then his road is none of the easiest. Between stone-heap and swamp he must pick his way. But what a scene it is at last!—that deep chasm,—a hundred feet of fissure, with perpendicular or overhanging walls, and a sheet of falling water one hundred and eighty feet high at the end! The relief of the verdure usually found under the spray of cataracts is not absent. The ash quivers from the crevice, and ferns wave on every ledge; and grass and mosses shine to the sense, like light in a dark place.

Crummock Water is less celebrated among the lakes than its peculiarities and beauties appear to deserve. From stations on its rocky and elevated shores the most striking views are obtained of the noble surrounding mountains, as far as the dark Honister Crag, which closes in the group; and the meadows between the two lakes afford a singular charm of contrast. (Cut, No. 5.) From the lake, the heights of Melbreak and its neighbour offer an aspect of colouring which is to be seen nowhere else in the district. Long sweeps of orange and gray soil and stones descend to the water; and above, there are large hollows, like craters, filled now with deep blue shadows, and now with tumbling white mists, above which yellow or purple peaks change their hues with every hour of the day, or variation of the sky. There is a good road along the whole of the eastern shore to the inn at Scale Hill; and of late years a delicious woodland path has been made from the landing-place to the inn—a distance of about a mile. The locality is a stormy one. We do not judge by our own experience, though that would lead us to think of Scale Hill as generally under a deluge of rain, while the dust lies thick on the nearest mail-road; but the features of the landscape indicate that the elements are boisterous here. The bare hot-looking *débris* on the Melbreak side, the chasms in the rocks, and the sudden swellings of the waters, tell of turbulence in all seasons. The most tremendous water-spout remembered in the region of the lakes descended the ravine between Grassmoor

and Whiteside, in 1760; it swept the whole side of Grassmoor at midnight, and carried down everything that was lying loose all through the vale below, and over a piece of arable land at the entrance, where it actually peeled the whole surface, carrying away the soil and the trees, and leaving the rocky substratum completely bare. The soil was many feet deep, and the trees full-grown. Then it laid down what it brought, covering ten acres with the rubbish. By the channel left, it appears that the flood must have been five or six yards deep, and a hundred yards wide. Among other pranks, it rooted up a solid stone causeway, which was supported by an embankment apparently as strong as the neighbouring hills. The flood not only swept away the whole work, but scooped out the entire line for its own channel. The village of Brackenthwaite, which stood directly in its course, was saved by being built on a stone platform,—a circumstance unknown to the inhabitants till they now saw themselves left safe on a promontory, while the soft soil was swept away from beside their very doors, leaving a chasm where the flood had been turned aside by the resistance of their rock. The end of the matter was, that the flood poured into the Cocker, which rose so as to lay the whole north-western plain under water for a considerable time.

The pretty little lake of Lowes Water is easily reached from Scale Hill inn. It should be seen as the last of the chain, and as presenting some new aspects of the mountain group at this extremity. From Lowes Water the country sinks into the plain which lies between the mountains and the sea: the plain along whose margin are posted the towns of Whitehaven, Workington, and Cockermouth.

And by this time the traveller's eye is ready for the scenery of the plain. The dwellers in a flat country can hardly conceive the refreshment and pleasure given by a glimpse of a sunny champaign to one who has lived for a time shut in among mountains. A friend of ours, in delicate health, became nervous, and felt under a constant sense of oppression, after a three months' residence among the Westmoreland mountains; and cried heartily, from relief and joy, at the first issue upon a wide horizon, in descending into Lancashire. Some younger friends of ours, children who live in a small valley, amused us one day by their exclamations over a volume of Views of the Danube. Whenever they came to a scene almost blank,—a boundless German plain, with only a distant crocketted spire to relieve the uniformity,—they exclaimed in rapture, "Oh, how beautiful!" while they could see no charm in any very circumscribed scene. The traveller who has been long enough among the Fells to relish the sight of open country, could not find a better place for emerging than above the fertile vale of Lorton, on the way from Scale Hill to the mail-road to Keswick. The vale, shallow and wide, spreads out its expanse of fertile fields, endlessly intersected with fences, and dropped over with farms and hamlets, among which may be seen the dark speck of the great Lorton Yew. The view is bounded by the blue range of the Scotch mountains.

When the traveller turns away from this view, and proceeds towards his next lake, Bassenthwaite, he has Whinlatter on his left hand. If the season is sufficiently advanced, he finds it the gayest hill-side he ever saw,—positively gaudy with the blossom of the heather and the gorse. To reach Bassenthwaite Water, the traveller skirts Whinlatter, and passes through the village of Thornthwaite, the rich levels occupying the four miles between Derwent Water and Bassenthwaite being under his eye, and Skiddaw rising in front. The lake is narrow, averaging less than a mile in breadth. Its length is four miles; its scenery is rich, but tame in comparison with that of all the other lakes; its hills are the mere spurs of the interior clusters; and its charm is in opening out views from its foot, through radiating valleys, into the plain country which stretches to the sea and the Solway.

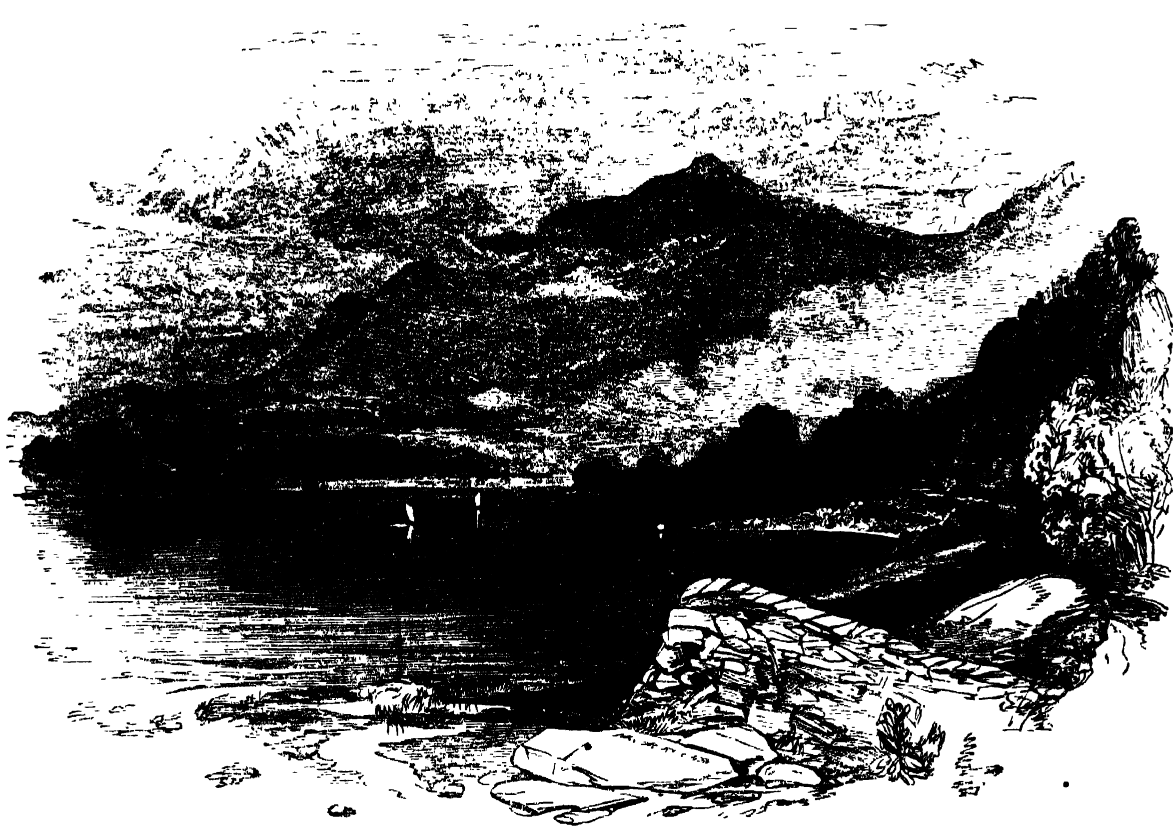
Skiddaw is 138 feet lower than the High Pike of Scawfell: and it may be ascended with ease; even horses being accustomed to reach the summit. Yet the tourist should not disdain this comparatively easy feat, for the views from Skiddaw are very unlike those from Scawfell: and to some persons they are far more interesting. Few of the lakes can be seen from the topmost station; even Derwent Water is hidden by intervening summits; but the crowd of mountain tops is glorious. We will not enumerate them, for it would be to name the whole list. But think of seeing Lancaster Castle in one direction, and the undulating surface of Wigton, Kirkcudbright, and Dumfries in another, with a peep at the Isle of Man between; and, if the day be particularly clear, and the hour favourable, a glimpse of Ireland! Lancaster Castle and Carlisle Cathedral in view at once! St. Bees Head, with the noiseless waves dashing up against the red rocks, almost within reach, as it were; and at the same moment, the Yorkshire summit of Ingleborough showing itself over the whole of Westmoreland which lies between!

Yet not a few persons prefer the ascent of Saddleback to that of Skiddaw. One attraction is the fine view of Derwent Water. "Derwent Water," says Southey, "as seen from the top of Saddleback, is one of the finest mountain scenes in the country." Another attraction is Scales Tarn, a small lake, so situated at the foot of a vast precipice, and so buried among crags, as that the sun never reaches it except through a crevice in early morning; and the stars, it is avouched, are seen in it at noonday. Another attraction may be the comparative difficulty of exploring the solitudes of Old Blencathra, as Saddleback used to be called. One would go through much to see any Tarn of which it could be imagined, even erroneously, that the sun was never seen to touch it, or the stars to forsake it. What a singular feature is this incessant guardianship by the stars! What associations of vigilance and eternal contemplation it awakens! Who can wonder that men seek it,—over slippery Fells, and among rugged rocks, and treacherous bogs, through parching heat, and blind-

ing mists and tempests! Here there are still other dangers, according to the testimony of explorers.

In 1793 a party went up by Scales Fell to see the Tarn. Their account is this :—"When we had ascended about a mile, one of our party, on looking round, was so astonished with the different appearance of objects in the valley so far beneath us, that he declined proceeding. We had not gone much farther, when another was taken ill, and wished to lose blood and return. I was almost ready to give up my project, which I should have done with great reluctance, as the day was remarkably favourable, and exhibited every scene to the greatest advantage. Mr. C. (the conductor) assured us if we proceeded a little way, we should find a resting-place, where the second defaulter might recover the effects of the journey. After labouring another half-hour, we gained the margin of an immense cavity in the side of the mountain, the bottom of which formed a wide basin, and was filled with water, that from our station looked black, though smooth as glass, covering the space of many acres. It is said to be so deep that the sun never shines upon it, and that the reflection of the stars may be seen therein at noonday; but this was a curiosity we did not enjoy." This was an ascent to the Tarn. We have an account of the still worse descent, accomplished by Mr. Green and Mr. Otley. "From Linthwaite Pike," says Mr. Green,* "on the above excursion, on a soft green turf, we descended steeply, first southward, and then in an easterly direction to the Tarn, a beautiful circular piece of transparent water, with a well-defined shore. Here we found ourselves engulfed in a basin of steeps, having Tarn Crag on the north, the rocks falling from Sharp Edge on the east, and on the west the soft turf on which we had made our downward progress. These side grounds, in pleasant grassy banks, verge to the stream issuing from the lake, whence there is a charming opening to the town of Penrith; and Cross Fell seen in extreme distance. Wishing to vary our line in returning to the place we had left, we crossed the stream, and commenced a steep ascent at the foot of Sharp Edge. We had not gone far before we were aware that our journey would be attended with perils; the passage gradually grew narrower, and the declivity on each hand awfully precipitous. From walking erect we were reduced to the necessity either of bestriding the ridge, or of moving on one of its sides, with our hands lying over the top, as a security against tumbling into the Tarn on the left, or into a frightful gully on the right,—both of immense depth. Sometimes we thought it prudent to return; but that seemed unmanly, and we proceeded; thinking, with Shakspere, that 'Dangers retreat, when boldly they are confronted.' Mr. Otley was the leader; who, on gaining steady footing, looked back on the writer, whom he perceived, viewing at leisure from his saddle the remainder of his upward course. On better ground they had a retrospect on Sharp Edge,—which is the narrowest ridge on Saddleback, or any other north of

* 'The Tourist's New Guide,' &c. By Wm. Green. 1819. vol. ii., p. 469.



6.—DERWENT WATER AND SKIDDAW.

England mountain: in places, its top is composed of loose stones and earth, and the stepping on the sides being as faithless as the top, the Sharp Edge expedition has less of safety to recommend it than singularity."

We hear elsewhere of these mountain pools reflecting the stars in the day time, when they are made into a sort of wells by the building up of the rocky walls around them. "Bowscale Tarn," says one reporter,* "is a lake, near a mile in circumference, three miles north-east of Scales Tarn, on the side of a high mountain, so strangely surrounded with a more eminently amphitheatrical ridge of rocks, that it excluded the benefit of the sun for at least four months in the middle of winter: but this is not its only singularity. Several of the most credible inhabitants thereabouts affirming that they frequently see stars in it at midday; but in order to discover that phenomenon, the firmament must be perfectly clear, the air stable, and the water unagitated. These circumstances not concurring at the time I was there, deprived me of the pleasure of that sight, and of recommending it to the naturalist upon my own ocular evidence. The spectator must be placed at least 200 yards above the lake, and as much below the summit of the semi-ambient ridge." It is in this Bowscale Tarn that, in the belief of the country people, there are two fish which cannot die. How long they are said to have lived we know not: but they are to continue to live for ever.

Keswick is usually made the head-quarters of tourists for some days,—and this is almost a necessary plan for those who travel only in carriages; but the more independent pedestrian will not find much to detain him in the town. Within reach are several little clean country inns, which will afford him opportunities for seeing, in the most varied manner, the world of beauties included in the Derwent Water district. Besides the inns in the plain, there is the 'King's Head,' at the entrance of the Vale of St. John's, five or six miles from Keswick; and the Lodore inn, near the head of Derwent Water; and further on, in Borrowdale, the little inn at Rosthwaite.

While at Keswick, the traveller will look with interest on Southey's residence, Greta Hall. He will probably visit the Museums; and he certainly ought not to omit seeing and studying Mr. Flintoft's Model of the Lake District, which will teach him more in ten minutes of the structure and distribution of the country than he could learn from a hundred pages of description. On first entering the room, this model—under 13 feet by 10—looks a mere uneven, ugly bit of plaster: but a few moments are enough to engage the observer's attention so deeply, that he does not leave it till he has traced out almost every valley and pass in the district. He visits all the sixteen large lakes and the fifty-two small ones, and looks abroad from every summit in turn. This Model is held to be a work of extraordinary correctness; and a leisurely visit to it should be an object to every traveller who cares to know where he is, and where he is going. Every one will, of course, visit the Castle Head,—a walk of a mile from the inns; where, from an eminence, a fine view of the lake and environs is obtained. And it is worth while to ascend the long hill of Castlerigg, even if the traveller is not there in natural course on his way to Ambleside, to enjoy the magnificent view which some think unrivalled in the region; extending from the singular and solemn entrance of Borrowdale to the subsiding hills beyond the lake of Bassenthwaite. We have seen this view many times; and each time we have been more than ever taken by surprise by its wonderful range of beauty.

The celebrity of Derwent Water is out of all proportion to its size; for it is only three miles long, and never exceeds a mile and a half in breadth. (Cut, No. 6.) Our own private opinion is, that the beauty of the lake itself does not answer to its reputation. The islands have no particular charm, and rather perplex the eye; and there is nothing striking in the immediate shores, along which a good road runs, nearly level, between fields and plantations. Walla Crag is fine, with its relief of foliage; and the cleft in it, which is called the Lady's Rake, is interesting from its tradition. It is said that the Countess of Derwentwater made her escape up this ravine, after the arrest of her husband. Lord's Island, the largest in the lake, belonged to the family—the Ratcliffes—and was a stronghold of theirs. It was confiscated, with their other possessions, after the Rebellion of 1715, and transferred to Greenwich Hospital. St. Herbert's Island contains the ruins of a hermitage, in relation to which a pretty story is told. St. Cuthbert and St. Herbert were very dear friends. When St. Herbert came hither to repose from the cares of life, and end his days in prayer, he was far apart from his friend, as we all know: but he nightly prayed that they might be united in death, by being taken from the world at the same moment. The prayer was granted; and the scenes of the two deaths have been all the more sacred for the coincidence, in the popular mind, ever since.

Every one hears of the Floating Island, in connection with Derwent Water. The wise call it the Buoyant Island, after the hint given by Wordsworth in his 'Guide.' It appears to be merely a loose mass of vegetation, which rises to the surface when swollen by the gases generated by the decay of its parts. When a boat-hook is struck into it, it puffs out carburetted hydrogen and azote. Though this island is now no mystery, its appearance marks the year in which it happens; and the event is told in the newspapers from end to end of the kingdom. It happened last in 1842.

After all that has been said of the Fall of Lodore, it is certainly very fine, in any weather, and whatever quantity of water it may have to show. The main features—the mighty crags on either hand (Gowder on the left, and Shepherd's on the right,) and the ravine of piled blocks—are such as weather cannot impair; and we have not decided to this day whether we prefer visiting the Fall after rain and under a cloud canopy,

* Mr. Smith, quoted in Green's 'Tourist's New Guide.' ii., 473.

or in a hot dry month of the year. The dash of the Fall is heard from the road; and it will guide the traveller through the little garden and orchard of the inn, and over the foot-bridge, and through the wood, to the stone bench in front of the Fall.

And now, what can any one say of the entrance upon Borrowdale, but—"Go and see it!" This is all we will say; for we might write a volume about the disposition of mountains and crags before one could even produce a state of mind which could conceive of what it is here—the tumbling together of steeps and slopes, precipices and promontories, woods, ravines, and isolated summits. Suffice it that the traveller will pass the village of Grange, and must remember that it was here that the old monks of Furness laid up their crops and other stores, when they were the owners of Borrowdale. (Cut, No. 4.) He must just cast a glance up to the Bowderstone, if he thinks, as we do, that there is nothing more to be seen which need move him to undertake the ascent to it. The block is said to weigh about 1771 tons, and stands 36 feet high. Its edge is embedded in the place where, to all appearance, it has fallen from above; and it looks like a ship lying on its keel. A mile beyond the Bowder Stone is the hamlet of Rosthwaite, where we always contrive to pass the night—in Sarah Simpson's well-tended house—when we give ourselves the treat of a visit to Borrowdale. A brother of Sarah Simpson, living at Rosthwaite, acts as guide over the neighbouring passes.

Notwithstanding what we have said of the entrance of Borrowdale, we yet prefer dropping into it above Rosthwaite, from Watendlath,—the extremely secluded valley which lies at the top of the Lodore Fall, and the rocks from which it tumbles. The way into Watendlath is easily found: it branches off to the left from the high road in coming from Keswick, and passes just behind Barrow House. The inhabitants of this valley are the most primitive we have met with in any part of the Lake District: and if the traveller wishes to see what men are—and yet more, women—in point of intelligence, in a position which renders the human face a rare sight to them, he had better take his way to Upper Borrowdale through Watendlath. He must note the circular pool which supplies the waters of Lodore; and he should look through the chasm where the stream pours over, to see how gloriously the Lake and the Skiddaw range here combine. It is a perfect intoxication to traverse this valley when the heather is in bloom on its wild hill sides; and when summer breezes come over the ridge from Helvellyn to the east; and the great central summits of Scawfell and Bowfell show themselves in front over all the intervening heights. The descent upon Rosthwaite is the concluding treat. The way is easy,—a gentle slope over grass and elastic heather; and the whole surface of the slope is starred over with bright heath flowers. The head of the Dale, always awful, whether gloomy or bright, opens out, and seems to be spreading its levels for one's reception. The passes to Buttermere (by which we left the Dale at the outset), to Sty Head (by which we entered it), and to the Stake (by which we are about to leave it now), disclose themselves round the projecting Glaramara. The other way lie Grange and the Lake. Below us is Rosthwaite, with the brattling stream behind, which we must presently cross by stepping-stones to reach the inn.

And now the time is come for leaving Borrowdale. The top of the Stake Pass is five miles and a half from Rosthwaite. After the first mile, when the farm-house at Stonethwaite is passed, not another dwelling will be seen. The path follows, and at length crosses, the stream, which is the infant Derwent, finding its way down from Angle Tarn, lying high up in a recess of Bowfell. This valley of Langstreth is extremely wild; but there is no perplexity in it for the traveller who keeps the path in view. It is a pleasant path where it goes zigzag up the steep green slope, within hearing of the stream; and offers here an old oak, and there a waving birch within reach, where the traveller may sit and rest, while looking back upon the levels of Borrowdale. When he has reached the Top of the Stake, he is under the shadow of Bowfell, safely returned to his starting point, among the central summits of the region.

The traveller must not linger long on the heights, however; for there is no help there, in case of fatigue and hunger. He must come down into Langdale,—still by the same Stake Pass,—and repose himself at the farm-house at Millbeck, where he can obtain, not exciseable articles, but good plain food, and milk, and water. From the moment of his obtaining a view of Langdale from above, he will see this house, and meet with no kind of difficulty in reaching it, the path being distinctly marked all the way; a distance of above five miles from the Top of the Stake, according to the Guide-books.

The character of Langdale is distinctly marked, and pretty uniform from end to end. It has levels, here expanding and there contracting; and the stream winds among them throughout. There is no lake or pool: and the mountains send out spurs, alternating or meeting, so as to make the levels sometimes circular and sometimes winding. The dwellings, all, without exception, which lie below the head of the dale, are on the rising grounds which skirt the levels: and this, together with the paving of the roads in the levels, shows that the valley is subject to floods. The houses in Langdale,—of gray stone, each on its knoll, with a canopy of firs and sycamores above it, and ferns scattered all about it, and ewes and lambs nestling near it,—these dale-farms are cheerful and pleasant objects to look upon, whether from above or passing among them. Our traveller is, however, to pass only two or three, which lie between his descent and Millbeck.

From Millbeck, he will, of course, proceed to see Dungeon Ghyll Force. (Cut, No. 7.) He must not, on hearing this name, let his imagination carry him to the foundations of some robber castle for its origin. In the language of the country people here a fissure or cavern in the

rock is called a Dungeon. Ghyll means also a fissure: so Dungeon Ghyll is emphatically a fissure by name; and it certainly is so also by nature. The stranger must either take some one with him, to put him in the way (though the place is not more than half-a-mile off), or he must take care not to go up to the ghyll and stream behind the farm, which he will do as a matter of course unless warned to the contrary. What he wants is the next, to the left. When he reaches the spot where the dark chasm yawns, and the waters are loud, though he cannot see anything of the fall, let him not fear missing the sight. If there is a ladder, he must descend: if not, or if it be broken, or rotten with continual wet, he can easily get down the rock. And there it is!—the fall in its cleft, tumbling and splashing, while the light ash, and all the vegetation besides, is everlastingly in motion from the stir of the air. Then let him look up, and see how a bridge is made aloft by the lodgment of a block in the chasm. He will be fortunate if he is there just at that hour of the summer afternoon when the sunlight gushes in obliquely,—a narrow, radiant, translucent screen, itself lighting up the gorge, but half concealing the projections and waving ferns behind it. The way in which it converts the spray into sparks and gems can be believed only by those who have seen it.

In order to get into Easedale, the traveller will take a guide from Millbeck, to conduct him to Stickle Tarn, and thence to Easedale Tarn. We could wish him no better treat than some hours' leisure for angling in Stickle Tarn, which is famous for its trout. This tarn is reached by a peat-road from Millbeck, and its circular basin, brimming with clear water, lies finely under the steep rocks of Pavey Ark. To us there is no object of this mountain scenery more interesting than its tarns. Their very use is one which gratifies one's sense of beauty. Their use is to cause such a distribution of the waters as may fertilize without inundating the lands below. After rains, if the waters all came pouring down at once, the vales would be flooded; as it is, the nearer brooks swell, and pour themselves out into the main stream, while the mountain brooks are busy in the same way above, emptying themselves into the tarns. By the time the streams in the valley are subsiding, the upper tarns are full, and begin to overflow; and now the overflow can be received in the valley without injury. We know of nothing in natural scenery which conveys such an impression of stillness as the tarns which lie under precipices. For hours together the deep shadows lie absolutely unmoved; and when movement occurs, it may be such as does not disturb the sense of repose: it is only the dimple made by a restless fish or fly, or the gentle flow of water in and out; or the wild drake may launch and lead his brood in the deep gray shadow opposite, paddling so quietly as not to break up the mirror, but merely to let in two converging lines of white light to illuminate the recess. We saw this happen on Easedale Tarn, and felt we could never lose the picture thus made for us in a moment.

And when the tempest takes its swoop upon the tarn, what a sight it is! While we are approaching the hollow where the tarn is known to lie, and some time before the waters are visible, little white clouds come whirling or puffing out, and drive against the mountain side. We expect, of course, to find a mist overhanging the tarn, and begin to wonder whether we shall see anything of it, after climbing so far on purpose: and lo! there it is, distinct enough, in a vast fury. What we saw was not mist, but spray, caught up by the wind, and whirled away. The four winds seem to have met in this hollow, and to be running the waters up towards the centre; or two are pursuing each other, and speeding over the surface in all sorts of rapid caprices. Such wild commotion, in a place so absolutely retired, produces an impression no less singular than that of the deepest stillness, when the solitary angler treads as softly, in changing his place, as if he feared to wake infant Nature from her noontide sleep.

If the traveller wishes to ascend Harrison Stickle, the loftiest of the Langdale Pikes, it will be from hence. The height of Harrison Stickle is 2409 feet above the level of the sea. If he does not ascend the Pike, he crosses the Fell to Easedale Tarn, and has before him a descent full of delights, from the dreary and lonely Fell down gradually into the beauty of Grasmere. From the Tarn, he follows the stream, past its many leaps, and rapids, and windings round obstructing rocks, till he finds himself standing above the Fall, called Sour Milk Ghyll Force. This name is said to be given to the Fall on account of the whiteness of its broken waters. It is a full and impetuous fall, visible from afar from the turbulence of its waters; yet we have seen it on a calm winter's day, suspended by frost; its recess, at all other times full of tumultuous noise, then as still as the tarn above from which it flows. Here, where the summer sunshine is apparently fought with and rejected, the mild wintry beams were silently received, and enshrined in crystal icicles.

The fine outline of Helm Crag, with its green sides and broken crest, now appears to the left; the fertile levels of Easedale lie below; and in front there is an opening to Grasmere, through which the church and village, the wooded knolls, the circular lake with its single green island clumped with pines, the rich sloping shores, and the green declivity of Loughrigg opposite, are disclosed to the eye, more and more fully, till the traveller arrives at Grasmere.

From the verdant and tranquil aspect of the valley, it is usually and naturally supposed that Grasmere is named from its grassy slopes and shores; but its derivation is pointed out by its connexion with Grisedale, which opens laterally from it, under the shadow of Helvellyn. Gris is the old Saxon for wild swine; and the lake was once called Grismere,—the lake of the wild boar. A deep and still retreat this must have been in the days of wild boars! If the traveller has time, he should ascend the pass to Grisedale Tarn, from behind the Swan Inn—the tempting clean white house which catches the eye of every one who visits Grasmere.



7.—DUNGEON GHYLL.

Our business now is, however, to follow the high road over Dunmail Raise,—the pass which has Steel Fell on the west, and Seat Sandal on the east. At the highest point, this pass is only 720 feet above the sea; but, in a wind, the ascent is fatiguing enough, from the strength of the draught between the heights. (Cut, No. 9.) The stream on the right divides the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland. One object, so rude as not to attract attention unless pointed out, should not be missed: a pile of stones or cairn, which marks the spot of a critical fight in the olden time, when the Anglo-Saxon king, Edmund, defeated and slew Dunmhnail, the British king, of Cumbria, and then put out the eyes of the two sons of the deceased king, and gave their inheritance to Malcolm, king of Scotland, to hold it in fee. This happened about A.D. 945.

A little inn, the 'Nag's Head,' stands by the roadside, about a mile and a quarter from the cairn. From thence the traveller should proceed to explore the Wythburn Water, or Leathes Water, now called Thirlmere. Too many visitors see this lake only from the mail-road, and then declare it the least interesting lake of the district: but they can form no estimate of its beauty without exploring its western bank, —a thing easily done, as there is a plain track the whole way. The track, admitting carts, leaves the mail-road not more than a mile from the Nag's Head, and winds between fields to a collection of houses, once called by the grand name of the City of Wythburn; and thence, past a farm or two, and between walls, till the traveller finds himself fairly on his way above the lake. As he looks round him he will wonder at the changes which have taken place since the days when the squirrel could go from Wythburn to Keswick without touching the ground. When the woods so covered the scene, this lake must have been gloomy indeed, overshadowed, as it always is, by Helvellyn, and shrouded besides, at that time, by an unbroken forest. Now light and colour are let in by the clearing of the ground; and the description of a recent observer shows how little like a forest scene it now is: "It was luxury to sit on a high grassy slope, between two bold promontories, and look down upon the black and solemn waters, the great Helvellyn rising steep and bare on the opposite shore. The scene was so sombre, even in the fine evening light of gay July, that a white horse in a cart moving slowly along the road under Helvellyn—a very minute object at such a distance—seemed to cast a light into the landscape! Then, in a few more steps, we emerged into a noble amphitheatre of rocks, retiring from the lake, and leaving a level meadow of the richest green for us to traverse. These rocks were feathered with wood to their summits, except where bold projections of gray or dun crags relieved the prevalent green with a most harmonious colouring. High up, almost at the very top, gushed out a foaming stream, from some unseen recess; and the waters leaped and tumbled in their long descent till they reached the meadow, through which they quietly slid into the lake. Our walk over the deep grass and heather must have been very noiseless; for I evidently gave as vivid a start as I received, when I came upon a little clear pool in the grass, with a reedy margin, whence a heron sprang up so close that I might almost have laid hold on its beautiful wings or long legs, as it hurried away, leaving the water dimpled and clouded in the spot where it had stood fishing when alarmed. Then our path lay along the margin of the lake, and then through a shady lane which opened into a farm-yard. We came now near the bridge, and were soon to be satisfied how a lake could be crossed by a bridge. In one spot, about halfway along the lake,—which is about two miles and a half in length, and from a quarter to half a mile in breadth,—the shores throw out promontories which leave no very wide space from point to point; and here there is a rising of the ground from below, so that the waters are shallow—even fordable at times for carts and horses. Piers of rough stone are built, and piles of them raised at intervals; and these intervals are crossed by planks with a hand-rail; so that it is a picturesque bridge enough."

Having reached the high road again, the next object is to cross over eastwards to Ulleswater. If the traveller means to make a short cut over the Fells, his guide will meet him at the King's Head,—a neat little inn, near the spot where he has entered upon the mail-road. If he prefers a longer journey by car, or on horseback, he must be met here, according to previous orders, and take the right hand road—that to Threlkeld, instead of the left hand road to Keswick. From the lovely vale of St. John's he will turn, after a time, over the somewhat dreary moor of Matterdale, whose religious name—sacred to the Virgin Mother—reminds us, as does Patterdale, of the monks who named them from their paternosters and Ave Marys, repeated as a tutelary charm as they travelled through these wilds.

From Matterdale the road drops down upon the western bank of Ulleswater, passing at length through Gowbarrow Park. There is perhaps nothing in the district finer than the interval between this entrance upon Gowbarrow Park and the head of the lake. The park is studded over with ancient trees; and the sides of its watercourses, and the depths of its ravines, are luxuriantly wooded. The gray walls of Lyulph's Tower rise on one of the finest points of view. This building is modern, being a hunting-seat erected by a late Duke of Norfolk: but it stands on the site of a former building named, as some think, from the same personage who gave its name to the lake—Ulf, or L'Ulf, the first baron of Greystoke. Others suppose it to signify simply Wolf's Tower. Some one from this house will show the way, over the open grass, and then through the wood, to Ara Force, a waterfall of remarkable beauty, buried deep in a wooded ravine.

As the traveller sits in the cool damp nook at the bottom of the chasm, where the echo of dashing and gurgling waters never dies, and the ferns, long grasses, and ash sprays wave and quiver everlastingly in the pulsing air; and as, looking up, he sees the slender line of bridge spanning the upper fall, he ought to

know of the mournful legend which belongs to this place, and which Wordsworth has preserved. In the olden time, a knight who loved a lady, and courted her in her father's tower here, at Greystoke, went forth to win glory. He won great glory; and at first his lady rejoiced fully in it: but he was so long in returning, and she heard so much of his deeds in behalf of distressed ladies, that doubts at length stole upon her heart as to whether he still loved her. These doubts disturbed her mind in sleep; and she began to walk in her dreams, directing her steps towards the waterfall where she and her lover used to meet. Under a holly tree beside the fall they had plighted their vows; and this was the limit of her dreaming walks. The knight at length returned to claim her. Arriving in the night, he went to the ravine, to rest under the holly until the morning should permit him to knock at the gate of the tower: but he saw a gliding white figure among the trees; and this figure reached the holly before him, and plucked twigs from the tree, and threw them into the stream. Was it the ghost of his lady love? or was it herself? She stood in a dangerous place: he put out his hand to uphold her: the touch awakened her. In her terror and confusion she fell from his grasp into the torrent, and was carried down the ravine. He followed and rescued her; but she died upon the bank —not, however, without having fully understood that her lover was true, and had come to claim her. The knight devoted the rest of his days to mourn her: he built himself a cell upon the spot, and became a hermit for her sake.

Place Fell is a fine mountain, coming out boldly into the lake on the opposite side: and Stybarrow Crag shoots up high overhead, as one follows the windings of the shore. (Cut, No. 10.) One should not pass the next opening without going up to see the little hamlet which the children of the place have named 'Seldom Seen.' This is Glencoin—the Corner Glen, which is one of the sweetest nooks in the district.

The next stream which crosses the road is from Glenridding. Thick and dirty as its waters look, they come down from Kepple Cove Tarn and Red Tarn, high up on Helvellyn. It is from the lead-works that they take their defilement, in passing through Greenside. If the traveller had come over Helvellyn from Wythburn, or through Grisedale from Grasmere, he would have descended by the banks of this stream.

The inn at Patterdale—a luxurious family hotel—is four miles from Lyulph's Tower; and if the traveller has wisely walked from the entrance of Gowbarrow Park, he must still be fresh enough to ascend the glorious pass behind, to obtain a view of Brothers' Water, Hays Water, and Windermere from the top of the Kirkstone pass. If he likes, he can do the greater part of it on horseback or in a car. After three or four miles of winding road, among the rich levels of Patterdale, which is guarded by mountains jutting forwards, like promontories, he begins to ascend, passing Hartsop and the pretty still sheet called Brothers' Water. Up and up he goes, between the sweep of Coldfell on his left, and the Scandale Screes on the right, no longer wondering at the tales current of the snowdrifts and murderous frosts which here attack the wayfarer in the winter season. Here there is no shelter or escape from the cutting wind, or the snows which cannot accumulate on the steep slopes, and must therefore drive in heaps into the pass. We have known enough of the biting of a north wind in April in this pass to feel that it must be a calm day indeed which would induce us to traverse it in winter. When the traveller has reached the toll-house, which is declared by an inscription of the Ordnance Surveyors to be the highest inhabited house in England, he obtains a noble view over Ambleside and its valleys at the Head of Windermere, the Coniston Mountains, and the whole of the district which lies between him and the sea; the sea itself being seen glittering, with perhaps a steamer upon it, in a clear and favourable light.

Returning down the pass, he first observes the fallen rock, ridged like a roof, whose form (that of a small church) has given the name to the pass: and next, is struck with the first sight of Brothers' Water from above: and all the way as he descends to it, the openings on the Scandale side, the left, charm his eye,—with their fissures, precipices, green slopes or levels, and knolls in the midst, crowned with firs. He will not now pass Hartsop, as before, but turn up the road to the right, among the farms, and reach and follow the Beck to its source at Hays Water. It is a lively stream to follow up; and, at a distance of a mile and a half from the main road, lies Hays Water, the large Tarn which is the delight of the angler, because the trout have abundantly delighted in it before him. It is overhung by High Street, so that perhaps the Roman eagles, as well as the native birds of the rocks, have cast their shadows upon its surface. Not far off lies Angle Tarn, on the southern end of Place Fell. Both these tarns send their brooks down, to swell the stream from Brothers' Water, which is itself supplied from the busy, noisy beck which descends the Kirkstone Pass. The whole forms a clear brown stream, winding through Patterdale, and quietly emptying itself into Ullswater, among the green meadows about its head. (Cut, No. 8.)

It now remains to see the Ullswater mountains from the lake; and for this purpose the traveller must take a boat from Patterdale to Pooley Bridge. The lake, somewhat shorter than Windermere, has three reaches,—its form being that of the letter Z; and the diversity of view thus afforded is very striking. (See Plate.) Place Fell, with its noble steeps, is the principal object at the upper part of the lake; and next, Helvellyn, which seems to rise in proportion as the distance is increased. The shores subside towards the foot of the lake, and a new country is entered on landing. Penrith, six miles distant from Pooley Bridge, is a neat little town, busy, from being the great thoroughfare of the district, but not particularly interesting, except from some Druidical remains in its neighbourhood, and its vicinity to Brougham Castle. To the stranger, just arriving in the district, there is indeed the interest of seeing for the first



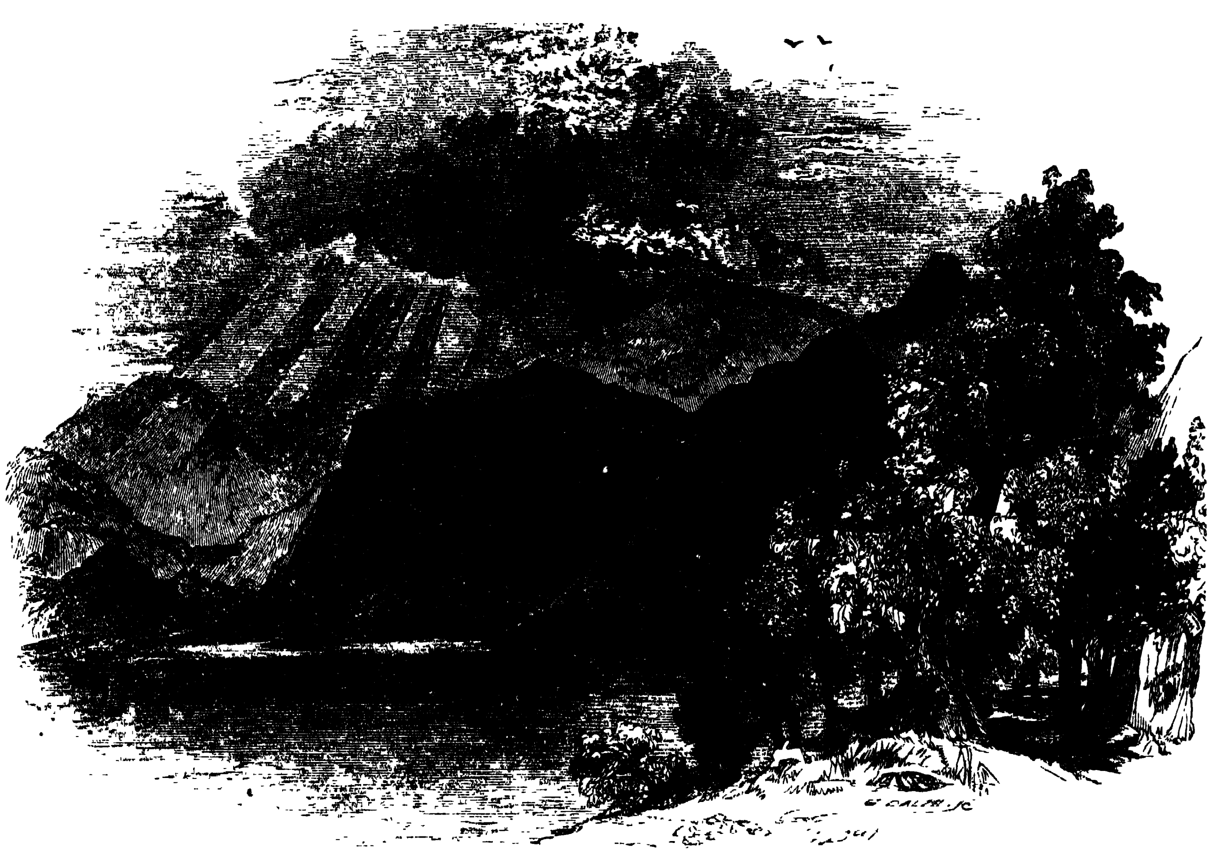


8.—PATTERDALE.

9.—GRASMERE, FROM DUNMAIL RAISE. DERWENT WATER AND CONISTON IN THE DISTANCE.

time some of the peculiarities of the people,—their wooden shoes and slated floors, their fine old carved presses and chairs (the envy of curiosity seekers), and their air of homely prosperity. But it has not the charm of the little towns which are set down on the levels between two lakes, or which nestle in the skirts of a mountain, or spread themselves round the curve of a bay. As it is more modern,—or rather, as the notions and habits of its inhabitants are more modern than those of more primitive places,—we may hope it is less afflicted than other towns of the region with their curse and shame,—unhealthiness!

This unhealthiness is no less a shame than a curse: for the fault is in man, not in Nature. Nature has fully done her part in providing rock for foundations, the purest air, and amplest supplies of running water: yet the people of the towns live—as we are apt to pity the poor of the metropolis for living—in stench, huddled together in cabins, and almost without water. The wilfulness of this makes the fact almost incredible; but the fact is so. There are several causes for this; all of which are remediable. The great landed proprietors are, in too many cases, utterly careless about the ways of living of their humble neighbours; and those humble neighbours need enlightenment about sanitary matters. There are even instances known of landed proprietors, urging some feudal claim and authority, who absolutely forbid the erection of any new dwellings except on the site of former ones: and this in neighbourhoods where the population is rapidly increasing. There are some who interest themselves about the building of handsome houses for opulent persons, while they never raise a cottage, or leave the builders time or opportunity to erect cottages, or will dispose of their land for sites. It will be seen at a glance what a despotic and increasing power is thus held by these proprietors:—how absolutely dependant the labouring classes must be on the pleasure of their landlords, when any displeasing act, any unwelcome independence in religion, or politics, or pursuits, or habits, may subject them to warning to leave their cottages, while no others are to be had. The labouring class, therefore, though exempt from poverty, generally speaking,—indeed more prosperous as to gain than perhaps any other of their class in the kingdom,—are too often at the mercy of their rich neighbours, and suffer in health and morals as much as the poor of great towns. They are crowded together in dens and cabins, so that decency cannot be observed. They become profligate accordingly, to such a degree as is shocking and incredible to strangers who come hither with an expectation of finding "rural innocence" befitting the scene. Where the home is disgusting, men go to the public-house; and the staggering drunkards that one meets in the meadows, and the brawls that one overhears in the by-streets, and the domestic troubles which arise from licentiousness among people who are so crowded together that they cannot avoid each other, are a flagrant curse in this paradise of nature. In these little towns, where the fresh mountain winds are always passing hither and thither, and the purest streams are for ever heard gushing down from the heights, and the whole area is made up of slopes and natural channels, there are fever-nests, as in the dampest levels of low lying cities. The churchyards are so overcrowded in some places, that delicate persons cannot attend service without being ill; and some neighbouring houses are scarcely habitable. At Ambleside, where the small churchyard is inclosed by three roads, the sexton invariably faints when he opens a new grave. When there was a stir, a few years since, about a new church at Ambleside, the curate declared that the movement was made in order to obtain more room for the dead, rather than the living. As yet, nothing has been done. Fever, consumption, and scrofula, abound. And why is it so? Because few know of this state of things; and those who should care most about it care least; a large proportion of them, we fear, being too well satisfied with their possession of power to wish for any change. Nobody stirs;—neither land-owners, nor clergy, nor gentry, nor master-builders. Handsome houses rise in all directions, in the most beautiful valleys: new residents arrive, causing an increase in the number of the labouring class: and it is rare to see a new cottage in any corner, while one may observe three cottages thrown into one, to make a good house for one gentleman, whose occupancy throws three families out of health and hope. As to what can be done,—it is pretty clear. There is no occasion to wait for the enlightenment and regeneration of those who have shown how little they understand the duties of proprietorship. Let their eyes be opened, and their hearts be appealed to, by all means; for their own sakes as well as that of the oppressed: but there is no need to wait till they are wise. The general absence of poverty makes the way to amendment open and clear. The people are able and eager to pay good rents for decent and wholesome dwellings; and their probity about money matters is remarkable and unquestionable. There is, therefore, every inducement to capitalists at hand, and from a distance, to build in these neighbourhoods. There can hardly be a safer or more profitable investment than cottage-building here; and it is inconceivable that, if this were sufficiently known, the thing would not presently be done. But it is not known. The aggrieved class have no means of proclaiming their grievances; and they do not attempt it. They sicken and pine at home; they witness the corruption of some of their children, or, with a less sad heart, follow their coffins to the churchyard, while they hear that rich men round them are buying hundreds of acres, year by year, and leaving their vast estates to the management of stewards, who consider only their employer's taste, or his purse,—giving perhaps some of the contents of that purse in a corrupting bounty, while perpetuating a cruel oppression. If a single capitalist would begin the good work on one spot, with a clear purpose and the needful care, there is no saying what blessings might not spring from the act. It would be a very



10.—STYBARROW CRAG AND HELVELLYN, FROM GOWBARROW PARK.

safe experiment; for a good dwelling is here as convertible a property as a bank-note. If the state of the case can only be fairly made known, we shall not long see the pallid faces of the townspeople contrast strangely with the ruddy health of the dalesmen; or a family of twelve people lodged in two rooms; or open cesspools and stagnant sinks in back streets; or women painfully carrying water up the hills,—so painfully as to be tempted to make the smallest possible quantity serve for household purposes. The railroads, which some have so much feared, will be no small blessing to the district if they bring strangers from a more enlightened region to abolish the town-evils, which harbour in the very heart of the mountains.

The parish of Brougham, Burg-ham, (meaning Castletown), was the Brovacum of the Romans, where, as we learn from Nicolson and Burn, they had a company of Defensores, and left many tokens of their presence in antiquities which have come to light from time to time. The village of Brougham passed into the hands of the Veteriponts in the reign of John or Henry III. The Castle of Brougham has been held by the Veteriponts, Cliffords, and Tuftons; and is now the property of the Earl of Thanet. It is now in ruins: and fine ruins they are. They stand at the confluence of the Eamont and Lowther rivers, at the distance of a mile from Penrith.

Brougham Hall, the seat of Lord Brougham, is within a mile and a half of Penrith. The traveller should walk along the river-bank from the bridge at Brougham Hall to Askham, and then ascend the steep bank of red sandstone, overshadowed by trees, to the park of Lowther Castle.

The grounds here are fine; especially the terrace, which affords a noble walk. It is very elevated; broad, mossy, shady, breezy, and overlooking a considerable extent of country,—some of which is fertile plain, and some, a preparation for entrance upon the mountain district within. The most remarkable feature of this landscape is perhaps the hollow, within which lies Hawes Water. The park has some fine old trees; and the number and size of the yews in the grounds will strike the stranger. But great damage was caused in the woods by the extraordinary hurricane of 1839, which broke its way straight through, levelling everything in its path. On the road from Askham to Bampton, the high grounds of Lowther present on the left a nearly straight line of great elevation, along which runs the park wall, almost to the extremity of the promontory. From a distance, it looks the most enviable position for a park that can be imagined.

About five miles from Askham lies Hawes Water; a small lake, but of great beauty. It is little more than three miles long, and about half a mile broad.

One side is richly wooded; the other nearly bare; and two bold promontories threaten to cut it in two, in one part, where the passage is only two or three hundred yards wide. Round the head of the lake cluster the great mountains of Harter Fell, High Street, Kidsey Pike, and others, leaving space among their skirts for the exquisite little valley of Mardale. Those who are able to obtain one of Lord Lonsdale's boats for the traverse of the lake may think themselves fortunate; for this is, of course, the most perfect way of seeing the surroundings of so small a sheet of water: and all other persons are deprived of the means of doing so. There are some good houses on the shores, and at the further end; but the occupants who live on the very brink are not allowed to keep any sort of boat. His lordship's boats are to be had for the asking, it is declared: but there is doubt, of course, about people being on the spot when the boat is wanted: and it must be bespoken at Askham: and all this is something different from the ordinary facility of obtaining a boat at once, wherever there are inhabitants. The walk, however, is easy and agreeable enough,—by a good road which runs along the western bank

The crags which are heaped or sprinkled about the head of the lake are extremely fine. They jut out from the mountain side, or stand alone on the green slopes, or collect into miniature mountain clusters, which shelter tiny dells, whence the sheep send forth their bleat. There is a white house conspicuous at the head of the lake, which must not, under penalty of disappointment, be mistaken by the tired traveller for the Mardale Inn. The inn at Mardale Green is a full mile from the water; and sweet is the passage to it, if the walker be not too weary. The path winds through the levels, round the bases of the knolls, past the ruins of the old church, and among snug little farms, while, at one extremity of the dale is the lake, and the other is closed in by the pass to Kentmere and Sleddale, and the great Pikes tower on either hand. The stream which gushes here and pauses there, as it passes among rough stones or through a green meadow, comes down from Small Water, reinforced by a brook from Blea Water on High Street, which joins the other a little above Mardale.

The hostess at Mardale Green Inn will make her guests comfortable with homely food and a clean bed: and the host will, if necessary, act as guide up the passes.

The traveller may make his choice of three ways out by the Pass of Nanbield. He may take a turn to the left before reaching Small Water, and go down into Long Sleddale,—to which we know of no sufficient inducement, unless it be that the way is practicable for a horse, which the others are not: or he may ascend, by the pretty Blea Tarn, the slope of High Street on the right, see where the Roman road ran along its ridge, and descend into Troutbeck: or he may go forward past Small Water, leaving High Street unvisited on the right, and drop into Kentmere, study its character as he proceeds down its length, and then strike over the Fells to the right into Troutbeck. His choice will be much determined by weather, of course: and we wish him something more of a choice than was permitted to us lately by a wind which laid us flat on the summit of the pass, and made all thought of High Street quite out of the question.

There is no difficulty in the ascent from Mardale Green; but the traveller indulges in frequent rests, for the sake of looking back upon the singularly-secluded valley, with its winding stream, its faintly-marked track, and its little inn, recognised to the last by the sycamores and poplars which overshadow its roof and rustle before the door. Then he comes to the hollow where lies the Tarn,—Small Water. Here he will rest again, sitting among scattered or shelving rocks, and drinking from this pure mountain basin. Arrived at the top, he loses sight of Mardale and greets Kentmere almost at the same moment. The dale behind is wild as any recess in the district: while before him lies a valley whose grandeur is all at the upper end; and which spreads out and becomes shallower with every mile of its recession from the mountain cluster which he is now about to leave.

When he has gone down a mile, he finds that he is travelling on one side of the Tongue of Kentmere,—the projection which, in this and some other valleys, splits the head of the dale into a fork. When he arrives at the chapel, he finds that there is a carriage-road which would lead him forth to Staveley and Kendal. But he is going over into Troutbeck: so he turns up to the right, and pursues the broad zigzag track which leads over the Fell, till Troutbeck opens beneath him on the other side. Before beginning the ascent, however, he will note Kentmere Hall,—the birthplace of Bernard Gilpin, in 1517. If familiar with the old descriptions of the district, he will look for Kentmere Tarn, and wonder to see no trace of it. It is drained away; and fertile fields now occupy the place of the swamp, reeds, and shallow waters, which he might have seen but a few years ago. While this tarn existed, the mills at Kendal were very irregularly supplied with water. Now, when the streams are collected in a reservoir, which the traveller sees in coming down from the Pass of Nanbield, and the intercepting tarn is done away with, the flow of water no longer fails.

He descends into Troutbeck by the road over Applethwaite Common, which brings him down upon the chapel and the bridge, in the very depth of the deep valley of Troutbeck. Or, if he likes to drop down at once, so as to alight in the dale at the extremity of Troutbeck Tongue, he will enjoy the walk along the whole length of this charming valley,—among its old-fashioned farmsteads, and primitive aspects of every kind. He must be careful to cross the beck, and proceed on the western side of the valley, if, as we must suppose, his object is to reach Lowwood Inn or Ambleside. If he means to make Bowness his resting-place, he may keep on the eastern side of the stream, and follow the road.

From the western road, there are exquisite views,—now of Troutbeck Tongue; next, of the deep levels

through which winds the beck, peopled with trout, and therefore sought by the angler: next, of the chapel and bridge below; and then, when the road has wound some way over the boundary hills, of Windermere in almost its whole extent. The country people will tell him that "this is thought one of the handsomest views in these parts,—especially at the back-end of the year." It is always so "handsome," whether in the vivid green of spring, or the deep lustre and shadows of summer, or the radiant woodland hues of autumn, or the solemn lights of a wintry sunset, that we could make no choice among the four seasons. Has any one who wonders at this seen this view when there was a bar of red-hot snow on the ridge of Wansfell, and the islands lay purple in the crimson lake,—the Calgarth woods standing so still as that not a single twig let fall its burden of snow? If not, let him not wonder that the residents of the district hesitate between its winter and its summer charms.

The traveller cannot now miss his way down to the high-road from Kendal to Ambleside, which he will join at a short distance from Lowwood Inn.

Our notice of the fourth section of the Lake Scenery is much shortened by a full account having been given in No. V. of this work of Windermere, Ambleside, and Rydal.

We must now set forth again from the central heights which have been our rallying-point throughout. Supposing the traveller once more on the Stake Pass at the head of Langdale, he must now neither turn up towards the Pikes as before, nor proceed down the dale, but go up the road to his right, which will lead him into the little valley chosen by Wordsworth for the retreat of the Solitary, in his poem of the 'Excursion.' There is a gray farm-house, which every eye will fix upon as the abode of the mourner; though it is now well sheltered with trees, which have grown up since the poem was written. Blea Tarn, with its rushy margin, lies at the bottom of the hollow; and all around rise the steep hills which the recluse was counselled to climb, for the medicinal influence of activity of body, promoting repose of mind. (Cut, No. 11.) Thence the road conducts into Little Langdale—a scene of great wildness, with its heathery and rock-strewn steeps—its rushy springs and rude sheepfolds below, with a green and craggy hill rising in the midst of the wildness, like a bright island from a gloomy sea. In this dreary scene, a horse-road is observed sloping up the brown side of Wrynose, opposite. This track was once the only traffic-road from Kendal to Whitehaven; and it was traversed by pack-horses. Up that slope might be seen—not any sort of stage-coach, or wagon, or carrier's cart, but long trains of pack-horses, slowly trailing up the hills with their heavy loads, guided by the bell round the neck of the leader. A pack-horse is seldom or never seen there now; but a pack-man is a not unfrequent sight. The travelling merchant has not yet disappeared; and it will probably be some time before he does; so completely are the dalespeople out of the way of shops and markets. We observe that these travelling merchants have lost much of their repute among residents, who are more up to the times than formerly. We were lately in a remote farmhouse, —the last in its dale—when a packman stalked in; a saucy fellow, something of an Autolicus, with a dash of the bully, we thought, in his face and manner. Nobody would look at his wares; and when he was crossing the field, bending under his heavy load, the housewife observed that she never bought of those people; they put off such poor goods at such high prices. We did not at once impute all the blame to the pedlars, remembering that the good wife was probably comparing their prices with shop prices at Kendal or Ambleside, forgetting that the travelling merchant must pay himself for his time and toil in these long walks, and for the disadvantage of having a very limited stock: but the incident goes to show that the vocation of the pedlar is wearing out. There is, and will long be, however, some custom left. If servant-maids near towns can seldom resist the sight of bright shawls and gay ribbons hung over chair-backs, how seducing must such things be in the remote dales, where the women never see anything else from the world without, unless when attending some sale or fair within walking distance!

This pack-horse road, if pursued (which would not suit our purpose now), would soon lead near the Three Shire Stones, on Wrynose, which mark the meeting point of the counties of Lancaster, Westmoreland, and Cumberland, close by the sources of the Duddon. Instead of turning up this road, our traveller will hold right on, into Tilberthwaite, under the side of Wetherlam.

Here he is in the midst of magnificent slate quarries. Among their *débris*, and the confusion made by Nature, he passes, till, following the guidance of the fine brawling stream on his left, he reaches Shepherd's Bridge, and enters Yewdale. Yewdale is very glorious in all seasons; but perhaps most in autumn, when the heather-bloom is brightest, and before the leaves fall from the ash and birch, which spring and wave from the clefts of the high precipices and summits. The heather abounds in most of the dales hereabouts; but in Yewdale it spreads its purple expanse up to the base of the highest gray crags, and tufts and cushions the platforms of the very rock. How vivid is the contrast wherever a strip or patch of unmixed grass shows itself amidst the purple and the gray! and what a life is given to the scene by the sheep that find their way to these pasture-islands on the hill side! This is the place too for noting the intense green of the moss which grows on the shelves of the rock; and the silvery brightness of the mists which in an autumn morning curl and whirl about the bare summits, and come breathing out of the higher fissures. One of the crags here is called Raven Crag; and a pair of ravens is, at this time, dwelling in the neighbourhood. Long may it be before their iron note is listened for in vain by the wakeful echoes of the dale! But those echoes are too often disturbed by the

shot of the ignorant and rash fowler, who takes aim at everything he sees. The miners about Coniston, and other workmen in the region, go out on holidays, to bring down everything they see on the wing; and the rarest birds have no more chance with them than so many crows. The eagle is gone; the buzzards are disappearing; and the raven has become very rare.

The traveller should see the copper-works at Coniston, (if he can obtain leave,) both for their own sake, and for the opportunity it gives him of observing the people engaged there, and because they lie in his way to the tarns on Coniston Old Man, and to the summit of the mountain itself. The Tarns are very interesting; Low Water, Goat's Water, Blind Tarn, and, some considerable way along the ridge, Lever's Water under Wetherlam. Some think the views from the top of the Old Man finer than from any mountain summit in the country, except Scawfell—not even excepting Helvellyn: and this may very well be, from the country being here open to the southern peninsulas and the sea, instead of bristling with mountain peaks all round. One of the productions of this neighbourhood is the celebrated potted char, known all over the country. There is char in Windermere, and several of the other lakes; but Coniston Lake produces by far the finest fish.

As the traveller is now about to enter upon a comparatively low country, well peopled, and with good roads, he will probably be disposed to give up his pedestrian mode of travelling, and proceed either on horseback or in a car. He can do this from Coniston, if he so pleases. He had better go down the lake on its eastern side, for various reasons; and chiefly, that he may obtain the best views of the exquisite head of the lake. Passing round Waterhead, he will presently ascend to a considerable height at the north-eastern end of the fine sheet of Coniston Water; and there he will assuredly pause, and hope that he may never forget what he now sees. He has probably never beheld a scene which conveyed a stronger impression of joyful charm; of fertility, prosperity, comfort, nestling in the bosom of the rarest beauty. It is too true that there is wrong and misery here, as elsewhere: but this does not lie open to the notice in a bird's-eye view. It is true that here, as elsewhere, there are responsible persons who are negligent; some of the working class who are ignorant and profligate; dwellings which are unwholesome; and lives which are embittered by sickness and mourning. But these things are not visible from the point whence the traveller feasts his eyes with the scattered dwellings under their sheltering wood,—the cheerful town, the rich slopes, and the dark gorge and summits of Yewdale behind; while the broad water lies as still as heaven, between shore and shore. In these waters it was that Elizabeth Smith used to dip her oar, on those summer days when she left her studies to show the beauty of Coniston to her mother's guests: and it was near the place where the traveller now stands that she died. Tent Lodge is erected on the spot where the tent was pitched in which she spent some of her feeblest and latest days.

It is sixteen miles from Coniston Water Head to the cheerful little town of Ulverston; from whence it is only seven miles to Furness Abbey.

This Abbey was first peopled from Normandy; a sufficient number of Benedictine monks coming over from the monastery of Savigny, to establish this house in honour of St. Marye of Furnesse. In a few years their profession changed,—they followed St. Bernard, and wore the white cassock, caul, and scapulary, instead of the dress of the gray monks. It is strange now to see the railway traversing those woods where these gray-robed foreigners used to pass hither and thither, on their saint's errands to the depressed and angry Saxons dwelling round about. The situation of the Abbey, as is usual with religious houses, is fine. It stands in the depth of a glen, with a stream flowing by; the sides of the glen being clothed with wood. A beacon once belonged to it; a watch-tower on an eminence accessible from the Abbey, whose signal-fire was visible all over Low Furness, when assistance was required, or foes were expected. The building is of the pale red stone of the district. It must formerly have almost filled the glen: and the ruins give an impression, to this day, of the establishment having been worthy of the zeal of its founder, King Stephen, and the extent of its endowments, which were princely. The boundary-wall of the precincts enclosed a space of sixty-five acres, over which are scattered remains which have, within our own time, been interpreted to be those of the mill, the granary, the fish-ponds, the ovens and kilns, and other offices. As for the architecture, the heavy shaft is here, as at Calder Abbey, found alternating with the clustered pillar, and the round Saxon with the pointed Gothic arch. The masonry is so good that the remains are even now firm and massive; and the winding-staircases within the walls are still in good condition, in many places. The nobleness of the edifice consisted in its extent and proportions; for the stone would not bear the execution of any very elaborate ornament. The crowned heads of Stephen and his queen, Maude, are seen outside the window of the Abbey, and are among the most interesting of the remains. It is all very *triste* and silent now. The Chapter-house, where so many grave councils were held, is open to the babbling winds. Where the abbot and his train swept past in religious procession, over inscribed pavements echoing to the tread, the stranger now wades among tall ferns and knotted grasses, stumbling over stones fallen from their place of honour. No swelling anthems are heard there now, or penitential psalms; but only the voice of birds, winds, and waters. But this blank is what the stranger comes for. He has seen something of the territory over which the Abbots of Furness held a rule like that of royalty: and he now comes to take one more warning of how Time shatters thrones, dominations, and powers, and causes the glories of this world to pass away.

The stranger will vary his return by taking the road above Bardsea to Ulverston; and if he can, he should enjoy the glorious view from Birkrigg. From all the rising grounds, wide views over the Lancaster sands

and the sea are obtained; and the traveller may find something cheering to the spirits in the open stretch of landscape, after his wanderings among the narrow dales.

Newby Bridge, at the foot of Windermere, is eight miles from Ulverston. The drive is pleasant, and the traveller may as well take that road to Hawkshead, instead of returning up the side of Coniston Water. There is not much to see at Hawkshead itself; but the views which it commands of the little lake of Esthwaite are pretty. Esthwaite Water is two miles long by half a mile wide. Its scenery is rather tame; but the valley has a cheerful and flourishing aspect, with its green slopes and farmsteads dotted about, here and there. From Hawkshead, the traveller will proceed to the ferry on Windermere, in order to close with this lake, and the valleys at its head, his exploration of the lake district. What he is to meet with in the remainder of his circuit, he has already been told in the paper on Windermere, which has obtained a prior place in this work.

What weather he has had—to put up with or enjoy—we have not declared or conjectured. Much depends on the season; but, as everybody knows, much rain is sure to fall where there are mountain tops to attract the clouds. The lake district does receive a high average of rain. Hence much of its rich and verdant beauty is derived; but hence also arises much discontent and complaint on the part of fastidious tourists. The residents are not heard to complain. They are not pressed for time in seeing the beauties of the region: and they know of no day in the year when they do not go out, and see such beauty as sends them home happy. Either they do not dislike getting wet, (which is one of the most exhilarating things in the world to those who deserve to enjoy it,) or they guard themselves against the weather by waterproof dress: and they see such beauty in the streams, and hear such chorusses of waterfalls, as those know nothing about who will go out only in sunshine. Again, if one part of the day is wet, another is dry: if it is rainy in one valley, the sun shines in the next; and the resident can use these opportunities at his pleasure. It must be understood that he is not liable to suffer in health. The climate is moist; but it is not damp. The soil is rock or gravel, and the air is fresh and free; and the average of health is high accordingly, where the laws of nature are not violated in the placing and construction of habitations.

For the guidance of the visitor, we may mention that, generally speaking, the worst months of the year in the Lake District are November and December, for storms; March, for spring gales; and July for summer rain. The driest season is usually for a month or more onward from the middle of May. September and October are often very fine months. Those who come but once, and take only a cursory view of the region, cannot be too careful in choosing the most favourable season for their trip. But to those who are thoroughly familiar with the characteristics of this paradise, there is no aspect or accident of earth and sky which has not its charm.



11.—BLEA TARN AND LANGDALE PIKES.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

We need not spend much time in any introductory remarks on "the little isle that checks the westering tide," as Collins somewhere styles the Isle of Wight. If nearly two centuries ago Michael Drayton could sing that

> "Of all the southern isles it holds the highest place,
> And evermore hath been the great'st in Britain's grace;"

how much more truly could it be so said, or sung now! It is almost too well known. Everybody has seen it or read about it. Almost every part of it is as common as the Regent's Park or Kensington Gardens. It is the ordinary sauntering-place for invalids, and idlers, and honey-moon spenders. Whether however it is as truly known as it is generally known, or has been as adequately described as it has been often described, is a more questionable matter. For some resident White it once offered a theme of exceeding value, ready to be wrought into a history of wider scope and more various interest than that of Selborne: instead of which it has fallen into the hands of a host of prolix and puerile Guides, and vapid describers.* It is too late now to look for amendment: it has paid the penalty of its popularity; it has been petted and praised, and lionized, till nearly all its original charm is worn off; its artlessness is gone. One after another every lonely and lovely spot catches the fancy of tourist or builder: groves of venerable foliage are felled to make way for groves of white-fronted houses; the wooded slopes are pared, and trimmed, and converted into 'Terraces;' on the solitary hill-side bristles the many fantastic peaks of some flaring new villa, or lodge, or cottage, or castle, or whatever other name the lively imagination of its constructor suggests as most applicable to the curious edifice. Everywhere, in fact—

> "The lonely mountains o'er, and the resounding shore,
> The voice of woe is heard, and loud lament;
> From haunted spring and dale, edged with the poplar pale
> The parting Genius is with sighing sent."—(Milton.)

Under these circumstance neither writer nor reader can hope for novelty; and all we shall aim at will be to present a plain view of the general impression which the island is calculated to make on one who rambles over it, and forms his own notions of it, without regard to the laudation or the silence of guide-books. To these books, of which there is a goodly number, we refer the visitor for lists of the villas and like important details—and he may accept our account as a supplement to them.

It is little to be wondered at that the island is so favourite a resort of the summer tourist, or the holiday-maker, the newly wedded, or the solitary rambler, or any other bird of passage:

> "Every island is a prison,
> Strongly guarded by the sea,"

as Dr. Johnson used to say; and though little of that feeling is experienced here, there is just enough of isolation to give a slight tinge to the fancy. The narrow strait which separates it from the mainland, separates it also sufficiently from the ordinary working world. This strait may at any time be crossed in half an-hour, and you are in altogether a new region. Then the size of the place—scarcely 24 miles in its greatest length, and 13 in its greatest breadth—and its form—which the old topographers likened to a turbot, but which our more prim-speaking moderns, who have no relish for such dainty similitudes, describe as an irregular rhomboid or heraldic lozenge—bring every part of it within easy reach from one or two centres, and permit its examination without any risk of fatigue. While, however, it can be so easily seen, it can only be thoroughly explored by the pedestrian; and he alone has any chance of observing to advantage the two or three nooks that yet remain unencroached on by gentility, and unprofaned by Vandalic ornament. The guide-books all appear to take for granted that the tourist will hire a fly; and consequently give directions where "the travelling carriage is to stay," in order that a particular spot may be visited. This is of course proper enough for invalids and young brides, but they who are neither sick nor wed will do well to trust to their feet. The island flys are a great annoyance: and he who is troubled with them will find it necessary after he has got quit of them to go again over the ground, if he wishes to see it properly,—a practice wasteful alike of time, and cash, and temper—three things the traveller in Vectis will need to husband.

The scenery of the Isle of Wight may be classed under the Coast, the Downs, and the Valleys; and each has its varieties. The coast ranging as it does from the flat sandy bank to chalk cliffs of loftier and bolder elevation than in any other part of England; and including the wild Undercliff, and the singular Chines, is naturally the most attractive and celebrated part of the island. The Downs in themselves are not to be compared with the broader ranges of Sussex and Wiltshire, but they afford prospects at least as varied and

* Of course we do not mean to include under this censure the eminently splendid work of Sir Henry Englefield, or Worsley's very valuable history: but only to remark that from the narrow limits and compact form of the island, the singular variety of its physical features, and the uncommon range of its fauna, as well as the distinct character which its human inhabitants formerly possessed, there were ample and perhaps unrivalled materials for a popular and readable monograph of the order of which White has furnished so delightful an example:—we need hardly add that no such book has been, or now can be written of the Isle of Wight.

splendid. While in the valleys may be found quiet rural districts, with here and there a pretty rustic cottage, embowered among trees, and covered with roses, or a neat comfortable-looking farm-house lying in some bright verdant dale, and surrounded with abundant signs of moderate prosperity; picturesque homely villages, with their old weather-beaten churches, and often rich groves and woods reflecting in a brook or a pond their deep verdure, or perhaps through some casual opening among the boughs revealing a glimpse of the distant sea—recalling the memory of some half-forgotten or fancied picture, but glowing in colours fairer and brighter than ever painter's art could hope to imitate. These valleys are in least repute and are seldom visited for their own sakes; but they are frequently of exceeding beauty, especially if seen when

"Twilight's soft dews steal o'er the village green,
With magic tints to harmonise the scene,"
(ROGERS' 'Pleasures of Memory.')

RYDE.

In order to look even cursorily over the different scenes we have enumerated, it will be convenient to regard them apart. We shall commence with a stroll round the island. Ryde being the usual landing-place of the visitor, we may make it our starting point. When first distinctly seen from the steamer's deck its appearance is very promising. Along a hill side, of moderate elevation, rise in orderly clusters, or separately, the white houses from amidst dark masses of foliage. As we near it the houses begin to look bare and regular, the long black pier increases the formality; the whole puts on too much the ordinary air of a watering-place. If it be low-tide the wide band of mud that stretches from the pier-head to the town reminds you irresistibly of the "impassable gulf (if we may so call it) of deep mud, which could neither be traversed by walking nor swimming," when Fielding visited the place; and thankful that you have not to attempt to traverse it by any such mode, you pace the dreary length of the pier—it extends some 1740 feet into the sea—and without demur pay the two-pence which the authorities demand from every one who seeks to enter their town.

Ryde is a neat regularly built place; the streets are wide and clean, the shops many of them handsome, and there are private houses in the town as well as in its environs of a rather superior grade. It has a population of some 4,000 souls. There are churches, a town-hall, a theatre, and other public buildings, but none of them of any noticeable character. One of the best looking, perhaps, is the recently erected club-house. The whole town is of quite modern growth, and has too much of the baldness as well as the pretension of watering-place architecture. When Fielding was here, in 1754, "the whole parish did not seem to contain above thirty houses:" there are now considerably above a thousand: but the place has the look of being over-built. Fielding greatly admired the verdant appearance of Ryde:—"The fertility of the place," he says, "is apparent from its extraordinary verdure, and it is so shaded with large and flourishing elms, that its narrow lanes are a natural grove or walk, which in the regularity of its plantation vies with the power of art, and in its wanton exuberancy greatly exceeds it." All this is changed. The narrow lanes have become wide roads, and the large elms are mostly cut down. Still there is a good deal of foliage left to flourish, especially outside the town, but its wanton exuberancy is pruned, and it is trimmed and dressed into due propriety. On the whole Ryde is a cheerful town, and it is a great favourite with those who spend a summer in the island. The accommodations for visitors are on the most complete scale. Nine-tenths of the private houses are lodging-houses, and the shops are perhaps the smartest and best furnished in the island—a wide change from the time when Fielding was fain to put up with the hospitality of Mrs. Francis, and, as he relates, the butchers never killed ox or sheep "during bean and bacon season;" when he was obliged to send to a lady's house in the neighbourhood to beg some tea and vegetables—commodities that were not to be purchased in the town. In the inns, too—the class of houses which a traveller always regards with the most interest—there is also a great improvement. He need fear no such plentiful lack of entertainment in the island now-a-days. No one now finds occasion to complain of the contracted scale of either fare or charges in a Wight hostel.

And there is a good deal of comfort in the knowledge of this. Visitors do occasionally complain very heartily of the charges in the island inns, but they ought not to forget that if the bill is heavy the fare is good. Poor Fielding had to pay a high price for very different entertainment. He had to lodge in a tumble-down tenement, get nothing eatable or drinkable but what he himself provided, hear constant complaints of the trouble he was giving, and finally have his hostess grumble at the smallness of the bill, though she had inserted everything in it she could contrive to introduce. Travellers ought to know of these contrasts; it would help to save some effusions of bile occasionally. Note what he says of this amiable landlady:

"If her bills were remonstrated against she was offended with the tacit censure of her fair dealing; if they were not, she seemed to regard it as a tacit sarcasm on her folly, which might have set down larger prices with the same success. On this latter hint she did indeed improve, for she daily raised some of her articles. A pennyworth of fire was to-day rated at a shilling, to-morrow at eighteen pence; and if she dressed us two dishes for two shillings on the Saturday, we paid half-a-crown for the cookery of one on the Sunday; and whenever she was paid, she never left the room without lamenting the small amount of her bill, saying, 'she knew not how it was that others got their money by gentlefolks, but for her part she had not the art of



1.—RYDE, FROM THE EAST.

it.' When she was asked why, she complained, when she was paid all she demanded; she answered, 'she could not deny that, nor did she know she had omitted anything, but that *it was but a poor bill for gentlefolks to pay*.'" This last point, however, it must be acknowledged, you do sometimes hear gently suggested, even in these days of obsequiousness; but on the whole there is little other cause of complaint than the bill. And of that there is cause, perhaps; at least most travellers fancy so, but they may be mistaken. It is a rule in ethics, that the morality of a people is to be judged of by the code they recognise. In Sparta, says Plutarch, or somebody else, it was not disgraceful to steal, but to be detected in stealing. In the Isle of Wight, the traveller is regarded as an individual who comes there to spend a certain sum of money, and it is believed to be the duty of each islander to assist him in spending it as easily and speedily as possible. This is an obligation which every one in his degree early comprehends and faithfully performs. As the Spartan boy would undergo without flinching any amount of suffering rather than permit his prey to escape, so will the islander endure any rebuff without quitting hold of his. The hotels are but a part of the system; and that they come in for a larger share of the traveller's ire arises simply from their taking the lion's share of his gold. It will do him good to know, that their present method of procedure is only a continuance of the good old plan. Even the item of 'candles,' which commonplace travellers wonder to see in their bills, is as old as Mrs. Francis, and its presence there is no doubt justified as she justified it: "Candles! why yes, to be sure, why should not travellers pay for their candles? I'm sure I pays for mine!" In truth, the hotels in the ordinary route of travellers, are on too dashing a scale. They are often said to resemble gentlemen's villas in their appearance, and they require a gentlemanly purse to stay at. But they are very comfortable, and perhaps owing to the costliness of the establishment, and the comparative shortness of the visitor's 'season,' lower charges would not be remunerative. But, undoubtedly, a good many people are kept from the island who cannot afford to spend as much as they are told is necessary. It is for this reason that we have referred to the subject. We have often been asked, whether it is practicable to make an inexpensive tour in the island. It is, to a pedestrian, who can be content with plain fare, and cleanly, though rather homely, apartments. In almost every village there is an inn, and though they are inferior to the better class of village inns in the parent island, they are very bearable. We have tried, at different times, a good many of them, and most of the hotels, and confess to preferring the decent civility of the one, to the showier servility of the other. There is the advantage, too, of being in a better position for seeing something of the character of the peasantry—always a matter of interest to one who is desirous of understanding the tract of country he is travelling over. At these little inns, however, the stranger must reckon on some inconveniences, and though we have never found occasion to complain, we have heard others complain of the charges, when compared with the entertainment. To such a grumbler we heard the other day an answer given at one of them, almost in the very words which Fielding has put in the mouth of Mrs. Francis, when "*he* made some small remonstrance:" "For her part, she did not get her livelihood by travellers, who were gone and away, and she never expected to see them more; but her neighbours might come again, wherefore, to be sure, they had the only right to complain;" a comfortable doctrine for wayfarers. So much for the inns—it will serve for the whole island.

Brading Haven, Brading.

We will not stay now to speak of the pleasant walks around Ryde, though some of them are very pleasant; nor of the gentlemen's seats, though some of them are handsome mansions, and have fine prospects from their grounds. We will rather proceed eastwards on our journey. The sandy meadow, which we soon reach, called The Dover, was formerly distinguished by a number of small grassy mounds, which marked the graves of many of the seamen drowned in the *Royal George*, whose bodies were washed ashore near this spot. "We did not much like," said a fisherman, of whom Sir Henry Englefield inquired about these graves, "we did not much like drawing a net hereabouts for some weeks afterwards: we were always bringing up a corpse." The graves have long ceased to be distinguishable. From the Downs, from what is called the Sea View, and indeed nearly the whole way to the mouth of Brading harbour, the seaward prospect is very striking. The famous anchorage of Spithead stretches along, and there, and in the bay of St. Helen's, a glorious array of our noble ships of war may generally be observed, imparting a singular air of majesty to the scene, which is increased by the bold fortifications that guard the entrance to Portsmouth Harbour, and the harbour and town which are seen less distinctly beyond. From the slopes, a little more inland, the views are also often of much beauty. The view of Ryde (Cut, No. 1,) was taken from one of these spots, not far from St. John's. About Buckpool Bay, and Nettlestone, the coast is high and rocky, and being richly wooded on the summit, and in some instances down to the water, has a very fine appearance, as you sail slowly under it.

Brading Harbour is at low water a large muddy swamp, along the middle of which a narrow streamlet works its way to the sea. But at high-tide it seems a handsome lake of 800 acres area. At such a time it is indeed a very beautiful object. From the mouth of the harbour you see a really noble lake embayed between hills of moderate elevation, which are covered pretty thickly with trees, in many places down to the very edge of the water; along the banks and on the sides of the hills are scattered many neat houses, and a church or two, and the head of the lake is surrounded by a lofty range of downs, whilst the surface, itself of a deep azure hue, glitters with numerous glancing sails,

and is alive with hundreds of silver-winged seagulls. To one who has not seen, or can forget, a lake among the mountains, with the wondrous aërial fantasies which play about the lofty peaks that recede, ridge behind ridge, into the far distant ether, this will, if seen under favourable aspects, appear of almost unsurpassable beauty; to every one it must appear very beautiful. An hour or two should be devoted to a sail upon it. The views from the surface are very varied; those looking northwards derive much beauty from the way in which the sea, with its ships, and the distant shore, mingle with the lake. The view from the head of the harbour is, especially at sunset, eminently picturesque and striking.

There was a time when neither lake nor swamp existed here; but instead was a green and fertile valley. Through the midst of it flowed the narrow river, upon the banks of which stood a large and magnificent castle, whose owners were the lords of all these parts. Rich were they and proud, as well as powerful; but their wealth was ill-gained, and their power ill-exercised. From their towers they watched the adjacent sea; and merciless was the treatment of the ship they could by force or stratagem obtain possession of. Often as the walls of the castle witnessed scenes of splendid revelry, they as often, it was rumoured, beheld deeds of fearful wrong. But at last the long course of prosperity was followed by a terrible reverse. In rash adventures and domestic feuds the once numerous family had dwindled down, till the old chief was left with an only son. A harsh and violent man he was; and hard was it for any one to endure the fierce explosions of his anger, which seemed to increase in violence with his years. In one of these fits he drove his son from him with fearful denunciations. The old man died soon after; the son, it was reported, found an early and inglorious grave in a foreign land. The castle was abandoned to the reptile and the bat: a curse seemed to hang over the very walls; even the dank ivy shrank from them. Ruin wandered undisturbed through the lonely rooms, and over the mouldering turrets. Wild and unholy sounds scared the heedless rustics who ventured near after nightfall.

But by degrees it was whispered that the mysterious beings who haunted the deserted mansion had been heard to utter a strange prediction, the tenor of which, as repeated in uncouth rhyme, was, that when the heir should be found, he should by means of twelve milk-white oxen, recover the family treasure, which had been hidden by the last lord. Generations had passed away, and the story had come to be looked upon as an idle fiction, when a rough soldier-like man came to the island, and gave out that he was the descendant of the banished son. From an ancient crone, who, in order to escape the hands of the peasantry, who suspected her of intercourse with Satan, had taken up her abode in one of the vaults of the castle, he learned the terms of the prophecy, and by her aid discovered the well in which the treasure was concealed. Long and anxiously did he search before he could find the twelve milk-white oxen: he succeeded at last, and by help of the hag prepared for the adventure; but on the very night when all was in readiness, one of the oxen died of some sudden malady. In vain did his companion entreat him to postpone the trial, urging that if the charm were broken the treasure would be irretrievably lost. Maddened by disappointment, he swore that he would have the gold, in spite of all the fiends who guarded it; and dared them to prevent him. He hastily seized the nearest ox he could find, heedless of its colour; but, in mockery, caused a white sheet to be sewn around it. Strong ropes were attached to the bullocks, and the chest rose slowly, but apparently without difficulty from its hiding-place. It rose steadily to the very brink, and the bold man had already placed his hand upon it, when loud sounds as of laughter were heard rising from below; and at the same moment, the rope which was attached to the sheeted bullock, snapped, and the chest fell back with a heavy plunge to the bottom of the well. Instantly the water began to rise till it flowed over the top in a thick black stream. And now the sky darkened; a fierce storm burst forth; the castle walls shook and fell in the fierce contention; the distant sea rolled over its ancient boundary, and soon the very site of the castle was invisible under the broad sheet of water.

The lake was regarded as a forbidden spot. No fisherman cast his net in it; the mariner, as he sailed along the adjoining channel, kept as far as possible from its entrance, lest he should be caught by the sudden flaws of wind, or the more vexatious calms that often baffled the skill of those who were driven within the enchanted bounds: while at night a flickering pale blue flame was often seen playing over the surface,—a sure sign of the revelry of elfin wights. So ages wore away, till after saints and monks were driven out of the land, and it seemed as if the evil spirits had departed with them; the faith in these old tales wore out, and they were, by grave men even, said to be inventions. Then the skilful doings of Hugh Middleton, who had brought a New River to London, recovered much fenny land, and accomplished many other wondrous feats, suggested the project of regaining this land from the sea, and turning it to profitable account. Permission was readily obtained from the king to make the effort, and Middleton undertook the task. He procured workmen from Holland, who were accustomed to construct all kinds of marine embankments, and used his own best skill; and he succeeded "in gaining a very great and spacious quantity of land from the bowelles of the sea; and with banks and piles, and most strange defensible and chargeable machines, fortifying the same against the violence and fury of the waves," as is fully set forth in the patent of baronetcy granted by the king to Sir Hugh in consideration of this and other worthy services.

Those who had laughed at the tale, and at the prediction which accompanied it, that the fairy sprites would never more yield the land they had seized, now laughed the more, seeing that the land was reclaimed.

Only a few old people thought of the old tale; but they had noticed that when the land was drained a huge well was discovered near the middle of the haven, lined with solid though antique masonry, which fully confirmed to them the truth of the old story; and they never doubted but that the elfs would soon reclaim their own. Their anticipations were quickly confirmed. It was reported that, at certain times, and especially before storms, a noise was heard as of innumerable hammers beating against "the piles and strange defenses;" and an old man, it was said, had actually witnessed one night a great many pigmy creatures busily at work about them. Be that as it may, the waters, after a brief space, began to find an entrance through crevices in the banks; the piles, one by one, gave way, and at last the sea flowed once more without restraint over the spot from which it had been with so much labour expelled. At the present day little is left of Middleton's contrivances; and little more, even, of the ancient tradition—the only part remembered being a vague account of the treasure and the white oxen which were to draw it out of the well; but the scene of the story is transferred to a well that exists, or is believed to exist, in a copse on the west bank of the harbour; though there is also a confused notion that the treasure and the well are in some way connected with the fate of the haven.

Close by the mouth of Brading Haven is the old tower of St. Helen's church. The church itself has long been destroyed, but the tower has been strengthened, and made to serve as a sea-mark. The present church of St. Helen's stands at some distance inland; it is but a mean building, and there is nothing about it to attract the stranger. The village is a collection of poor cottages, arranged rather picturesquely by the village green. On the opposite side of the haven is the little village of Bembridge, whose white houses, close down by the water, and the neat church rising from the woods above, look very pretty across the lake. But it is quite worth while crossing the ferry to the village. There are some very agreeable walks about it, and the sea views round Bembridge Point and the Foreland—to say nothing of White Cliff Bay—are very fine. Bembridge itself is a little sequestered watering-place that has risen into notice within ten or a dozen years: the houses, 'hotels,' and even the church, are therefore all quite new.

Brading, at the head of the haven, is a very different place. It is an old decayed corporate town, with old half-timber houses, an old church, an old town-hall, and even an old bull-ring, in the Market-place, quite fit for use when Young England shall grow old and strong enough to practice the favourite diversion of his forefathers. Although the situation of Brading is a very picturesque one, lying, as it does, along the slopes of two opposite hills, and at the head of a broad lake,—and although the neighbourhood is perhaps as varied and beautiful as any part of the island, it does not seem to have taken the fancy of the island gentry, or attracted many strangers to settle in it. Nor has the town much trade, though vessels of light tonnage can reach the head of the haven, where there is a Town Quay. There is a population of some 2700 persons in the parish, but their general appearance bespeaks poverty; and the town seems far from flourishing. The church is the most noticeable building: it is one of the oldest in the island, and looks as old as it is; but it is not remarkable for its architectural merits; nor, though large, is it particularly good-looking. Some parts of it are of Norman date, and there is a good deal about it that will reward the examination of the archæologist. A few of the old monuments are also rather curious. From the churchyard there is an excellent view of the haven; but it is generally visited on account of its containing some tomb-stones, the epitaphs on which have obtained a wider celebrity than often attends such productions. One of them is that on Mrs. Ann Berry, which contains the lines, beginning, "Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear," which Dr. Calcott set to music that has carried them wherever English music is cultivated. Another informs the reader that "Jane the Young Cottager lies buried here." Jane was the heroine of a little tale by the Rev. Legh Richmond, which obtained an almost unexampled popularity among religious circles; copies of the work having been multiplied literally by the million. Mr. Richmond was for some time curate of Brading, and another young person, whose humble piety he published to the world in a small tract, rivalling the Young Cottager in popularity —'The Dairyman's Daughter'—was also a resident in this neighbourhood. The scenery of Brading, Shanklin, and other places along this south-eastern part of the island, is in many of his writings pourtrayed in his peculiar floridness of language.

The country immediately around Brading is, as we mentioned, of uncommon beauty. Brading Down affords many wide and noble prospects, both seaward and inland; and the walks about Nunwell and along the park are extremely fine. Nor are those about Yaverland less pleasing; while Bembridge Down—one of the hills on which Brading is built—affords a series of views equal to any in the island. Yaverland should be visited: it is a small sequestered hamlet, whose little ancient church, and the manor-house contiguous—both lying half-hidden among noble elms—form a very pleasing picture. The church is a low barn-like structure, with a doorway of Norman date, having the characteristic mouldings around its circular arch. The windows are of later insertion. The manor-house is of the Elizabethan era, or of the early part of the reign of her successor. The village itself consists merely of a few rural cottages.

The Back of the Island: Sandown Bay.

Bembridge Down ends on the seaward side in a steep chalk cliff of great altitude, known as Culver Cliff. The views from the summit, as we have said, are of extraordinary grandeur. Looking back over Brading Haven, and inland, they are as diversified as they are

extensive; forwards the unbroken view over the sea, from the height of the cliff—some 400 feet—extends to an amazing distance; eastward the Sussex coast lies like a faint cloud on the distant horizon; while westward Sandown Bay, with its reddish clay banks circling the light green waves, the softly swelling hills above, dotted over with half-concealed villages and scattered cottages, may be looked on from day to day with ever new pleasure. Culver Cliff approaches the perpendicular, and has a rather fearful appearance in looking over its summit. About thirty feet down the cliff, on its westward side, is a narrow cave, known as Hermit's Hole. It is mentioned in all the descriptions of the island; which speak of the descent to it in somewhat extravagant terms. In one work for example we find it said: "The path which leads to it from the summit of the cliff is steep, narrow, and rugged; but it is impossible to return after you have once descended from the brink of the precipice till you come to the cave below, as the path is too narrow, contracted, and irregular to permit a change of position for the feet. Most visitors satisfy themselves with the terrific aspect it presents on the sea-shore below;—the idea of such an adventure is enough to disturb the strongest nerves." Now this is just nonsense. It is of course not worth while for a person of weak nerves or unsteady feet to venture down a narrow path in the face of a nearly perpendicular cliff, when a slip would ensure a fall of some 350 feet; nor is it perhaps worth while for any one to do so. But, in fact, the danger is strangely overrated; a mountaineer would *run* down the path, and anybody of ordinary nerve may walk down without the slightest trepidation. The cavern itself, as the books very truly say, has nought in its appearance that can repay even the trouble of the descent—to say nothing of the danger, if there is any. It is simply a narrow excavation, piercing some fifteen or twenty feet into the cliff. But one thing about it is very fine, and as it is nowhere mentioned, may deserve to be noticed. On reaching the end of the cave, you must of necessity turn round, when looking out of the dark recess you see before you the noble Sandown Bay with the graceful hills rising over it, standing out with a brilliancy and vividness of effect that is perfectly startling. As we gazed upon it early one fine morning last June, we could not remember ever to have seen anything so exquisite of its kind, nor could we recall anything in art that would bear comparing with it, except perhaps some of the finer of Stanfield's pictures of mingled sea and coast. But the effect may have been a transient one, and we do not by any means recommend any one not well used to mountain or cliff climbing to test it.

Culver Cliff, with White Cliff Bay, forms the eastern extremity of the island. The southern side of the island, which we have now reached, and along which we are to proceed, is generally termed, at least by the natives, the Back of the Island: it includes nearly all the scenery for which the Isle of Wight is ordinarily visited. The Culver Cliff itself may be said to be the first of the more favoured localities. It is particularly interesting to geologists from its presenting a section of nearly vertical strata of chalk, and on the western side of the plastic clays,—answering to the still more remarkable section shown by the cliffs at Alum Bay, at the other extremity of the island. As we may allude to the peculiar features of these cliffs when we reach the latter place, it is unnecessary to make any further reference to them here. We may, however, just call the attention of the ordinary tourist to the singular nature of the flints which are imbedded in the chalk. Originally, of course, the strata were horizontal, but by some amazing upward pressure they have been raised to a nearly vertical position—lying in fact at an angle of 70°—so enormous has been the pressure, that the flints have been actually shivered, without however in the least altering their outward appearance; so that what seems a perfect flint splits into fragments when ever so slightly disturbed. The cliff is the haunt of innumerable gulls, and auks, and other sea birds. According to Pennant it owes its name to this circumstance—*culfre* being the Saxon name of a pigeon which builds in the cliffs, and is here exceedingly numerous.

Sandown Bay is a wide and deep bay, of very picturesque though not very remarkable character. The cliffs are of a ferruginous sand and dark-coloured clay, of varying height, and broken, with more or less deep recesses, which permit a pleasing play of light and shadow, as well as of much richness of colour. A few fishermen's huts and humble cottages are dropped here and there along the cliffs, and two or three boats may generally be see hauled on the beach. In the early morning, when the cliffs lie in deep shadow, or about sunset, when their sombre tints deepen into a richer hue, while two or three shrimpers are plying their craft, or a wayfarer is winding along the sands to or from his day's labour, the scene has a quiet beauty that reminds one of the charming pictures of similar scenes which Collins used to paint so delightfully; not a few of his paintings were indeed taken from sketches made in this neighbourhood. In the little village of Sandown a neat church has been recently erected. There is also a fort here, known as Sandown Castle, but it has nothing to call for remark. Wilkes of '45 notoriety had a cottage—or as he commonly calls it in his correspondence a villakin—at Sandown, which was the favourite retreat of the later years of his life. It is said in the neighbourhood that he used to buy all the birds which the children of the place could catch, and amuse himself by rearing them and watching their habits. The cottage has been smartened of late and is now "to let, furnished."

Shanklin.

Proceeding onwards, a pleasant walk, we soon reach Shanklin, the next noticeable place in our journey. The little village lies in a beautiful spot in the curve of Sandown Bay, and is admirably sheltered by Shanklin Down. The seaward prospects are very fine, and

inland the village itself as well as its vicinity affords many charming prospects. The beauty of the neighbourhood, and the fame of its lion Shanklin Chine, have rendered it very attractive to strangers, for whose accommodation new houses and good hotels have sprung up to a degree that has within a few years considerably altered the character and appearance of the place. These hotels, and one or two villas, are rather pretty and unassuming buildings; but though the tourist will "at the close of the day when the hamlet is still," or at the dinner-hour, fully appreciate the additional comfort they have introduced here, at any other time he will be disposed to regret the loss of the quiet humble seclusion which Gilpin and some other of the older visitants mention, and some of the ancient natives like to talk about. Except the scenery the village has little to describe. The church is old, but small and mean, and in bad preservation: it is quite time it gave place to a more convenient new one. Church accommodation is not one of the advantages that can at present be held out at Shanklin as an attraction to the stranger.

We will now turn to the Chine. And this being the first we have had to notice of those curious objects which occur so often along the south-side of the island, and which are thought to be so characteristic of it, it may not be amiss to explain briefly their general nature. They are, then, deep fissures which have been cut in the cliffs by the action of a streamlet falling over the summit. All of them have the same general features: there is a wide opening on the seaward side which contracts with more or less rapidity inland, according to the hardness of the rock, the greater or less quantity of water which ordinarily falls over, or other circumstances. In some cases the ravine reaches for nearly a mile inland, and is lost at length in the ordinary bed of the brook: in others it terminates abruptly in a waterfall. Although the stream must



2.—SHANKLIN CHINE.

in every instance be regarded as the chief agent in cutting the Chine, its enlargement is perhaps as much or more owing to other influences. The action of the waves during great storms, when the sea is driven violently against the cliffs, has tended considerably to enlarge the opening of the Chines; while the landslips, which continually occur after severe frosts, must have caused the steep slopes to fall in from time to time: but the deepening of the Chines is always brought about by the stream, as may be observed in any of them where measures are not taken to prevent the constant wearing away of the rock. At Shanklin it has been found necessary to have the ground above the fall laid with stones, and a large slab serves as a shoot to throw the water over without allowing it to touch the edge of the Chine. The name Chine appears intended to designate their character. Sir Richard Worsley—who, by the way, like many other topographers being infected with the etymological disease, deems it necessary to find a parentage for the term in a Greek verb—has probably given the true account of its application: he says, "The term is applied to the back-bone of an animal (both in the manége and culinary language) which forms the highest ridge of the body. *Echine*, in the French, is used in the same sense; and Boyer has the word *Chinfreneau* for a great cut or slash. Hence the word chine might be thought peculiarly expressive of a high ridge of land cleft abruptly down; and the several parts of the southern coast denominated Chines, all correspond with this description." Worsley might have mentioned the use of the word in French as a verb: *Echiner*, to break the back-bone, in colloquial usage implies to cut through. Somewhat in this way Dryden employs it, "He that did chine the long-ribbed Apennine." Scott notices in his Diary, kept while in the Orkney Islands, that he "saw two remarkable indentures in the coast called *Rivas*, perhaps from their being rifted or riven:" and it would not be difficult to adduce other like applications of similar words if it were needful. We shall borrow a description of the Shanklin Chine from Sir Henry Englefield; it is much superior to any other we have seen, and with the engraving, (Cut, No. 2,) will give a tolerably fair idea of it. In some trifling particulars there have been alterations since Sir Henry wrote, but the general features are the same.

"The most eastern of these chines, and the most celebrated, is Shanklin Chine. The cliff, where the stream which forms it enters the sea, is about one hundred feet in height, and the chasm is perhaps one hundred and fifty feet wide at the top, and at the bottom not much wider than the channel of the stream. The sides are very steep, and in most places clothed with rich underwood, overhanging the naked sides. At a small distance within their mouth, on a terrace just large enough to afford a walk to their doors, stand two small cottages, at different elevations. Rude flights of steps descend to them from the top, and an excavation from the sandy rock forms a skittle-ground to one of them, overshadowed by the spray of young oaks. During the war, a sentinel was placed on a prominent point of the slope, and added much to the scenery. After proceeding about a hundred yards in a direct line from the shore, the chasm makes a sudden bend to the left, and grows much narrower. Its sides are nearly perpendicular, and but little shrubbery breaks their naked surface. The chasm continues winding and decreasing in breadth, till it terminates in an extremely narrow fissure, down which the rill which has formed the whole falls about thirty feet. The quantity of water is in general so small, that the cascade is scarcely worth viewing; but after great rains, it must be very pretty. The sides of the gloomy hollow in which it falls, are of the blackish indurated clay of which the greater part of the soil hereabouts is composed, and the damp of the waters has covered most part of it with shining green lichens, and mosses of various shades. The brushwood which grows on the brow on either side, overhangs, so as nearly to meet; and the whole scene, though it cannot be considered as magnificent, is certainly striking and grotesque. Above the fall, the stream continues to run in a deep and shady channel, quite to the foot of the hills in which it takes its rise."

Our sketch was made immediately after a very heavy storm, and it is seldom indeed that so much water is seen falling over. But there is a passage in Wordsworth about such scenes that may comfort the traveller who is disappointed in not finding the rill in flood: the passage is well worth the consideration of the tourist who desires to look on Nature with an intelligent eye:—"It is generally supposed that waterfalls are scarcely worth being looked at, except after much rain, and that the more swollen the stream, the more fortunate the spectator; but this however is true only of large cataracts with sublime accompaniments: and not even of these without some drawbacks. In other instances, what becomes at such a time of that sense of refreshing coolness which can only be felt in dry and sunny weather, when the rocks, herbs, and flowers glisten with moisture diffused by the breath of the precipitous water? But considering these things as objects of sight only, it may be observed that the principal charm of the smaller waterfalls or cascades consists of certain proportions of form and affinities of colour, among the component parts of the scene; and in the contrast maintained between the falling water and that which is apparently at rest, or rather settling gradually into quiet in the pool below. The beauty of such a scene, where there is naturally so much of agitation, is also heightened, in a peculiar manner, by the *glimmering*, and, towards the verge of the pool, by the *steady* reflection of the surrounding images. Now all these delicate distinctions are destroyed by heavy floods, and the whole stream rushes along in foam and tumultuous confusion."

The beauties of Shanklin Chine may be inspected at leisure, and dry-footed. There is a good, though too formal, path all along it, which, with the steps spoken

of above, is kept in repair by a fisherman who pays rent for the Chine, and lives in a cottage at its mouth. The Chine is enclosed, of course; everything in the island is enclosed which there is any way of enclosing, and which it is thought anybody will pay for seeing; but at each end of it a person is in waiting to unlock the gate and receive the fee, and when let in you are left to wander about at will. It is worth looking over leisurely. The curvature of the ravine brings the several parts into very various and often graceful combinations: the views, too, looking from the Chine, where the broad expanse of ocean is seen, set in a frame of dark cliffs, wrought over with a tracery of exquisite foliage, is both peculiar and pleasing; while, from the platform, on either side of the mouth, the Bay, with its bold headlands and broken cliffs, is even grand. The visitor who stays at Shanklin for a day or two, should not leave it without strolling up Shanklin Down, and he will do well to continue his walk to Appuldurcombe. The views from the Down are most extensive. From the highest part, the eye wanders without hindrance quite across the island, over a tract of the very richest country; and beyond it, the Solent is seen, diminished in appearance to a river, while the Hampshire coast, and hills, close the distance. In every other direction the prospect is as wide, though not perhaps of such extreme beauty; but that westward is at least as remarkable, embracing as it does a good part of the singular scenery of the Undercliff. Many other spots in the neighbourhood also afford delightful rambles.

About a mile further along the coast is Luccombe Chine, which though inferior to Shanklin, is well worth visiting. It is altogether on a humbler scale than Shanklin, but it has the advantage of not being quite so ostentatiously trimmed and dressed. The water dashes boldly over the dark rock, and winds its way to the shore, beneath a canopy of luxuriant foliage. Two or three cottages vary the scene, without destroying its simplicity. The walk from Shanklin to Luccombe is singularly fine, whether the higher or the lower ground be taken. The high road, which leads over Dunnose Head, displays the widest extent of landscape; but the lower, which is a footway, running partly across the fields and partly along the beach, is the more secluded, and perhaps the most beautiful. The cliffs at Dunnose are rent into vertical and parallel fissures in a very wild manner; large fragments of the rock are also here scattered along the foot of the cliffs; and in fact the whole of this part of the coast has a very marked character.

The Undercliff.

At Luccombe commences a strange tract of country, quite unlike any we have seen hitherto, and such as is hardly to be paralleled elsewhere. This is the famous Undercliff, a narrow strip of land, which has separated bodily from the hills of which it was originally a part, and sunk down a considerable way below them; and which now forms a lower or under-cliff lying between the hills and the sea. It extends from Luccombe to Black Gang Chine, a distance of nearly seven miles, and varies from a quarter of a mile to nearly a mile in width. To understand its character, and the cause of its subsidence, it is necessary to be acquainted with the geological nature of the rocks, and the influences to which they have been subjected, when the explanation becomes very simple. The strata, reckoning from the bottom, are first red ferruginous sand, then blue marl, next green sandstone, and at top chalk and chalk marl. The stratum of blue marl is soft and easily acted upon by land springs, when it becomes mud, and oozes out; and the sandstone and chalk being deprived of their support, must of necessity sink down. The subsidence, if thus brought about, might be gradual and scarcely perceptible, except in its ultimate results; but the sea was at the same time beating with violence against the lower strata, and washing out the sand and marl, which were already loosened by the springs. This double process would go on till the superincumbent mass became unable to sustain itself by mere adhesion to the parent rock, when it must necessarily break away and fall forward. That this was the way in which the Undercliff was produced is evident, from an examination of the phenomena it presents, and what may be observed still going on, though on a lesser scale. The great change in the level must have occurred at a very distant period: churches and houses of ancient date, which stand on different parts of the Undercliff show that no very considerable alteration can have taken place for centuries. But there have been many sudden convulsions within confined limits. One, which occurred in 1810, at East End, destroyed thirty acres of ground; another, in 1818, above fifty acres; and there have since been several of more or less severity. The debris of many may be seen—especially of one that happened in the last winter, when a mass of rock fell from above, sufficient to provide stone for building the walls and repairing the roads along here for some time, without quarrying. The most extensive of the comparatively recent slips occurred at Niton, in February, 1799, when a small farm-house and above 100 acres of land were destroyed. As described in a contemporary letter, "the whole of the ground from the cliff above was in motion, which motion was directed to the sea, nearly in a straight line. . . . The ground above, beginning with a great founder from the base of the cliff, immediately under St. Catherine's, kept gliding down, and at last rushed on with violence, and totally changed the surface of all the ground to the west of the brook that runs into the sea; so that now the whole is convulsed and scattered about, as if it had been done by an earthquake: of all the rough ground, from the cottage upwards to the cliff, there is scarcely a foot of land but what has changed its situation. . . As far as the fence from the Chale side, the whole may be called one grand and awful ruin . . there are everywhere chasms that a horse or a cow might sink into and disappear." The evidences of this severe convulsion are

still very observable in the unusually wild and chaotic character of the surface thereabouts. But these disturbances were, as we said, local, and of comparatively small importance; nor is any further great movement at all to be dreaded within this district. The Undercliff is, in fact, an immense breakwater, which perfectly shields the main cliff from the action of the waves. If any great change should take place, it would be beyond the limits of the Undercliff; and there, both east and west, the nature of the shore, and the manner in which the lower and softer strata are situated, render such an event very improbable.

The Undercliff is in its general appearance as wild and strange as would be expected from what has been said of the way in which it was produced. The main body of the Undercliff is a sort of terrace, or a series of terraces, of very unequal elevation and irregular contorted surface, rising from the beach in rugged slopes or abrupt cliffs, and resting against a lofty and precipitous wall of rock. The lower cliffs rise from the beach to a height of from twenty or thirty to a hundred feet; then comes the broad platform of a quarter to half a mile in width, from which rises to a further elevation of some 200 or 300 feet, the second or inner cliff—steep, strangely riven, its deep vertical fissures contrasting boldly with the regular horizontal bands of stratification. But the Undercliff is far from preserving uniformity even of irregularity. At this eastern end, where we now are, Nature has clad the wildling in a garment of loveliness. The chasms and dells, the slopes and the precipices, are all alike adorned with trees and shrubs, and ferns, and wild flowers in exquisite profusion: at the western extremity there is almost as forbidding rudeness about the whole; the rocks are bare, or only thinly spotted with hungry lichens, about the slopes, the coarser grasses and whin only seem to thrive, while scarcely bush or tree can gain a footing.

The Undercliff has a climate as well as scenery of its own. Lying under the vast cliffs, yet at a tolerable height above the sea, it is at once sheltered from the keener blasts, and free from humidity. Fully open to the direct influence of the sun, and also to its reflected rays,—completely sheltered from the northern and western winds,—the general temperature is much above that of almost every other part of the English coast; and it is said to be much less variable. When Dr. (now Sir James) Clarke published his celebrated work on 'The Influence of Climate in the Prevention and Cure of Chronic Diseases,' he called particular attention to the Undercliff, as a most suitable residence for invalids, especially for persons of a tendency to pulmonary diseases. Torquay, in Devonshire, is the only place in England which, in the opinion of the Doctor, will bear a comparison with it in warmth of temperature; but then "Torquay will be found softer, more humid, and relaxing; while that of the Undercliff will prove drier, somewhat sharper, and more bracing." And as a climax to all other commendations, he declares it to be "a matter of surprise" to him, "after having fully examined this favoured spot, that the advantages it possesses in so eminent a degree in point of shelter and exposition, should have been so long overlooked in a country like this, whose inhabitants, during the last century, have been traversing half the globe in search of climate."

In a word, Sir James proposed that it should henceforth receive the designation of the "British Madeira." His advice was not sown in barren soil. Invalids have come here in flocks. Its advantages "in point of shelter and exposition" have been fully appreciated. Indeed we fancy a good many, both of the residents and visitors, would be glad to find "shelter" from its exposition." The name too is adopted—at least by the natives—the "travelled" folk make loud protestation against it—perhaps too loud. Where, they ask, are its groves of green and gold, those delicious avenues wherein

> "Blossoms and fruits, at once of golden hue,
> Appear, with gay enamell'd colours mix'd;"

where the long vistas of rich purple grapes; where those valleys that make one dream of Paradise; where the mountains sending their spiry pinnacles far into that deep blue sky; where, above all, that wondrous Corral? Perhaps there are none of these things, nor anything exactly comparable with them. But there are plenty of apple-trees, with a blossom, in its season, that might cause even that of the orange to blush, and a fruit that is not unworthy of the blossom; and if the brilliant datura will not, many another exotic plant will thrive here: myrtles and hydrangeas abound in every garden, and the geranium and the rose, both cultivated and wild, and every other flower, whether of the greenhouse or the field, grow here in the open air with a lavish beauty that is perfectly delightful. Instead of bare mountains, there are broad, softly-swelling downs for those who will seek them, and the whole Undercliff is a fair set-off against the stern grandeur of the lonely Corral.

But we wont quarrel about a name. If not a Madeira, it is a good, honest English Undercliff. The famous Peyresc—one of the most erudite men of the seventeenth century—was saved from a desperate fever by eating musk-melons; and whenever he was attacked with illness afterwards, musk-melons were his remedy. "If I can but reach the melon season!" he used to say when his health was shaken: and he died at last, because he could not reach it.

A grave countryman of ours writing a memoir of Peyresc, a century or so back, was so struck with the benefit his hero derived from the musk-melons, and so impressed with the circumstance of his not being able to hold out till the season returned; and, on the other hand, was so grieved that in this country no such remedy was at any time attainable, and recollecting that a sick man might die in the journey to the land of musk-melons, that, after profound consideration of the matter, he is led to suggest that "perhaps boiled cucumbers will have as good an effect." And if so, why not? or why go toiling after musk-melons at all?

The application is plain. Though our Undercliff were to Madeira only as boiled cucumbers are to musk-melons—that is to say, if one will do almost as well as the other, why not thankfully accept the substitute, and make the most of it, and not complain if the name be not so musical, nor the thing so romantic. And in all seriousness, who that remembers the discomfort and misery that have been added to the last days of many a stricken soul,—it may be among those we have loved or honoured,—by being sent to die in that region of loveliness,—does not wish that this place had been chosen, rather than the stormy road to the grander country been tempted? We have quoted, in the early part of this paper, one or two scraps from Fielding—how much is it to be lamented that he could not be told of such a place as this when he lay wind-bound off Ryde? And who that remembers the cheerful spirit that yet burnt hopefully in him, does not feel a vain wish that, instead of having it tossed out in Biscay Bay, he had brought it unquenched round here, to light him whilst he made some of those rich studies of character which this place could not have then failed to afford? But we are running into strange digressions: we must return, and try to plod more soberly over the rest of the Undercliff.

Nearly all the peculiar features of the Undercliff are concentred around Bonchurch, the first village, if it may be called a village, on the eastern side of the district. Perhaps there is not another spot all along these seven miles so full of wild loveliness. The walk from East-End is an admirable introduction to the scenery of the Undercliff. Like the overture to an opera, it is a *rifaciamento* in brief of all that is to be set before us in larger proportions presently. The prospects too, especially forwards, are extensive and very striking. The stranger should not content himself with viewing this tract from the road, nor from the foot-way merely. Both ways present charming and peculiar features, and both should be traversed. An hour or two spent here will be no loss of time. The village itself calls for no special remark. The very pretty new church which will be noticed, supplies the place of a rude but ancient one. Of the private residences (and though the houses are some of them large, and the grounds extensive as well as very beautiful, they are strictly private) we have no occasion to speak. Boniface Down, which rises to a great height behind the village, is a continuation of Shanklin Down, and affords views as extensive, as varied, and as grand.

Ventnor has been most affected by the sudden popularity of the Undercliff. Forty years ago it contained about half-a-dozen humble cottages; and until the publication of Dr. Clarke's work, its few inhabitants were nearly all fishermen. It was the most picturesque spot along the coast. The platform was broken into several uneven terraces. The huge hills towered far up aloft. Down to the broad, smooth beach the ground ran in rough slopes, mingled with abrupt banks of rock, along which a brawling rivulet careered gaily towards the sea: and the few fishermen's huts give a piquant rustic liveliness to all besides. The climate seemed most favourable, and the neighbourhood most agreeable to the invalid. In the open gardens of the cottagers, myrtle, and other tender plants, flourished abundantly and without need of protection even in winter: snow hardly ever lies on the ground; sunny and sheltered walks abound; and the beach is excellent for bathing. Ventnor at once



3.—THE UNDERCLIFF—ROCKEN END.

caught the attention of the crowd of visitors; and it was one of the first places to provide them suitable accommodation. In the tiny fishing hamlet soon sprang up hotels, and boarding-houses, and shops, and a church. Ventnor became the little capital of the Undercliff. Invalids came here for a winter retreat, as well as a summer visit. Speculation was stimulated. And now, as Fuller has it, "The plague of building lighted upon it:" and it spread until every possible spot was planted with some staring building, or row of buildings. The variety of odd forms is most edifying. We have hotels, churches, shops, cottages, and villas, in every conceivable style, and every outrageous shape — Strawberry-hill Gothic, Sea-side Swiss, and carpenter's palazzo, each has its representatives; and, as Spenser says,

> ———"each one
> Of sundry shape, yet all ill-favoured."

From Ventnor to Niton the whole way is delightful. The tourist is ordinarily confined to the main road, but even that affords a continuous pleasure. It rises and falls in constant change, yet is never steep enough to make the way toilsome to the feeblest pedestrian, and no feeling of weariness can ever creep over any one—unless it be while shut in between some of the provoking walls and edges which guard the often extensive private grounds attached to the mansions that are pretty closely spread along where the stranger has been reckoning on "having a fine view." But else these few miles are worth lingering over. In parts, lying under the huge rocky barrier which ever towers far up on your right, you see a pretty pastoral district, where broad hanging meadows, with a cow or two and a few sheep grazing quietly about them, and a farm-house or lonely homestead, and a few good sized trees dotted here and there make the picture; presently a long tract is spread before you, and all is a medley of patches of cultivated land and park-like enclosures, and stately mansions, and humble cottages, of soft sunny fertile slopes, and rocky banks, where the bright green verdure climbs furtively over their rugged sides, and a wide and deep bay, shut in by a bold promontory, through which the sea appears to have forced a passage and left a part standing firm among the billows that shatter into clouds of spray against it; and anon you pass through delicious bits of wood or copse, where the glancing sun piercing the deep canopy works on your path a diaper of exquisitely mingled gray and gold, and every moment the glorious ocean, with the merry white sails flashing hither and thither, breaks in upon the view—or if unseen, the murmuring surge makes you aware of its vicinity and adds that strange tone of elevation to the mind which it alone among all the works of nature can excite. But few who walk over these five miles will care to keep to the road, and there are by-roads on the one hand that lead to the heights above, and on the other to the beach. Either, or both, will reward him who trusts their guidance. The prospects above are of course most admirable; and the sea-side is very refreshing. Some of the small bays or coves, as they are called, are remarkably picturesque—as the many sketches that are annually made along them will testify.

The little church of St. Lawrence is one of the show places of the Undercliff. Many of the churches in the Isle of Wight are very small, but this was, with one exception, the smallest in England. That exception, we suppose, was the church at Buttermere, which has given place to a larger: but if our memory does not mislead us, the curious church at Wastdale head, also in Cumberland, and in one of the grandest spots in that region of grandeur, is also smaller. Be this as it may, this was a curiosity. Its dimensions were: length 20 feet, width 12 feet, and height, to the tops of the walls, 6 feet: the roof, of course, was some feet higher; but, as will have been guessed by our manner of speaking, it is altered now. The Earl of Yarborough, to whom much of the property here belongs, was, a while back, at the expense of enlarging and repairing the little edifice—to the small gain of any one. It is now neither one thing nor another. Despite its present smartness the proportions show it to have been patched. It is too large to be noteworthy as a monument of the ancient state of this district, and it is far too small to serve for the requirements of the present population. Formerly it used to stand open all day, and the stranger seldom failed to turn aside to inspect the miniature structure; and those who were not quite strangers felt a singular attraction in looking over the tombs in the churchyard, which tell how many lie there of the young and the lovely who had come to this land of promise from many a distant corner of the country in vain hope of averting their early doom. There was a train of engaging though melancholy reflection aroused in thinking of so many gathered into this narrow enclosure far from the home of their fathers. It was sentimentalism perhaps—but it is done with now. The church and the churchyard are both locked up, and if you would learn the lessons they might teach, you must pay for them. But you must pay for everything here now-a-days. Not very far from the church is a rather celebrated well, over which a neat stone shelter, with seats along the sides, was built a few years back. The water from St. Lawrence's Well rises clear and sparkling, and is almost as pleasant to the sight, as it bubbles over the fount, as it is refreshing to the palate. On a summer's day it was quite a temptation to turn aside from the dry road and sit a few minutes in that cool shady grot. You can't do so now. There is an iron gate in the doorway and a strong lock to it. Through the grating you may see the well, but you must pay to reach it. In the hot days, a few weeks ago, we saw two or three poor wayfarers turn aside from the entrance, after a useless attempt to open it, with something like a malediction on those who thus mocked their thirst. In these cases it is probably carefulness rather than cupidity, that leads to these precautions; and of course 'respectable' tourists can obtain the key on application—but the whole system is

a vile one: and to lock up a country churchyard by the main road; or a way-side well that is constantly overflowing within view of the passenger—and refuse to permit the wayfarer—wearied and poverty-stricken it may be—to taste of that which is running useless to the sea, is indefensible.

Niton is a convenient centre to stay at for a day or two. The seaward walks are bold and fine, and there are several of much beauty inland. On the Undercliff is the favourite Sandrock Hotel, a neat villa-like house standing in its own very handsome grounds and affording the most luxurious accommodation. Everybody who stays at it is pleased with the attention, the fare, and the situation. For those who desire a less costly hostel there is, too, a plain comfortable inn, the White Lion, in the village of Niton, which lies above the Undercliff at the foot of Niton Down. Niton is a quiet rustic village, which has changed little of its old-fashioned look in consequence of the influx of strangers to the neighbourhood. But only a few plain folks come here, and the place and the people remain tolerably primitive in habit. There are a couple or three streets of stone cottages—many of them thatched—and a shop or two. There are also a church and school-house, but it is rather curious that there is not a butcher's shop in the village, and the inhabitants have to send to one a mile or more off, somewhere on the Undercliff, even for a chop. The church is a building of considerable antiquity and will repay a visit. It stands by a farm-yard, in a lane just on the west of the village and, with its accompaniments, is more than commonly picturesque.

We mentioned that this will serve as a good centre for the tourist, for a day or two. We have already pointed out the kind of walks that he may explore along the Undercliff, east of the village; we shall continue our course westward presently: but we must just notice here that the immediate vicinity of Niton is full of quiet beauty. The walk to Whitwell is also a very agreeable one, and the village itself, with the old church, is an object to ramble after; the walk may be prolonged across the fields and downs to Appuldurcombe, or you may wander round by Nettlecombe and Southford to Whitcombe, and thence return to Niton: a stroll which will afford a pleasant change from the scenery that has hitherto engaged attention.

But there is one spot that must be visited, and Niton is a very convenient place to reach it from. This is St. Catherine's Down, the highest ground in the island. The path by the church leads direct to the old beacon, which is on the summit of the hill, and which is an effectual guide all the way. The summit of St. Catherine's Hill is 830 feet above the sea. Here, at least as early as the beginning of the fourteenth century, was a hermitage; for there is a record existing of the admission of one Walter Langstrell to it in 1312. A few years later, Walter de Godyton built a chapel here, and dedicated it to St. Catherine, whence it is believed the hill derives its present name. Godyton also added to his chapel an endowment for a chanting priest, whose duty it should be to sing masses, and to provide lights at night for the guidance of ships. Both duties were regularly performed till the dissolution of the smaller religious houses, when, of course, both ceased together. The beacon which is now here stands on the site of the original one, if it is not itself, as some fancy, the original. Sir Richard Worsley says that when it was repaired, half a century ago, the foundation of the chapel was also cleared, and that not only was its form discovered, "but also the floor and stone hearth of the priest's little cell." The beacon is an octagonal structure, thirty-five feet high: it is now dismantled, but its thick walls appear capable of braving for another century the fierce winds that always seem to blow here. It is generally believed that the lower part of the building served as the belfry of the chapel, the upper part being employed as a lighthouse. A new lighthouse was erected close by, some years back, but it was abandoned, it being found on trial to be rather misleading than otherwise, owing to the mists and clouds which so frequently envelope the top of the hill, especially in stormy weather—rendering it seldom visible from the sea when most needed. The view from the hill is of wondrous extent—reaching over by far the larger part of the island, and including the New Forest and the hills of Hampshire, and the south coast as far as Beachy Head. In the opposite direction, the high lands about Cherbourg are said to have been occasionally seen; but it is a very rare occurrence. On a calm clear day, when the better part of the island lies spread like a map at your feet; its bare hills, and its long valleys dusky with the thick foliage that everywhere crowds them; the villages and the towns, marked by the lighter or denser smoky vapour that hangs above them; the winding streams growing sometimes into lakes ere they fall into the sea, and the silver ocean that encircles it, alive with mighty ships of war and every kind of smaller craft; and beyond that, again, the far distant hills losing themselves in a soft purple haze—you may dream away hours in gazing over the scene of entrancement.

The coast off here is a very dangerous one; whence, on the failure of the lighthouse on St. Catherine's Hill, it became necessary to provide another. The new one has been built on a point of land close down on the beach. It lies in our way on resuming our journey along the coast. The new lighthouse is named St. Catherine's; it has only been two or three years completed, and the whole arrangements are on the most approved principles. Externally it is rather an ornamental building—certainly the best-looking lighthouse we have seen: it is said to be found very serviceable. Here the rocks begin to assume a very wild character. Soon after passing the lighthouse we lose sight of cultivation; the beach is strewed with huge blocks of chalk and sandstone; the surf is very heavy; and the whole scene wears an air of savage grandeur. At Rocken-End (Cut, No. 3,) this is especially the case. A long ledge of rocks stretches far into the sea; only one or two masses are visible at high water, and against these the sea breaks in vast sheets of spray, while it

rushes roaring and foaming over those that are below the surface. The spot where the sea makes this mighty turmoil—and it ought to be seen as the tide is setting in—is called Rocken End Race. The black cliffs, too, are torn and riven into rudest confusion; only the lofty wall of rock that rises behind the Undercliff seems stable. It is altogether a wild spot. Beyond this the scenery grows rather less savage, and presently we come upon a sheltered nook, where is a fisherman's hut, and perhaps a boat or two may be seen on the beach. It is quite a place for the sketcher to delight in. The broken heights between Niton and this spot afford a series of grand views over the sea and coast. Chale Bay, with the sun sinking among crimson and gold behind the distant headland, is a glorious prospect.

We are now approaching the termination of the Undercliff—a very different kind of place to its commencement. Just where it ends we have another of the Chines, and one scarcely less famous than the first we saw. Some there are who have described Black Gang Chine as the finest sight in the island. Guide-books give very hyperbolical accounts of its "savage sublimity." To one who has read these accounts the first view is disappointing, especially if he has already seen the magnificent falls of Scotland or Wales, or the north of England. The ravine is bare of tree or shrub, but it does not retreat far,—there is not depth enough for solemnity of gloom, at least in ordinary weather. A sort of semicircular coomb has been hollowed out in the dark marl, over the top of which a thin line of water falls lazily, from a height of about seventy feet, and is dissipated before it reaches the "gloomy vault" below. The rocks, instead of the deep black he is led to anticipate, are of a dingy brown, banded with lines of red sandy strata. The banks on either side are of but mean height and lumpish form. Far above, indeed, soars to a height of some 300 or 400 feet the lofty wall of cliff that has been our companion all along this district; but it is partly hidden here, and appears diminished by distance. Nine out of ten who see the Chine are disappointed; though perhaps they will hardly confess it. From the sea, indeed, the surrounding cliffs stand out majestically, and St. Catherine's Hill forms a noble back-ground; but then the Chine is a very inferior feature in the landscape. The first time we saw Black Gang was in a terrific storm: the sea beat with a tremendous fury right into the Chine, over which a goodly stream poured; but so fierce was the south-westerly wind that it was driven back and beat into spray against the rocks. The Chine deserved its name: the deep hollow was of intensest blackness. The scene was one of the grandest we ever witnessed. We have since visited the Chine again and again, and hardly could fancy it ever appeared as we then saw it. But Black Gang is essentially dependent upon the accidental circumstances of weather. When 'clouds



4.—BLACK-GANG CHINE.

ride royally about the sky, flinging their deep shadows over one and another feature of the landscape, it may appear grand and impressive even on a bright sunny day: during a storm it may become sublime. By moonlight it is always a remarkable sight. Of course every one who visits the back of the island will visit Black Gang: in forming an estimate of it, let its subjection to the skyey influences be borne in mind by those whose test of scenery is its picture-making capacity. They who can be interested in every object in nature that is unusual, will be sure to be satisfied with this. (Cut, No. 4.)

There is a "rude path"—a good deal ruder than that at Shanklin—formed down the side of the Chine, by means of which it may be seen quite at ease: the key is kept close at hand. Above the Chine a neat hotel has been erected, and a little collection of houses has grown up around it, also chiefly for the accommodation of visitors.

Freshwater.

Over the next few miles we need not linger. To one who is staying in the neighbourhood, and has time to stroll about, the coast all along here will be found full of interest, and so will the villages above: here we need only mention their character. Chale Bay, in which Black Gang Chine is situated, is a wide and noble-looking bay; the cliffs are bold, precipitous, and deeply cloven; they are of the iron-stained sand and blue marl, crowned by chalk and sand-stone. Huge masses impend over head; and numerous shattered fragments are strewed along the beach. Both here and in Brixton Bay, which immediately succeeds to Chale, the cliffs are broken by a number of chines. Some six or seven of them occur in as many miles, and all of them have some differences of character. Some, as Whale and Brixton Chines, stretch far inland, without any positive waterfalls; others, as Brook and Chilton, would be thought sufficiently striking elsewhere to be sought after by strangers. The shore here is shallow and rocky, and the sea sets in, in rough weather, with a heavy ground-swell, which nothing can brave with impunity. Along Brixton Bay the cliffs are lower, but the beach is more rocky, and the bay itself no less dangerous than Chale Bay. At Barnes there is a cavern of considerable height, known as Barnes Hole; and at Grange, not far from Grange Chine, is another, called Dutchman's Hole, from a Dutch ship having run into it. Several of the ledges of rock along here have received trivial names from a fancied resemblance to some object, and sometimes from ships to which they have proved fatal. This is the most dangerous part of the island, and many a spot in both these bays is pointed out by the old fishermen, as that where some vessel has been wrecked. The inhabitants of the villages along this iron-bound shore had in olden time a bad reputation as wreckers; in more modern days they were no less notorious as smugglers. Their wrecking and smuggling propensities are both pretty well subdued now.

Walking along this rough beach is rather tiring; and as the tide is rising, it, in parts, becomes rather dangerous. Yet he who is here has sometimes a long way to traverse before he can find a slope which he can climb. We, however, are not so tied down.

> "Without and or if,
> We can leap from the shore to the top of the cliff."

The villages along the summit have some attractions in point of beauty, and are full of interest to the antiquary. Chale, that nighest Black Gang, is a very pretty place; its scattered houses straggling irregularly for a mile along both sides of the road. The church is a good-sized, a very good-looking, and a very old one. It is now being thoroughly repaired. Chale farm-house is also an old building worth looking at: it has some windows, and other details of a strictly ecclesiastical character; a peculiarity the rambler will notice in a good many of the oldest cottages and small farm-houses about the island. They were evidently built by church masons, and may probably have been the property of some of the religious establishments. Mottestone church is worth turning aside to see: it is of different dates, and has the peculiar picturesqueness that so many of these old churches possess, which have thus grown into their present form by the addition of new limbs in different ages. The old manor-house just by it was the birthplace of Sir John Cheke, the tutor to Edward VI., and one of the revivers of Greek learning in our universities. The little secluded village of Brooke, lying in a hollow betwixt the hills, close by the chine of the same name, and looking upon a rough rock-strewn beach, might also be seen; but it will be well to ascend the Downs, at Mottestone, and proceed along them to Freshwater. The views from these grounds are of vast extent, and are hardly surpassed in the island in any respect. The prospects from Afton Down have always been famous: the view over Freshwater is especially striking. Freshwater Bay stretches round in a splendid curve, the chalk cliffs rising perpendicularly to a height of some five or six hundred feet from the sea, which rages constantly against their base, and crowned by the Needles lighthouse. Beyond is the broad belt of ocean, along which ships of all sizes are constantly passing to and fro. In the extreme distance lies the coast of Dorset, which is visible from Poole Harbour to Portland Bill, while the foreground obtains boldness and strength from the shattered and detached masses of rock that lift their heads far above the waters at Freshwater Gate. Nor, though less grand, is that inland view less pleasing where the Yar wends "its silver-winding way" along the rich valley to which it gives its name, enlarging rapidly from a scarcely traceable rivulet, till, in a mile or two, it has become a goodly estuary.

The village of Freshwater is about a mile from the beach, and on the river Yar, where it begins to expand into a broad stream. The village itself is but a little gathering of cottages, with one or two houses of a better class on its outskirts. The church is old, but

has been a good deal altered; it is, however, a noticeable pile: in the interior there are two or three curious monuments. A bridge crosses the river near the church; and a good-sized mill is worked by the stream. From various points of view these several objects combine in a very picturesque manner, and often find a place in sketch-books. From the village there is a pleasant walk over the fields to Freshwater Gate: it leads by the source of the Yar, which is only a very short distance from the beach. This little river thus rises close by the coast on the opposite side of the island to that in which it enters the sea, and thus nearly insulates the western extremity of the island. In rough weather the ocean waves frequently beat over the narrow barrier, and mingle with the fresh water of this spring.

Freshwater Gate lies in a deep narrow valley between the Downs, whence it is thought to owe its name—it serving as a gate, or opening, from the village of Freshwater to the sea. It is a very favourite resort of the tourist, and is in considerable repute as a bathing-place. There are a couple of large hotels here, as well as a few small houses; and there is a wooden box, which styles itself the Royal Museum, and contains a collection of sea-weeds, and shells, and bits of rock, and fossil remains. To one who should come down this little dale without knowing what he was to expect, the bay would be perfectly startling. On the one hand is a long ridge of chalk cliffs of enormous altitude with huge fragments scattered far into the sea; on the other are lower, though still high cliffs, of sandstone and chalk, with several huge detached masses of strange forms rising boldly out of the waves; and on both sides the heavy billowy sea is beating furiously over the outlying fragments, and against the bases of the cliffs, which it has worn into grim-looking black-mouthed caverns. Both the caverns and the rocks are among the curiosities of the place. What is called Freshwater Cavern may be entered at low tide: it reaches to a considerable depth into the chalk cliff. The entrance is by a curious arch, some thirty feet high; the interior is rough and rugged. From the roof large pieces of chalk hang in a way that seems most unstable, and the many blocks that cover the floor show that they are little more stable than they appear. The look-out over the sea from the gloom of the cave is very singular: just outside, the waves are breaking over the rocky beach in spray of dazzling whiteness, while farther off the sea is of the most brilliant emerald. Another of the curiosities is the Arched Rock which stands on the eastern side of the bay. It is a very large mass of chalk, which has been originally part of the cliff, but now stands isolated in the sea, some six hundred feet from it. The same power that destroyed the intervening cliff has beaten a way through this rock, in the shape of a rude gothic arch; the surface of the rock is strangely worn and shattered: it has altogether a curious appearance, which is considerably increased if the sea-fowl be disturbed that roost about its ledges in vast numbers. There is another but more lumpish mass rising out of the sea at a little distance from the Arched Rock.

Alum Bay, The Needles, etc.

At Freshwater you mount the cliffs, and continue along their summit to the Needles lighthouse. The walk is a most exhilarating one. The view across the sea is glorious, and the balmy breezes come over the wide waters with that delightful freshness which is never felt but in wandering along the lofty hills that rise at once from the broad ocean. The Downs are open, and only employed for grazing sheep; you may therefore make your own path over them: the lighthouse is a sufficient landmark. The cliffs here rise precipitously from the sea; and they are the highest chalk cliffs in the kingdom. At High Down they attain an altitude of above six hundred feet. The rambler may here perceive

> "How fearful
> And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low."

Shakspere's lines have been often applied to these cliffs, and it is almost impossible to look over them without their recurring to the memory. Almost every word is applicable here; there is something almost of fascination in looking down upon the murmuring surge that is hardly heard, and watching the countless sea-birds that in ceaseless noisy motion "wing the midway air." But the stranger should not approach the brink of these cliffs heedlessly: not only is there danger "lest the brain turn," and he "topple down headlong," but the sudden gusts of wind that are almost constantly happening, together with the slippery footing and the friable nature of the chalk, renders it very needful to be careful. Many instances have occurred of loss of life even among those daily used to be about the cliffs. The "dreadful trade" of gathering samphire is still practised here. Samphire grows abundantly on these cliffs, and is in common use as a pickle among the poorer classes. But the main inducement to practise the perilous craft, is the profit arising from the sale of the eggs and feathers of the various sea-birds which build in amazing numbers on the ledges and in the crevices of the cliffs. In order to get at these eggs the men fasten a rope to an iron bar which they have driven firmly into the ground, and then placing themselves on a rude seat formed of two pieces of wood placed across, they lower themselves by means of a second rope down the face of the precipice. The practice is almost as dangerous as it appears to be: many a bold man has lost his life in pursuing it. Only last May a young man, named Lane, the son of a boatman in Alum Bay, and esteemed one of the skilfullest of the cliffmen, perished thus: he had gone out egg-gathering, and not returning all night his father and brother went in the morning to search for him—and they found his crushed corpse lying at the foot of one of the highest cliffs. He had his rope hanging over, but it seemed as though, trusting to his skill in climbing, he had disengaged himself from it, and gone along one of the ledges "half-way down," the more readily to come at the nests.

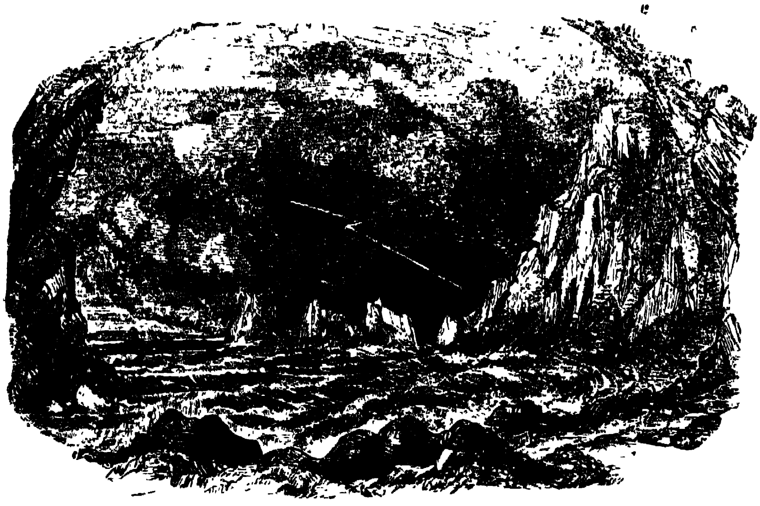
The lighthouse stands on the brow of the hill, immediately above the Needles, to give notice of whose presence it is placed there. It is one of the show-places of the island: the prospect from it is, as will be imagined, of wide extent; and the lightmen have a good telescope, the use of which they proffer to the visitor. The inside of the lighthouse is worth seeing for the neat arrangements of the lights, and the perfect order and cleanliness in which everything is kept. It is a low building, but very substantial, as is indeed necessary, for the tremendous force of the wind just on this narrow tongue of land is hardly conceivable. It is said that the lighthouse people often dare not venture out of doors for days together. A somewhat lower point of land, a little eastward of the lighthouse, is the best place for seeing the Needles from the land: but it is from the water they are seen to most advantage. A boat may be hired at Alum Bay, the path to which from the lighthouse will be pointed out by the keeper; and a row or sail round to Freshwater Gate will afford a series of views of a far more remarkable kind than any others in the Isle of Wight—and that are as fine of their kind as any in England.

Alum Bay itself will not be readily forgotten. You reach the shore by a deep and ragged ravine, which prevents you from seeing anything of the bay till you find yourself on the beach in the centre of it. On looking around, you perceive that the two sides of the bay present the most strange and striking contrast to each other: on one side the vast cliffs are of chalk of the purest whiteness; on the other they are of sand and clay of the most varied and brilliant colours. But Alum Bay is best seen from a boat, and as so seen Sir Henry Englefield has described the appearance of the opposite sides of the bay with exceeding truth and beauty. He says,—"The chalk forms an unbroken face, everywhere nearly perpendicular, and, in some parts, formidably projecting; and the tenderest stains of ochreous yellow, and greenish moist vegetation, vary without breaking its sublime uniformity. This vast wall extends more than a quarter of a mile, and is hardly less than 400 feet in height; its termination is a thin edge, not perpendicular, but of a bold broken outline; and the wedge-like Needle rocks, arising out of the blue waters, seem to continue the cliff beyond its present boundary, and give an awful impression of the stormy ages which have gradually devoured its enormous mass. The chalk rising from the sea nearly perpendicular, being totally in shadow, while opposed to the blue sky above, and the pellucid green of the sea at its foot, it has a sort of aërial tint, as if it were semitransparent; while here and there a projecting point of the edge of the cliff, catching the sunshine, is of a whiteness so transplendent that it seems to shine by its own native white.

"The magical repose of this side of the bay is wonderfully contrasted by the torn forms and vivid colouring of the clay cliffs on the opposite side. These do not present rounded headlands, covered with turf and shrubs, as in some other parts of the coast, but offer a series of points which are often quite sharp and spiry. Deep rugged chasms divide the strata in many places, and not a vestige of vegetation appears in any part. The tints of the cliff are so bright and so varied, that they have not the appearance of anything natural. Deep purplish red, dusky blue, bright ochreous yellow, gray and black, succeed one another as sharply defined as the stripes in silk." As Sir Henry presently observes, the colours appear much brighter after rain: but the cliffs are liable to continual slips, generally of only a small slice, as it were, of the surface, when the freshly-exposed part is singularly brilliant, and the mingling of colours in the debris at the base is very curious.

These various coloured sands are collected by the cottagers' children, and are arranged fancifully in phials, or made into little ornamental articles, and sold to visitors. The white sand is of more importance, it being, on account of its purity, in considerable request among the manufacturers of the finer kinds of glass and china. The late Mr. Wedgwood fancied that the coloured clays would be found equally serviceable for some kinds of porcelain, and he caused pits to be opened, but they did not bear the process of firing well. The visitor will notice several door-like openings in the cliffs, and be curious to know their use. They are the entrances to some shafts that have recently been commenced here, in the expectation of finding coal. The works are placed under the management of a person from one of the northern coal districts, who is said to be quite sanguine as to the result. Coal has already been found, which, though not fit for fuel, resembles the imperfect coal which is met with on opening a vein. There are, in fact, several beds of an imperfectly carbonized wood here,—and the same occur at the opposite end of the formation at Whitecliff Bay; but it is not the coal which is useful for fuel, nor is there any chance whatever of real coal being found. These beds are what geologists term *lignite*, which occurs in several of the upper formations, while serviceable coal is only found in that group of strata which is known as the carboniferous. Many such experiments have been made, and always without success, in other places; as for example in a similar geological formation at Bexhill, in Sussex, where a large sum of money was expended; of course fruitlessly.

As soon as the stranger has satisfied himself with looking at these extraordinary cliffs,—and no engraving he may have seen of the bay will have prepared him for its strange appearance,—he will direct his attention to the Needles, which now rise into importance before him. The Needles consist of three vast masses of chalk, that originally formed part of the sharp point of land in which the western end of the island terminates, but now stand far out in the sea detached from it and from each other. There are also two or three other blocks, but they are not ordinarily observable. The Needles resemble anything rather than the little implement whose name they bear: from some points they appear like a huge fortress, standing there to guard the



5.—SCRATCHELL'S BAY AND THE NEEDLES.

island; from the sea they exactly resemble a fleet under full sail. But there was formerly another rock, —Lot's Wife, the sailors called it,—which stood out alone, rising from the waves like a spire to a height of a hundred-and-twenty feet, which is said to have given the name to the group;—it fell in 1764. Their appearance from a boat is very striking. The sea rolls in here with great impetuosity, and the rocks are in constant course of disintegration: from being exposed on all sides the waves have full play upon them; the entire surface is deeply serrated, and the ledges and sharp spiry pinnacles, as well as the fragments that lie about the hollowed bases or hang ready to fall, proclaim the change that is going surely forwards. In fine weather the most timid may sail, or be rowed, between the Needles: when there is a little wind abroad it seems rather fearful to those not used to the water; but the visitor may always trust to the boatmen, (whether of Freshwater Gate, Alum Bay, or Yarmouth,) who will not advise the excursion to be made if there is any real danger. They who are not afraid of a roughish sea, nor mind a little spray or a whiff of salt water, will not need to be told that the run round this wild point in a bit of a breeze is a rare treat.

Scratchell's Bay, as the cove is called in which you find yourself on passing the Needles, is one of the most magnificent things in the island, and one which you must travel many miles to match. Precipitous and beetling rocks of from four or five hundred feet in height circle the little bay, which is bounded at one extremity by the rugged Needles and at the other by a stern wave-worn promontory, called Sun Corner. The rocks are of chalk, divided into nearly perpendicular strata by bands of flint nodules. Towards the eastern end of the bay the cliff is hollowed into a circular arch, perhaps two hundred feet high; and further still the waves have wrought a low gloomy cavern which penetrates far into the cliff, and the neighbouring rocks have been pierced and torn in a most strange fashion by the angry elements. If there is not a heavy ground-swell the stranger should land on the little strip of beach near the middle of the bay: if he does, he should go forward to the extremity of the great arch, looking out from which he will be amazed by the grand aspect of the bay; the surrounding rocks and the vast overhanging arch assume almost a terrible majesty, especially if a stormy sky is gathering its forces over the distant horizon. (Cut, No. 5.)

In a smooth sea the boat can run into the cavern, and it may be worth while to go into it, or one of the seven or eight others that occur between Scratchell's Bay and Freshwater Gate. The boatmen from Alum Bay do not proceed beyond Scratchell's Bay unless they are ordered; if their advice be asked, they generally suggest that it is not worth while; the best is already seen, or something of the sort? but the visitor should go on to Freshwater. The cliffs between Scratchell's Bay and Freshwater are those lofty ones we spoke of above as being the highest chalk cliffs in the country. They rise, as we said, precipitously from the sea some six hundred feet. Like those we have passed the strata is nearly vertical, the dazzling white chalk being banded by lines of black flint. The base of this enormous wall is all along worn into caverns, and arches, and columns, in a fantastic manner; and the ledges and crevices are crowded with sea-fowl: this is indeed their chief haunt, and it is worth while to carry a gun,—a bugle will do as well if the tourist likes not villanous gunpowder,—to see what prodigious flocks start, when the report is heard, from every side, though not a feather was discoverable by an unpractised eye. It is over this tremendous precipice that the cliffmen lower themselves when searching for the birds' eggs.

The tourist may land at Freshwater Gate, or return to Alum Bay; at either there is a good hotel, which after such a sail he will be prepared to appreciate. The Needles Hotel, at Alum Bay, is a favourite one, and very convenient for examining the scenery of this end of the island. And if, as is quite likely, he be weather-bound there, the tourist may while away an

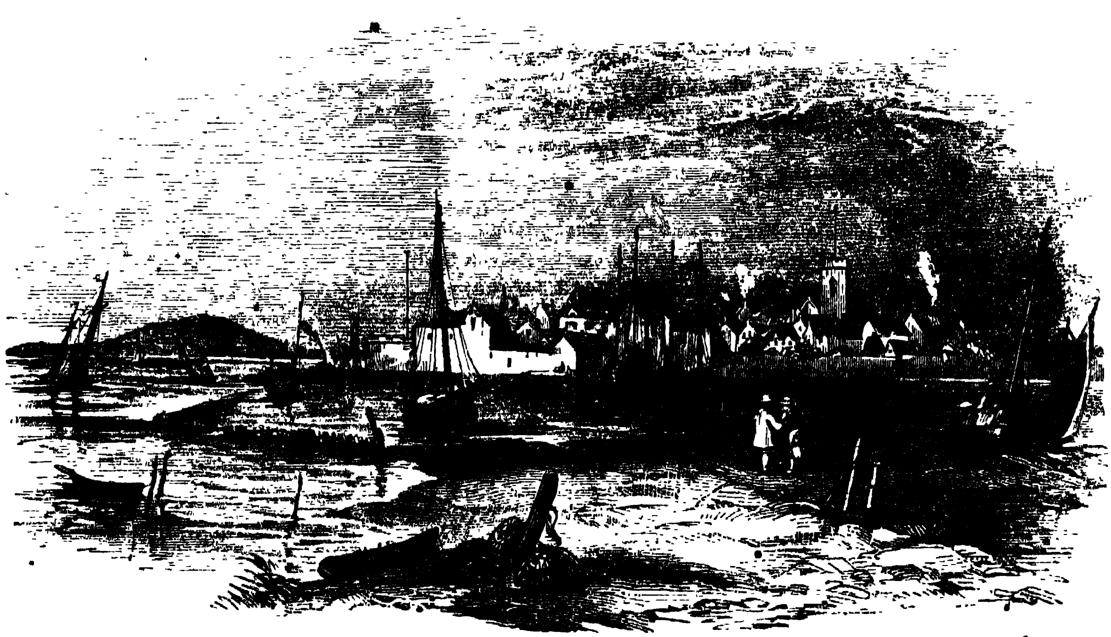
idle hour in turning over the leaves of the Album, and reading how "Miss Gibbins and her mamma much approved of the scenery of Alum Bay," or how Alderman S. "thought the dinner very good—particularly the mutton;" or if the day be very long and very wet, he may even reach the middle of the interminable verses which a serjeant learned in the law spent a rainy week here in inditing.

Yarmouth.

But if he be of an economic turn, and do not mind walking an additional mile or two, he will find cheaper and very respectable inns at Yarmouth—a place at which tourists seldom stay, but which is not an inconvenient centre for exploring all this western end of the island from. There are a couple of inns at Yarmouth: the principal—a noticeable old high-roofed red-brick edifice—was once the mansion of the Governor of the island, and has had a King as its guest. It was built by Admiral Sir R. Holmes, who entertained Charles II. here, in 1671. Now in its plebeian condition, it is known as the 'George,' and has a very creditable fame. The other inn, 'the Bugle,' is also a respectable one; and the host, Master Butler, being an excellent shot, very knowing in birds, and filling up his leisure hours in stuffing the best specimens his gun brings down, his guests may generally see such a collection of the various birds that frequent the island—whether common, rare, or rarest—as they will probably not find anywhere else. Butler is well known to naturalists and collectors of sea-fowl; and many a bird of his shooting and preserving has found a perch in foreign as well as home museums.

Yarmouth itself is but a poor place. Although a corporate town, with its mayor and burgesses, and all municipal addenda,—and one that used to send two representatives to the Imperial Parliament; and though it has a town-hall and market-place, a steam-boat pier, a church, and two or three chapels, it yet has only a single shop of any size or pretension: but that is sufficient—it being one of the 'general' order only met with in country towns, wherein everything is kept, from drugs and grocery, down to door-mats and letter-paper; and everything prepared, from physicians' prescriptions to British wines. Half an hour will suffice to examine all that the town has to show. The church is old, but has been repaired and modernised; the exterior may be called ugly, and the interior is anything but handsome. The town-hall is nought. The 'castle' is one of the 'blockhouses' built by Henry VIII., and of the plainest kind. But the town is pleasantly situated: it stands at the mouth of the Yar, which forms a convenient harbour for small vessels; while there is excellent anchorage for those of larger size in the Solent. From the opposite side of the Yar—to which there is a ferry—the town, lying along the side of the broad estuary, with the Solent before and beyond it, seems as though built on a tongue of land, which projects into the sea, and has a very picturesque air. (Cut, No. 6.) As we spoke of some of its conveniences as a centre for the hardy tourist, we may add to these that the watermen are skilful, and moderate in their charges,—which cannot always be said of the island watermen; and there are good sailing as well as row-boats, for a run along the coast. Moreover there are steamers plying daily to Lymington and Gosport, which also call at Cowes and Ryde. The neighbourhood around Yarmouth is pretty, but not such as to call for further notice here.

Before however we proceed onwards, we must turn back a little way, in order to glance at the coast be-



6. YARMOUTH.

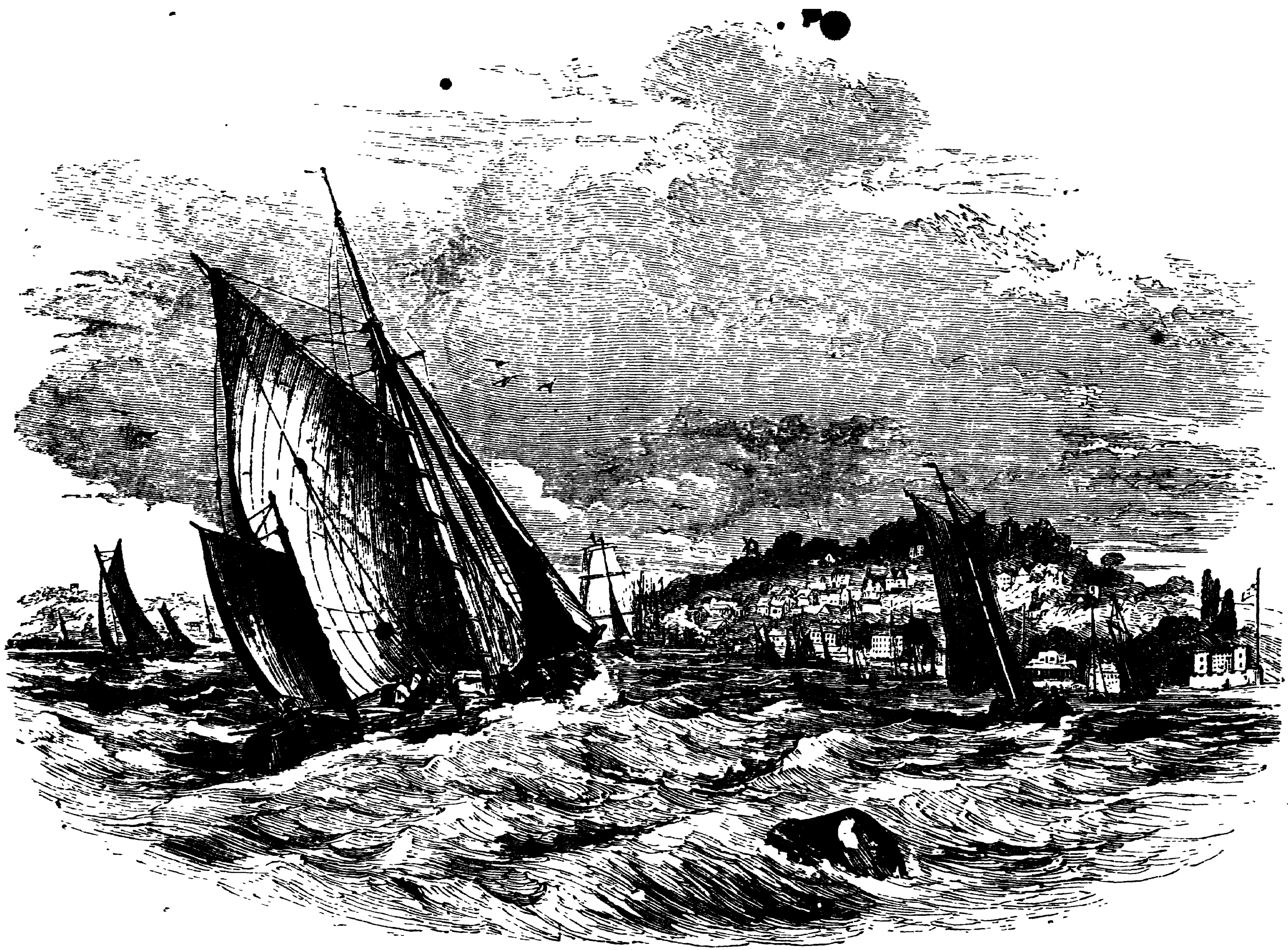
tween Alum Bay and Yarmouth. After crossing the ferry we pass Scone Point, and soon reach Cliff End, where the island approaches nighest to the mainland; the distance from Cliff End to Hurst Castle, which stands on the shingle bank known as Hurst Point, being only three-quarters of a mile. Geologists have little doubt that the Isle of Wight was once united to the mainland; and there has always been a tradition among the islanders to the same effect. Etymologists, too, fancy they perceive confirmation of it in the name of the strait which divides the island from the coast of Hampshire—Solent (which they remind us Bede wrote *Solvente*), pointing plainly to the manner in which it has eaten away the channel between the coasts. Colwell Bay, and Totlands Bay, which we come to in succession, both deserve to be visited. Their banks are bold for some way from the beach, and are tossed about as though by an earthquake. The roughness is doubtless the effect of a long series of land-slips. Headon Hill, the noble headland which divides Totland Bay from Alum Bay, is one of the objects for which the geologist visits the Isle of Wight—it affording a good type of the vertical strata of chalk which we have already mentioned more than once: and we ought perhaps to remind the reader that we here quit the chalk and sand-stone cliffs along which we have hitherto travelled. The chalk extends in a range of lofty Downs, so as to form a sort of spine, or long axis, to the island, and terminates at the opposite extremities in the steep Culver and Needles cliffs. This elevated ridge rises to its greatest height towards the centre of the island, and, as we have seen, forms the cliffs along its southern side. The northern side of the island is of the tertiary formation, and nowhere rises into hills of any great height; the northern coast is for the most part low and shelving.

COWES.

Beyond Yarmouth the stranger will not care to pursue the coast, which has nothing very characteristic about it, merely consisting for the greater part of the way of a sandy beach, with low sandy banks beyond. The best plan will be to take the steamer at once to Cowes. The only town that occurs near the coast between Yarmouth and Cowes is Newtown, which lies some distance up the river of the same name. It was once a place of some importance, but is now quite decayed, and though it still retains its corporate privileges, has altogether not a hundred inhabitants, and only about five-and-twenty mean houses and the ruins of a church. Till the passing of the Parliamentary Reform Bill it returned two members to the House of Commons. Along the banks of the river there are some salterns, but they are not much used. The river allows vessels of 500 tons burden to reach the town, but they do not ascend it. Newtown is rather prettily situated, and is worth going to see, if within a mile or two of it.

Cowes lies along both sides of the estuary of the Medina; that part of it which is on the west bank being called West Cowes, while that on the opposite side is called East Cowes: they are connected by a ferry. West Cowes is the principal town, the other being little more than an adjunct to it, though it contains the Custom-house. The appearance of Cowes from the Solent is very fine. (Cut, No. 7.) The mouth of the Medina is half a mile across, but it contracts rapidly, so that the town seems to lie round a good-sized harbour; and West Cowes being built on a steep hill, whose summit is crowned by a number of gentlemen's villas, it assumes a consequence far beyond its due. To add to its dignity, too, there are generally numerous vessels lying along the banks, and not a few of the handsome craft belonging to the Royal Yacht moored off the mouth of the river; with perhaps one or more ships of war in the Solent. For the last three or four months a large fleet of Prussian and other German ships have been lying here, in consequence of the blockade of the German ports. While they were here Cowes harbour displayed such a forest of masts as had not been seen in it since the war.

Cowes has a good deal of traffic; it being the port of the island, and the point of communication with the mainland by way of Southampton. It carries on also a large internal trade; and it is famous for its ship-building: the craft which are constructed here being celebrated for good sailing—those built for the Royal Yacht Squadron indeed have few rivals. West Cowes, notwithstanding its appearance from the river, is a most irregular ungainly-looking place when you are inside it. The narrow streets run crookedly and awkwardly along the hill side, and there is no public building to engage the attention. Just outside the town there is an old church, and in the other direction there is a new one—but neither is very remarkable. Along the river, and on the parade, there are some buildings that the stranger will look at; but they are not eminent for any architectural merits. One of these is the castle; a rather unformidable-looking building despite the battery in front of it. Another is the club-house of the Royal Yacht Squadron. To this body Cowes owes a fair share of its prosperity: the influx of summer residents must be very materially increased by the members of the Squadron and their connections; and the annual sailing-match brings many strangers; while the presence of so many vessels and the constant trials of skill that take place, add to the general attraction of the town, by adding so much to its cheerfulness. The number of large hotels on both sides of the river speaks aloud for the demands for temporary accommodation. On the hill above West Cowes, and in the neighbourhood around, there are a great many gentlemen's seats, villas, and cottages, and some of them are of rather a superior character: the walks, too, around West Cowes are very pleasing. East Cowes is an agreeable little place; about it there are many very good private residences, but it has no very distinguishing features. What is most commonly pointed out as its lion is East Cowes Castle,—a so-called gothic



7.—COWES.

mansion which Nash, the architect of Buckingham Palace, built for himself, in a commanding position on the brow of the hill just above the village. It looks best at a distance—but the view from it is very fine. East Cowes is much in repute as a quiet watering-place; indeed both West and East Cowes are very lively agreeable summer resorts.

From Cowes, steamers are in frequent communication with Ryde; and perhaps the ordinary tourist will be content with seeing as much of the coast between these places as he can from the deck of one of them. Indeed, if he wishes to see more of it, he can only do so from the roads some way inland—and they are not particularly tempting. But we must look a little more closely at one or two spots. On rounding the point, the lofty towers and long battlemented front of Norris Castle will catch the attention. From the Solent it is a striking object—appearing like some grim relic of ruder times; but it is in reality a modern mansion, having been erected by Wyattville for Sir Henry Seymour. It is said to be less imposing close at hand than at a distance—which is very likely, for on looking steadily at it incongruities become sufficiently visible even from the steamer. According to Sir Henry Englefield, it commands the finest view of the Solent and the opposite shore of any spot in the island. Somewhat farther we see Osborne, the seat of Her Majesty, which shows very well from the sea, and we should fancy has a nobler view over the strait, as it has in every other direction, than Norris. We shall visit Osborne from Newport. The coast along rises into gentle well-wooded uplands, and wears a very cheerful air. At King's Quay we pass a river that enters the sea between banks covered with foliage to the edge of the water. A little further is Fishbourne Creek, the estuary of the Wootton river—in parts one of the most beautiful rivers in the island. The scenery about Wootton Bridge is celebrated, but the river is finer towards the sea—we mean of course at high water, for these tidal streams are little better than a mud-swamp when the tide is out.

At Quarr Abbey we must stay a while. These remains, small though they be, are the most important left of the several conventual establishments that once flourished in the island. This was a monastery founded by the Earl of Devon in 1132, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. The monks were of the Cistercian order. It was dissolved along with all the other religious houses by Henry VIII. A merchant of Southampton bought the building and speedily dismantled it. Nothing now remains but some of the outer walls, and the fragment that is represented in the engraving (Cut, No. 8.) This was converted into, and long used as a farm building, and is so altered that it is not easy to say what was its original purpose. Although but a very poor ruin compared with the relics of ecclesiastical edifices in other parts of the country, it is the best hereabouts, and it is worth walking over from Ryde to see—especially as in the large open space which surrounds it, there are magnificent spreading elms, as old almost as the building; and the walk itself whether by the sea-side or through Binstead would alone amply repay the exertion. Quarr Abbey is believed to owe its name to a quarry close by, which supplied the stone for many of the ecclesiastical buildings in the southern counties. Wykeham's restoration of Winchester Cathedral was made with stone obtained from the Abbot of Quarr, and of course from this quarry. Stone is still procured from it, but it is now chiefly employed for the cottages in the neighbourhood. Quarr Copse reaches down to the beach, and the rich hanging wood dipping into the sea at high water is a very handsome object from the boat. As we mentioned, there is a footway along the beach from Quarr to Ryde, but it is only practicable when the tide is out. The path through the copse and by Binstead is a delightful one.



8.—QUARR ABBEY.

The famous anchorage of the Motherbank stretches along this part of the Solent, and there are generally riding in it a goodly number of our magnificent ships of war, as well as other large vessels; while craft of every description are continually sailing to and fro. The high ground about Binstead commands the whole of this portion of the strait, the town and harbour of Portsmouth, and the Hampshire hills beyond: it is not easy to conceive a nobler prospect of its kind. Binstead itself is a pretty secluded village of genteel residences. It has a new church, which, though small, is of unusual gracefulness. By it is preserved a doorway of the old church, with a rather curious piece of sculpture built in the wall above the arch, which has been long known among the peasantry of the neighbourhood as "the Idol." Binstead is about a mile from Ryde.

NEWPORT.

We have thus made the circuit of this island; it now remains for us to visit Newport, its capital; and from thence we may glance hastily over one or two places in the interior.

Newport stands nearly in the centre of the island, in a spot apparently marked out by Nature for the site of the miniature capital. It is built on a gentle slope rising from the west bank of the Medina, which is navigable for vessels of considerable burden up to the town; and the nature of the surrounding hills allows of easy lines of communication to radiate from it to every part of the island. The town itself is neat, clean, cheerful-looking, and apparently flourishing. It contains about 5000 inhabitants, is a corporate borough, and returns two members to the House of Commons, being the only place in the island that was permitted by the Reform Bill to retain Parliamentary representatives. The streets are well paved and lighted, and filled with good well-stored shops. The public buildings are mostly modern; the town-hall, and one or two other of the largest and showiest, were erected some thirty or forty years ago, from the designs of Nash, and are about on a level with what would be expected from the specimens of his genius which the metropolis possesses. The old church is very large, but plain and low, and far from pleasing in its external appearance; while the interior is blocked up and darkened by huge pews and galleries, and every kind of ungainly obstruction, till it would require a laborious search to discover any beauties there, if any there be. Among the monuments one or two are noticeable. The Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., lies here under a plain slab; she died the year after the execution of her father, at the age of fourteen, a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle. There are now a couple of new churches in the town, and it would be no discredit to the inhabitants if they were to remove some of the rubbish from the old one. Dissenting chapels abound, there being already some six or seven in existence, and one larger and smarter than any of them is in course of erection. There is a literary society in Newport, which has one of the best buildings in the place. There is also a factory, wherein some hundred hands are employed in making the Isle of Wight lace, so much admired by ladies. There is, too, a theatre for the delectation of the towns-people, but it does not fill; and just by it there is a jail, of which no such complaint is heard. North of the town are extensive barracks; and not far from them is a House of Industry, or in other words a Union workhouse, for the poor of the island. With its grounds, which are laid out in fields, and cultivated by the inmates, it occupies an area of eighty acres, and it has accommodation (happily never required) for a thousand persons; it is praised for the excellency of its arrangements, which are said to have suggested some of those adopted by the new Poor-law Commission. The Reformatory for juvenile offenders, or, as it is more commonly called, Parkhurst prison, is also in the same neighbourhood,—all these three buildings being within the precincts of Parkhurst Forest.

Newport is not much dependent on summer visitors, who generally merely pass through it. The population is a fixed, and not a fluctuating one, like that of Ryde and Cowes, and the town wears altogether less of a holiday look. But it is a convenient place to stay at for one who wants to see the island and its inhabitants. The stranger ought to turn out early on Saturday morning to see the market, which is of the most miscellaneous character possible. Every household requisite or luxury, from beef and bedsteads to prawns and pine-apples, is collected in it; and the market folks and market vehicles are almost as miscellaneous as the commodities they have brought together, and very much better worth seeing. There is also an annual fair; and there are two or three Michaelmas hiring or 'bargain-fairs,' which afford rare opportunities for seeing the country folk.

Newport is the oldest existing town in the island. Newtown was indeed an old town when this was founded; but it began to decay as this grew up, and, as we have seen, it long since died off altogether, leaving only a few rude cottages and a ruined church as its *siste viator*. But Newport has nothing modern in its look, nor any antiquities to reward the archæological inquirer. The only building of any antiquity besides the church is the Grammar-school, which was erected in 1617, and is noteworthy only on account of the school-room being the place where Charles the First and the Parliamentary Commissioners met to negotiate the public 'Treaty of Newport,' as it was called.

The walks in the immediate vicinity of Newport are many of them very beautiful; but there is one spot in particular which affords so splendid a prospect, that it should on no account be left unvisited. We refer, of course, to Mountjoy, the lofty hill on the south of the town. From the summit of this hill you see, on a clear day, the whole lower valley of the Medina and the surrounding country,—a rich undulating tract, where shining meadows alternate with dusky lines of



9.—OSBORNE HOUSE, FROM THE MEDINA.

sombre foliage, and the broad Medina, winding through the midst, leads the eye along the curves of the valley to its union with the sea, where a forest of small craft and a light hazy vapour mark the sight of Cowes. Bounding the valley on the right is a range of low hills, from the highest of which the tower of Osborne rises out of a dense mass of trees. On the left, another range of uplands terminates near you in the brown heathy tract of Parkhurst Forest. In the extreme distance are the purple hills of Hampshire; between which and the northern side of the island the Solent breaks upon the sight at intervals, between the depressions in the uplands, gleaming in the sunshine like a number of small lakes. And at the foot of the hill on which you stand lies the town of Newport; its regular rows of plain houses and dark red roofs, partly concealed by noble trees, which, with the gray tower of the old church and the masts of the ships that are lying by the town quay, not only break the uniformity and homeliness of the buildings, but render the little town a bold and striking relief to the open country beyond, and assist it in throwing the whole landscape into exquisite harmony. Our steel engraving will enable the reader to form a somewhat clearer conception of this noble scene than our feeble description can do.

Our first stroll from Newport shall be down the Medina to Osborne. The Medina rises on the south side of the island, and falls into the sea on the north,—as do all the streams in the island with the exception of those little ones that fall over the chines. Its source is at the north-eastern foot of St. Catharine's Hill, not far from Chale; at Newport it becomes a tidal river, and expands to a considerable width, and it continues of course to widen to its confluence with the sea five miles lower. It thus divides the island, as will be seen on referring to the map, into two nearly equal portions, which have been adopted as the legal divisions of the island, the eastern half being called East, and the other West Medina.

The Medina has a good deal of very pretty scenery along its upper course, but it altogether changes its character when it becomes a tidal river. At low water indeed it is but a narrow stream running through the centre of a wide bed of mud but when the tide is up it is a broad and noble river, and that is the time to stroll along it. Both the banks are hilly, and the slopes are well wooded, but it is on the right bank only that a foot path lies all the way along the water's edge —and it is on the right bank that Osborne is situated. The rambler may very well keep beside the river to Whippingham, occasionally ascending the uplands; and if he be a lover of river scenery he will not regret the devious course it has led him. The broad sweep of the stream stretches before you in bold sweeping curves, its clear green water curling into light ripples and reflecting in long tremulous lines the white sails that are gliding rapidly along; on either side are fine hanging woods, or slopes of "glad light green;" in front the view is bounded by softly swelling uplands, or, when a turn in the path brings into sight the broad opening where the river falls into the sea, by the silver Solent and the hazy coast beyond. Looking back, Newport for some way forms the chief feature; but as it diminishes, the high mound with the gray ruins of Carisbrooke Castle on its summit rises into importance, and from many a spot you have a landscape of a high order. There are a couple of mills on the river's banks called respectively East and West Medina Mills, but they add nothing to the beauty of the scenery.

Whippingham has no such a collection of houses as could be called a village. The church, which is the chief attraction, stands quite apart, not far from a farm-yard, on an eminence just above the river. Its spire has served as a landmark, visible at intervals above the trees, from East Medina Mill, but the church itself is hidden by the wood till you are close to it. Since Osborne has been the property of her Majesty, Whippingham church has been her ordinary place of worship while residing there, and tourists are now accustomed to mark it in their list of visiting places; else it would draw few aside. The church is of a moderate size, and more complete in its equipments than many of the island churches; having nave, chancel, transepts, tower, and spire; but it is as plain and unadorned as village church can be. The only possible thing to notice inside would be its scrupulous cleanness. Now of course the royal pews are looked at by the stranger, but they too are quiet and unassuming, only distinguished from the rest by a rather richer lining. On the Sunday, we are told, there is no appearance of state, and the only thing that jars upon the simple solemnity of the service is the eager rudeness of those who crowd here to stare, who surely might leave the queen—though she be the queen—undisturbed in her hours of public worship.

Osborne House is about three-quarters of a mile from the church. It stands in the midst of its grounds, and cannot be seen from the road. The grounds are rather extensive, and from their elevated site afford fine views in many directions; but they are *strictly private*, and neither house nor grounds can be entered by the stranger. It would be useless, therefore, to describe them, if even the very hasty glance we have had of them enabled us to do so. It may be enough to state that the house has been much enlarged and altered since it was purchased for Her Majesty, and the alterations are still far from completed. It now presents an extended façade with a very lofty campanile on one side, of the Italian palazzo style, very sparingly enriched. Perhaps the house is seen to most advantage from the Solent, but it may also be very well seen from the high grounds on the opposite side of the Medina (Cut, No. 9.) The campanile is a noticeable object from the higher hills all over the island, and the views from it are said to be of the most splendid description.

The tourist may take the road beyond the principal entrance to Osborne, which will lead him to the gates of Norris Castle, the grounds of which are open to him,

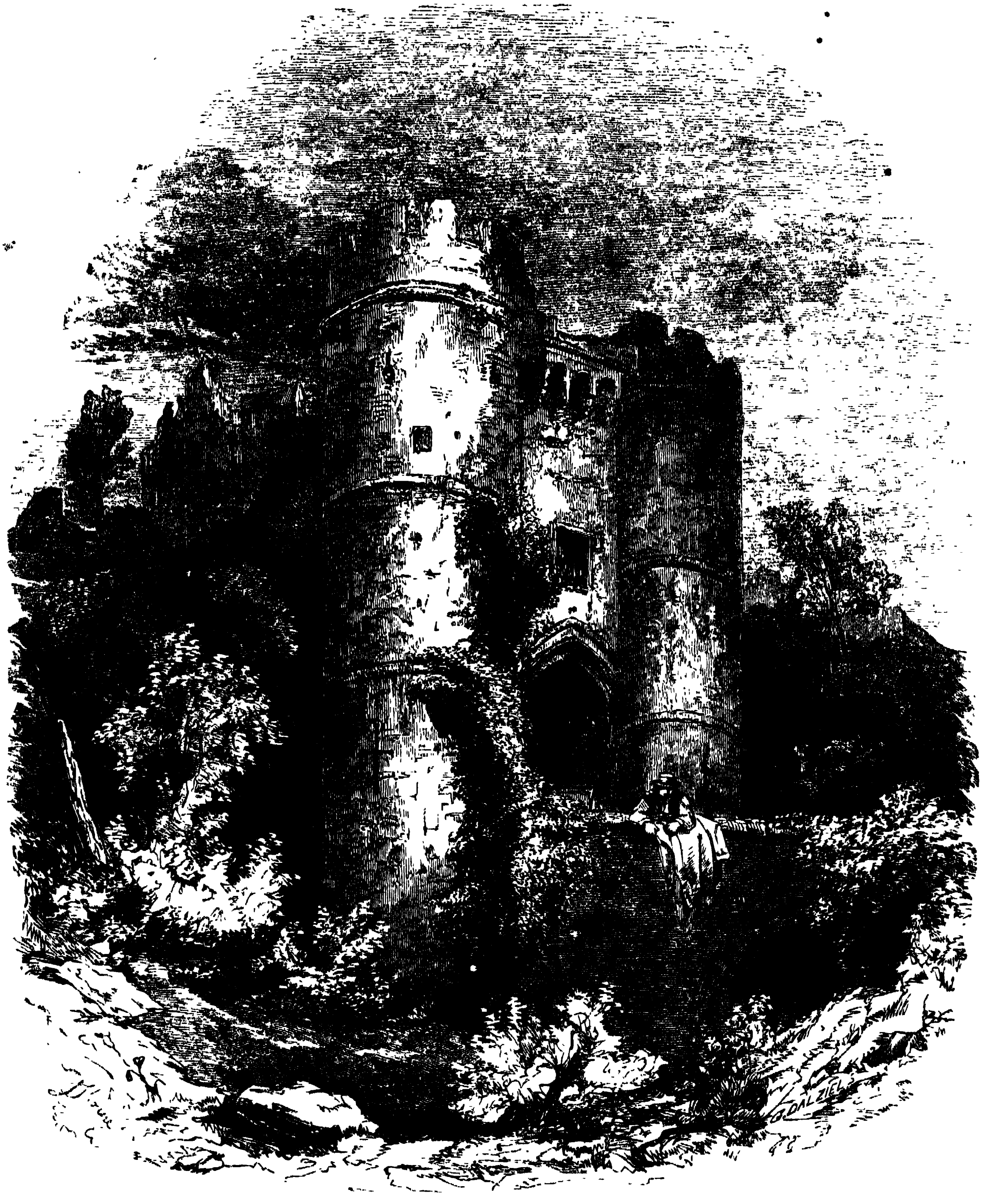
and whose noble prospect across the Solent has been already spoken of. The road through the park will bring him out by East Cowes, where he may be ferried over, and return to Newport along the road above the west bank of the river; or, if he does not wish to proceed to Norris Castle, he will find a ferry below Whippingham Church, kept by the person who rents the oyster-beds, by which he may cross, when the tide is up, to Werror Farm, whence he may make his way through the copse to the road, or by the river to West Medina Mill. He will find the lonely old farm-house, and some other places on his way, very picturesque. But it will be well to view the scenery of the Medina from the water, and the tourist can do so very readily. There are good boats always to be hired at Newport; and there is a passage-boat which sails daily between Newport and Cowes as the tide serves; the fare by the passage-boat is very trifling. The traveller can take whichever his fancy or his pocket prefers. We would suggest that the best way to see the Medina, and the places spoken of above, is to sail to Cowes, and thence to return by Norris and Whippingham, where he can descend to the river side and continue along it to Newport. If he like river scenery half as much as we do, and have a fair day, and a flowing tide, he will thank us for the suggestion. We ought however in fairness to apprise him that we have heard artists and other competent judges who have made the round declare, "there is nothing in it."

But about the place we are next to visit there can be no difference of opinion. Whoever has the slightest feeling for the beauties of Nature, or the venerable relics of antiquity, must be interested and impressed at Carisbrooke. Strangers ordinarily, and in flys always, proceed there from Newport by the Mall, a pleasant road, but not the most pleasant, nor that by which the very picturesque features of the village and castle open most advantageously as you draw near. It is better to go over Mountjoy, from which you have the view already described, or along the fields and the river by West Mill.

William the Conqueror gave the Isle of Wight to his kinsman William Fitz-Osborne, and created him Lord of Wight. Fitz-Osborne, after overcoming the resistance of the islanders, took up his abode at Carisbrooke, which was already a fortified place. He is believed to have erected the oldest part of the present castle on the site of a much more ancient one; be that as it may, the castle became the residence of the Lords of Wight, and the town of Carisbrooke was the capital of the island. The Lords of Wight retained their insular sovereignty till the reign of Edward I., who purchased the regalities, and appointed a Warden of the island, with the old title, subject to removal at his pleasure. This arrangement was continued till 1445, when that feeblest of monarchs, Henry VI., created the Earl of Warwick 'King' of the Isle of Wight, and crowned the new sovereign with his own hands. But this title was of course never renewed, and the old one was dropped in the reign of Henry VII., who appointed a 'Captain' of the Island: the title was changed to that of Governor in the seventeenth century; and that title and office are still continued. While the Lords of Wight resided in the castle, the French made many descents upon the island, which they more than once ravaged; and they frequently attacked the castle, but do not appear to have ever taken it. One of their last descents upon the island was in the reign of Richard II., when, after plundering it, they laid siege to the castle. Many of the besiegers were slain during the siege, especially on one fatal occasion, when a large party of them were drawn very close to the walls, and fell into an ambush which had been prepared for them. There is a tradition that one of the lanes leading to the castle owes its name of Deadman's Lane to having been the scene of the slaughter; and that Node Hill, on the way to Newport, was formerly called Noddies Hill, on account of its having served as the burial-place of the *Noddies*, who suffered themselves to be thus entrapped. This is the country etymology—we are not responsible for it.

But the chief historical interest attaching to the Castle arises from the confinement within it of the unfortunate Charles I. Charles, it will be remembered, on escaping from Hampton Court, repaired to the coast of Hampshire, and after some hesitation resolved to place himself under the protection of Colonel Hammond, the governor of the Isle of Wight. He was lodged in Carisbrooke Castle. At first he was treated with courtesy, and even permitted to ride out with a small escort; but stricter measures were soon enforced, and the king became a close prisoner. Some wild projects were started for his release; but Carisbrooke Castle was too strong a place, and too well garrisoned to allow of hope from any plan which the Royalists were then capable of executing. His son, Prince Charles, indeed, had at one time a good fleet in the Downs; but though urged by the king, he did not avail himself of the opportunity to attempt to liberate his father. Charles himself made two efforts to escape. The first time he tried to force his body between the bars of his window; but they were too close together, and he had difficulty in drawing himself back again. Then his followers succeeded in conveying to him acids for corroding the bars, and a rope, by which to lower himself; and a night was fixed for the attempt. When it came, he was made aware that his window was watched from below, and it was believed that if he had appeared outside he would have been shot. Charles was a prisoner here rather more than a year; and from hence he was removed to that miserable 'castle' we saw from Cliff-end awhile ago; and soon after, where strife and sorrow are unknown.

Carisbrooke Castle is now a mere ruin, but it is a very fine one. It stands on a lofty eminence, and the keep is raised still higher, by being placed on an artificial mound. It thus presents a commanding aspect from every side. The castle is of very different dates: some parts of it are probably as old as William Fitz-



10.—CARISBROOKE.

Osborne; but the castle was rebuilt in the reign of Henry I., and probably most of the older parts of the present remains are of that time. The grand gateway, represented in our engraving, (Cut, No. 10,) was erected in the reign of Edward IV., by Lord Woodville, whose arms are sculptured upon the front. Woodville sold the castle to the king, and it has ever since remained an appanage to the crown. It was repaired by Elizabeth, who built the outer walls and the gateway outside the bridge, and also some domestic offices yet remaining, and now used as the residence of the keeper. The defensive part of the castle was permitted to go to ruin after the Restoration, though it was used for some time longer as a state-prison.

The walls of the castle enclose an area of about twenty acres; and the whole is surrounded by a broad moat, long since drained. The entrance from the road is by Queen Elizabeth's Gate, a not unpicturesque little building in its present mouldering state, with the dark green ivy climbing over it; but the grand entrance is Woodville's Gateway, on the other side of the bridge. This is the finest feature left of the old castle. The gateway is strengthened by a portcullis and bold machicolations, and flanked by round towers of noble proportions: it is altogether a very handsome specimen of its class of architecture. On passing through it, the person who shows the castle calls your attention to some ruinous walls on your left hand as the prison wherein Charles was confined: the window, still preserved, is said to be that from which he attempted to escape. You are then directed to the 'Saxon' keep, and left to ascend, if you please, "the wearisome but necessary height." There are said to be some seventy-odd steps to this steep 'flight,' which leads to the keep, and there are some more from thence to the parapet. But no one will complain who ascends them. The prospect would be worth climbing for were there no steps to assist the ascent: it embraces as wide a range of country as the summit of Mountjoy, and is perhaps more varied. The view of the lower valley of the Medina is not comparable to that from Mountjoy; but those on the south, over the rich undulations of cultivated and wooded country, are much finer. The ramparts also afford very pleasing views; and on Wednesday evenings in summer, when the band of the regiment stationed at Parkhurst plays in the meadow below, they form a favourite promenade for the Newport fair.

One of the most curious things in the castle is the well, which is above 300 feet deep. The visitor is shown into the well-house, and while he is noticing the singular appearance of the room, one side of which is occupied by an enormous wooden wheel—a small lamp is lighted; and after being told to mark the time that elapses before a glass of water that is thrown down strikes against the bottom of the well, the lamp is lowered by means of a small windlass, making, as he watches its descent, a circle of light continually lessening till the lamp is seen to float on the surface of the water at a depth that makes him almost dizzy. A grave old ass is then introduced who quietly walks into the huge treadwheel, which he anon begins to turn—as curs in days of yore turned spits—whereby the bucket is lowered and drawn up again: which feat being accomplished, Jacob very soberly walks out again. This well has from time out of mind served the castle with water, and still serves it—and, as the visitor will find if he tastes it, serves it well. The same method of drawing the water has always been in practice; and the drawers have lived long in the exercise of their vocation. Fame tells of one who drew water here for fifty odd years, and might perchance have drawn as many more; but becoming weary of so long treading the same dull round, he threw himself from the ramparts. The books, and the gentle guide, do indeed say that the ancient drawer fell over the ramparts by accident—but who will credit that of a donkey? His successor was not of quite such Macrobian habit, but he lived to enjoy for some thirty years a pension of a penny loaf a day conferred on him by an ass-loving governor.

Before leaving the castle you are shown the chapel; but it is much more modern than any other part of the building, having been erected by George II. on the site of a very old one that had become unserviceable, and it has nothing remarkable in its appearance. In it the Mayor of Newport used to be sworn in upon entering on office and on the annual renewal of his term: but the present mayor, being a Dissenter, chose to display his independency by refusing to conform to the established order of things, and the point having been yielded by the Governor it will no doubt fall into abeyance—as a good many better and some worse customs have fallen. The village of Carisbrooke is built along the side of an eminence, which is separated from the castle hill by a narrow dell, through which flows a small streamlet. Carisbrooke is a pretty rustic village, but showing few signs, apart from the castle and the church, of its antiquity. The church is still large and handsome, but it was once much larger—the chancel and one of the aisles having been pulled down to save the cost of repairing them. The tower, which has an enriched turret and pinnacles, is the most elaborate and handsomest, and it contains the most musical peal of bells in the island. The church, with several other of the island churches, formerly belonged to the Cistercian Priory, which was founded here by Fitz-Osborne, and so it remained till the spoliation of religious houses by the dragon "To whom houses and churches were but geese and turkeys"—when the church was made parochial and the priory tithes leased for a yearly rent of 200 marks. The only fragment left of the priory is an ivy-covered gate. Carisbrooke Castle has a majestic appearance from these lower grounds; the village too, with its church, looks very picturesque; but they should be seen in combination from the neighbouring fields, when they display a union of grandeur and picturesqueness that is exceedingly impressive.

The country around Carisbrooke is very lovely There are delicious green lanes where the trees interlace over head and form an exquisite roof to the

informal avenue; there are again lone farm-houses shadowed by lofty spreading elms, and environed by broad tilths of wheat; little playful brooks running wild among the alder-spotted meadows; and downy heights with wide-spread prospects; and shadowy copses peopled only by the merry song-birds. You might roam about here for weeks and not exhaust the affluence of gentle pastoral loveliness.

Something of this loveliness may be seen by varying the homeward route a little. Take any of the narrow lanes at the back of the castle, that for example which leads to Watergate, and you have some new feature of beauty opening upon you at every turn. The lanes will display those irregular avenues we spoke of. At Watergate there is the pretty brook, with the few scattered houses about it. A little farther and you come upon Marwell Copse, the very striking entrance to which, as the shades of evening are casting their sombre tone over it, might tempt a Salvator's pencil; while on the other side, as you look back into the copse you see the road dropping down a dell over-arched by a dark mass of tangled trees and leading to a gleam of sunlit foliage that seems to illumine the whole picture. Marwell Copse is worth a visit—though we have never seen it mentioned. But the stranger should proceed to Gatcombe, whose park is famous and deservedly so. On all sides is an inter-mingling of whatever is beautiful in park scenery, although, excepting the trees, on a small scale. The little church stands in a pretty part of the park, half buried among massy foliage. The Parsonage, wearing a charming air of "refined rusticity," is placed by a little lake not far from it. A water-mill, too, fixed on a picturesque bend of the Medina, is included within the pale. The mansion is modern and stately. Gatcombe village, too, is a study for a painter.

And all round Gatcombe the leisurely traveller may find lanes and passages of quiet rural verdant land-scape, such as only England can show, and only its more favoured spots can show in perfection. Especially as he wanders about here will he find himself involuntarily staying to admire the uncommon gracefulness of form and rich full foliage of the trees. The soil is fitting, the climate mild and balmy, and their growth is answerable. Then they stand in an ample space, and are left unclipped by the pruning-knife of science, and they send out their free arms with that buoyant vigour only seen in such circumstances. Many of them are as grand and symmetrical in form as any Claude ever painted, and they have a free sweeping play of branches and spray such as he never had a glimpse of. As they stand alone or in a grove on a grassy slope, or beside a dark pond, or a glancing streamlet, they make pictures that the eye cannot choose but rest upon.

Gatcombe may be taken on the route to Appuldurcombe, which must be visited from Newport, if it were not seen when at Shanklin or Ventnor. We may mention here that the interior of the mansion can only be seen by tickets, which must have been previously obtained at Newport. There are two or three ways to Appuldurcombe, but there is little choice between them. Godshill is in any case the mark to aim at: it is a curious unformed place. The church is set up on the top of a broken hill, upon whose rough sides the houses are scrambling. The inhabitants tell the old story, common to so many of these hill churches, how the building was commenced in the valley, but the emissaries of the evil one undid at night all that was accomplished in the day; and how, at last, it was only suffered to be erected on condition of its being placed on this rugged hill-top, out of the reach of the old, the feeble, and the indolent. Such traditions as we said are common, but then they have the three essentials of a perfect tradition, and therefore we do not question this: at most we only venture to hint that there was a strange want of tact in a certain quarter. "The tower lights all the country round," at once a guide and a monitor. It was wiser done at Hollington (see vol. i. 286) to insist on the church being built in a lonely hollow, and then causing a thick wood to spring up and hide it—where "out of sight out of mind." By the way, if the tradition be authentic, is not the name a misnomer?—ought it not rather to bear a far less euphonious title than that of Godshill? Or was it so named on the same principle as names are sometimes given in the mining districts, where, if there be a fellow of unmatchable ugliness, he is sure to be called Beauty?

But whoever caused the church to be placed where it stands did a benefit to the scenery of the neighbourhood, and deserves a good word therefore—if only upon the principle of giving "every one his due." To many a charming spot around the fine old tower gives a graceful finish, and it serves to render the humble village one of the most picturesque in the island. The church itself is rather a superior one: it is partly of the decorated period, and partly perpendicular; and in addition to its architectural value, it contains a long series of monuments of the Worsley family—one of the oldest and most distinguished families in the island, and who for a long series of years were the lords of Appuldurcombe.* Many of these monuments are interesting as specimens of the art, or as affording examples of the costume of their respective periods. Another monument of the Worsley's, which the village possesses, is a free grammar-school, which Sir Richard Worsley founded and endowed for its benefit in 1614.

Appuldurcombe is little more than a mile from Godshill. The mansion stands in the midst of an extensive park, and both house and park are considered to be among the most attractive of the island lions. Appuldurcombe House was begun in 1710, by Sir Robert Worsley; but remained unfinished until the succession of his grandson, Richard, to the title and estates. It is a large square building, with projecting wings to the principal front. The style is the so-called classic which prevailed in the last century, and the general effect is stately and imposing. The hall and principal apartments are of handsome proportions, and it is altogether an eminently splendid pile. But the chief attraction

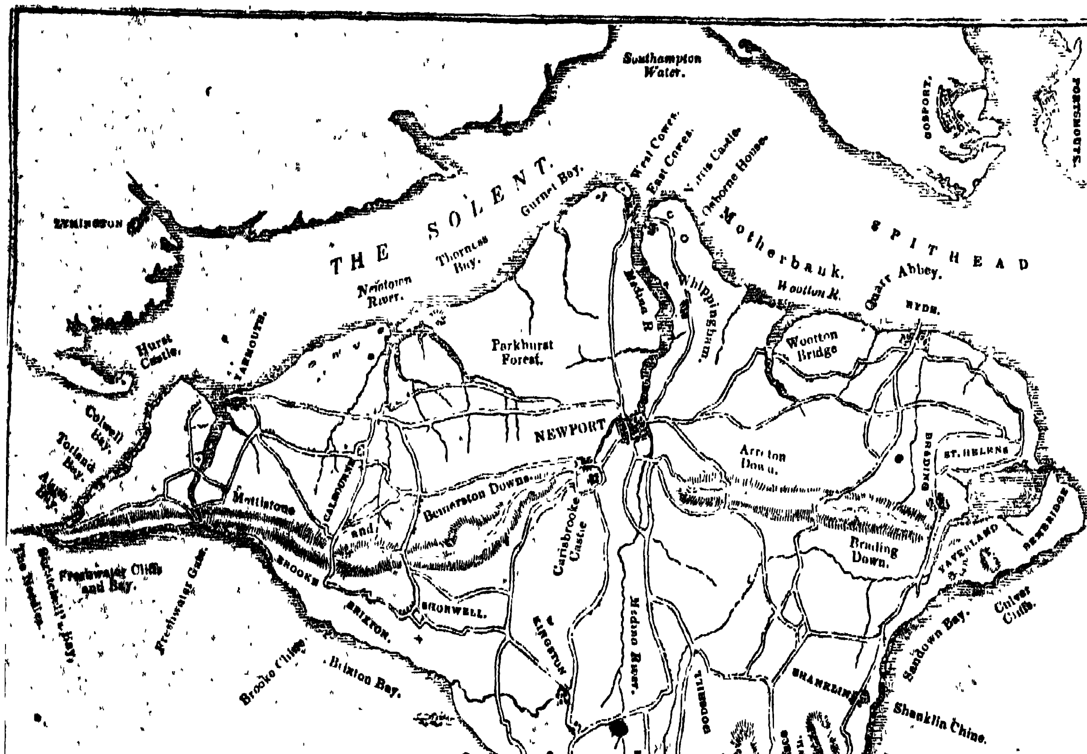
is the collection of pictures, statues, and antiquities, so famous as the Worsley Museum. The most interesting, perhaps, of the pictures, are the historical portraits, many of which have been in the possession of the family for a very long period; some, as the portraits of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, having been presented to them by those sovereigns. The bassi-relievi, statues, gems, and other antiquities, were collected by Sir Richard Worsley, at a vast expense, during a tour made for the purpose in Italy and the Levant. The collection was, at the time it was made, considered to be one of the finest in England. Sir Richard, with the assistance of the younger Visconti, the celebrated Italian antiquary and writer on art, drew up a full description of his collection, which was published in two folio volumes in 1794—1803, under the title of 'Musæum Worsleianum:' the descriptions are in English and Italian, and it is largely illustrated with engravings. The preparation of this work, which was one of the most splendid that had then issued from the English press, cost Sir Richard, it is said, upwards of £27,000. Very few copies of it were printed, and it is now one of the 'rare' books of the bibliopolists. The collection itself, as will be supposed, noble as it is, is chiefly interesting to the classic scholar and the archæologist; and requires more careful examination than is possible in the hasty survey of a 'show-house.' But it is worth seeing, though it can only be seen cursorily—and the house and park ought to be visited.

The park deserves its celebrity. It is very extensive, for the island, and the ground is considerably diversified, and there are noble views over the wide glades. Oak, elm, and beech trees, of stately size abound; the plantations are well arranged, and it is well stocked with deer: the park and the house are, in short, on a correspondent style of grandeur. On the most elevated spot in the park a column, seventy feet high, has been erected to the memory of Sir Richard Worsley, and is a conspicuous object for many miles in every direction. Sir Richard Worsley, among many other obligations which he conferred on the island, completed and published the 'History of the Isle of Wight,' which his grandfather had commenced but left, like the house, unfinished. The 'History' is in every sense a heavy work; but the large collection of materials it contains must be the basis of every succeeding history. Sir Richard Worsley was Governor of the Island, and held some other honourable employments. Appuldurcombe is no longer the property of a Worsley,—the name is now extinct; and the property has passed by marriage to the Earls of Yarborough, whose seat it now is.

We have hardly space to indicate any more of the pleasant jaunts from Newport. We may select, as one that will very well illustrate the nature of the quiet out-of-the-way districts that are to be found in these parts that lie away from the ordinary routes, a stroll to Newtown by way of Parkhurst Forest, returning by Calbourne. Parkhurst Forest was once a Royal hunting forest of some four thousand acres area, and so thickly wooded that, according to the popular saying, a squirrel might have leaped from one end of it to the other without touching the ground. But it is now circumscribed within very much narrower limits, and the whole of the ancient timber has been long felled: it now is most unforest-like in its appearance, being in good part a heathy tract of waste land, and its wood mere brushwood. This is one of the tracts that was enforested by the Conqueror, and was a favourite hunting-ground of the Norman Nimrod. There are some rather pretty heathy spots about, with some good prospects from them; but it is hardly a place the stranger will care to linger over, though he will enjoy the sharp sea-breeze on a clear morning. He may turn aside to look at or examine the House of Industry and the Reformatory, if he pleases. Crossing the forest, he will pass through the copse by White House, and then by some wooded lanes, past Clamerkins, keeping the river on his right, to Newtown. This Newtown river we have mentioned before; and here we shall only add, that it is very curiously broken into several branches, all of which are tidal, and at their confluence form a wide estuary. The decayed old Newtown and this estuary, or even the separate branches, are certainly worth visiting, and this is a good way of reaching them. Having satisfied himself with them, and examined if he pleases the salt-ponds, or salterns, he should proceed to Shalfleet, a curious rude village with a remarkable church. This odd-looking edifice is in part, at least, of Norman date, and has some undecipherable (or as the phrase goes symbolic) sculpture about it. The tower is Norman, of rude construction, and has the singular characteristic of being wider than the nave to which it is attached. There are some noticeable Norman carvings about it, as well as the doorways. There are other peculiarities about it, and it is altogether perhaps the most singular church in the island. On the way are two or three scattered hamlets, as well as some outlying farm-houses, that might be spoken of as noteworthy, were it necessary. Calbourne is quite a specimen of a secluded country village: it lies out of any main road, and seems to have altogether escaped the notice of the 'progress' people. It is no more modern than it was a quarter of a century ago—which is something difficult to say of a country village now. Calbourne is a very tolerable example of a village church of the early English period: it has a strong stern look, as though it might be made a temporary place of refuge for the villagers in case of sudden attack by marauders. The windows in the body of the church are the narrow lancet; the walls are strong, and the whole not easily assailable: while the tower is still more grim-looking, and stronger—evidently the keep of the temporary castle. The cottages are as primitive as the church; and as the whole is screened by magnificent trees, from almost every field around, you have a new picture. Somewhat further is Swainstone, a charming neighbourhood, full of good trees, golden corn-fields,—everywhere the substantial signs of a rich, fertile, and well-tilled soil. There are some roads about Swainstone, along which lofty elms are ranged, forming delicious shady avenues.

and yielding at every opening exquisite peeps across the country and over the glittering sea beyond. There is a large mansion here which occupies the site of a palace belonging to the Bishops of Winchester, and some fragments of a palace chapel still remain. From Swainstone there are charming walks through by-lanes and across fields by the back of Carisbrooke to Newport. Great Park, New Park, Park Cross, and the like, are all relics of the ancient Royal Forest of Parkhurst, though lying some distance from the tract now so called: about them one might wander for hours.

The very finest ramble that can be had upon the central range of Downs is from Newport to Ashey Sea Mark. You reach Arreton Down by Long Lane (and a very long lane it is); when, the moment you attain the summit, there bursts on the view upon either hand a wide and most brilliant prospect, which never loses its attractiveness till you reach the Sea Mark upon Ashey Down, where it is by far the finest. Ashey Sea Mark is a stout triangular obelisk of stone, which was erected by the Government for the guidance of vessels entering Spithead and St. Helen's Roads: the views from it are indeed most splendid. On every side you see for miles across a tract of richly cultivated country, where broad pastures alternate with fields of waving corn, or the purple-headed rye grass, which bends in sweeping billows under the lightest wind, sombre wooded districts, and scattered villages marked by the clustered roofs or the light blue vapour; while everywhere the county is spotted over with cottage, or farmhouse, or mansion, sending up the curling smoke from among sheltering trees: and beyond this inland tract is the circling sea. Northwards the Solent, with its fleets of war-ships and crowded sails, and the distant fortifications by Portsmouth Harbour, and the faint hills beyond, form the distance. To the east the wide Brading Harbour, backed by the Bembridge heights, catches the eye. While southward is the majestic curve of Sandown Bay, bordered by wide sheep Downs, whereon the wild thyme loves to dwell, and the gentle ocean-breezes make their play-fields!



GLASGOW.



1.—GLASGOW, FROM ST. ROLLOX.

Never perhaps did the two chief cities of any one country differ in a greater number of circumstances than Edinburgh and Glasgow, the two busy centres of population in Scotland. They have had different careers marked out for them, and there are two groups of sympathies and attractions by which they are known and estimated. Neither one could fill the social place of the other. We think of them, and visit them, and read about them, with different expectations; and if chance were to throw us among the predominant classes in each city, we should find that Edinburgh thoughts and Glasgow thoughts take widely different directions.

Let us compare them in a topographical and picturesque point of view. Nothing can compensate, at Glasgow, for the absence of those hills and valleys which give such a commanding aspect to Edinburgh. The Calton Hill, Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, the Castle Hill, the gentle eminences on which the new north and south towns are built—all afford so many standing points, from many of which the busily-thronged valleys appear as if spread out on a map beneath the eye. In Glasgow we have little of this; there is a gradual ascent from the Clyde towards St. Rollox and Port Dundas; but there are few abrupt alternations of hill and valley. Transferring our attention to the houses on these hills and valleys: in Edinburgh we have the picturesque old town—Sir Walter Scott's Edinburgh, we may almost term it, with its lofty houses, its odd-looking wynds, its Castle, its Holyrood, its Heriot's Hospital, its Parliament House; and in the new town, we have a group of stone buildings of a totally different character and as sumptuous as anything of the kind in England. Then, directing the glance beyond all these houses, we have a fine open agricultural country encircling the city; to the north we have the Firth of Forth, with its steamers and white sails; and backing the whole on nearly all sides are the blue outlines of hills—the Fifeshire hills on one side, the Corstorphine on another, the Braid and Blackford hills on another, the North Berwick Law on another. We miss most of these elements of a landscape at Glasgow. The lower parts of the town are old, it is true; but they want the picturesque antiquity of Edinburgh. The new parts of the town have rows of good stone-built houses; but they cannot be seen from such a glorious point of view as Calton Hill; and the blue hills and the green fields do not catch the eye until we fairly get out of the great city.

But change the phase of inquiry, and look out for the *industrial* rather than the *picturesque*. Here the difference between the two cities is as great as in the former comparison, but the supremacy is reversed. Edinburgh is supported by wealth procured elsewhere: Glasgow supports itself. Edinburgh does not make a

tithe of what it daily requires: Glasgow, besides serving itself, is busily occupied in serving half the known world with many articles of produce. Edinburgh is full of judges, advocates, doctors, professors, artists, authors, schoolmasters, students, printers, booksellers, men whose professional labours are paid for by funds which flow into the city from every corner of Scotland: Glasgow is full of coal-men, iron-men, cotton-men, and ship-men, who give tangible results of their labour, and who keep a sharp look-out for customers in every port and city in the world. In Edinburgh the rivals to the steeples are the hills: in Glasgow the rivals to the steeples are the factory chimneys, which far outnumber them. In Edinburgh almost the only smoke is from the houses (except the gas-works, which stand so provokingly in the centre of the city): in Glasgow the clouds of smoke are chiefly from the factories. In Edinburgh the shops are mostly for retail traffic: in Glasgow there are some of the largest warehouses and store-houses in the kingdom. At Edinburgh the population, and the buildings, and the revenues increase at a slow pace: at Glasgow the increase of the population has been so vast as to be paralleled only at London and Liverpool: it increased from 14,000 in 1651, to 200,000 in 1831; 250,000 in 1841, and upwards of 300,000 at the present time!—In short, we must prepare ourselves, whether on a bodily or a mental ramble to Glasgow, to look out for a state of things very different from that observable at the ancient capital.

The Approaches to Glasgow.

Before we conduct the reader through and around this bustling city, it may be well to glance at the varied modes in which modern improvement has enabled us to reach it from England and from Edinburgh.

Glasgow, in past times, held communication much more frequently with Edinburgh than with any English town. This, indeed, might reasonably have been expected. Edinburgh, as the centre of law, of education, of medical skill, of fashion, for Scotland, necessarily gave a tone to all the other towns, even to the western metropolis (as the Glasgow people not unreasonably designate their city): consequently the means of communication between those two cities have long been of an excellent kind. No doubt the Glasgow lieges thought they were taking a bold step, when they developed the following arrangement:—"At Glasgow, the saxt day of August, 1678, the foresaid parties finally agreed, that the said William Hume should, with all diligence, have in readiness ane sufficient strong coach, to run betwixt Edinburgh and Glasgow, to be drawn by six able horses; to leave Edinburgh ilk Monday morning, and return again (God willing) ilk Saturday night: the passengers to have the liberty of taking a cloak-bag for receiving their clothes, linens, and sicklike: the Burgesses of Glasgow always to have a preference to the coach." By the year 1833 there were twelve coaches per day from Glasgow to Edinburgh.

There are now four post-roads from the one town to the other; and numerous roads to connect Glasgow with all the other Scottish towns. In 1763, there was one coach per month from Scotland to London, and this took from 12 to 16 days on the road! A Glasgow mail was afterwards established, and finely-appointed stage-coaches began to run from Glasgow to Carlisle.

But here, as eleswhere, water by degrees began to compete with land—the boat with the coach, the steam-engine with horses. The two estuaries or firths of the Clyde and the Forth; the one bearing on its banks the city of Glasgow, and the other the city of Edinburgh (or rather its port of Leith) so nearly intersect Scotland, that the project was early formed of making a canal from the one to the other. The Union Canal commences in Edinburgh, and follows a very circuitous route to Falkirk; near which it joins the Forth and Clyde Canal: this latter, commencing at the Firth of Forth at Grangemouth, extends to the Clyde ten miles west of Glasgow, throwing off a short branch to the latter city. On these canals a system of very cheap passenger transit was commenced many years ago, and has greatly influenced the charges made by all other conveyances. To these canals we owe many improvements and valuable experiments in steam navigation and its relative sciences. In the attempts to determine whether canal-boats could safely attain a speed of eight or ten miles an hour, experiments were made by Sir John Macneil, and afterwards by Mr. Scott Russell, which have led to important results concerning the forms of ships and boats, the forms and movements of waves, and the power of traction along the banks of a canal. These scientific and engineering results we are not to discuss here: suffice it to say that swift packet-boats were established, which conveyed the inhabitants of Edinburgh, Linlithgow, Falkirk, and other towns, to Glasgow at very low rates.

Meanwhile the sea-going steamers were not idle. The Leith smacks of former days, the "slow coaches" of the last generation, gave way to the fine steamers which now place Leith (and consequently Edinburgh) in easy connection with London, Hull, Newcastle, Dundee, Aberdeen, and Inverness; and this in fact has constituted a new route to Glasgow, from places whose inhabitants are glad to avoid the wearisome task of a long inland journey. Then, again, in the west, steam has been doing wonders. Those magnificent floating castles—the Liverpool and Glasgow steamers—opened up an entirely new route. A railway from London to Liverpool paved the way for a line of steamers from Liverpool to Glasgow; and this line became one of the most popular and best-conducted modes of reaching Scotland. As one project trod on the heels of another —as additional lines of railway became established— so did new routes to Glasgow become developed. The extension of the English railways to Fleetwood, and of the Scottish railways to Ardrossan, led to the establishment of steam-boats between the two last-mentioned towns; and this gave the quickest route obtained up to that time between London and Glasgow. With the

north of Ireland, too, a steady steam-ship traffic became gradually established.

But now a revolution has occurred. The year 1848 will have much to answer for in respect to revolutions generally; and among the rest is a revolution in Anglo-Scottish transit. Long before it was determined to place Glasgow in railway communication with England, many minor railways had been formed in the rich mineral district eastward of Glasgow—about Monkland, Airdrie, Coatbridge, Calder, Gartsherrie, &c.: the object being to open a rapid and easy outlet for that traffic to Glasgow and the Clyde. Passenger railways were, as a next stage in the process, established from Glasgow to Edinburgh in one direction, to Greenock in another, and to Ayr in a third. But it was left for the struggling period of 1844 and 1845 to contest for the Anglo-Scottish traffic. Railway folks went mad in Scotland as well as in England at that time: deserts, bogs, moors, downs, and forests—no matter what: everybody wished to make railways everywhere. The desirability of establishing a railway-route from England to Scotland having once been conceded, then came the battle between contending Companies. Should it be from Newcastle by Berwick to Edinburgh; or from Haltwhistle by Carter Fell to Edinburgh; or from Carlisle by Hawick to Edinburgh; or from Carlisle by Moffat to Edinburgh and Glasgow; or from Carlisle by Dumfries and Nithsdale to Glasgow? All these plans were in the field; and the result of the contest is that we find no fewer than three out of the five plans in actual operation; while a fourth is to half its extent in progress. The last three or four years have witnessed various stages in this important struggle; but it remained for 1848, to show what really are the tendencies of this mighty system.

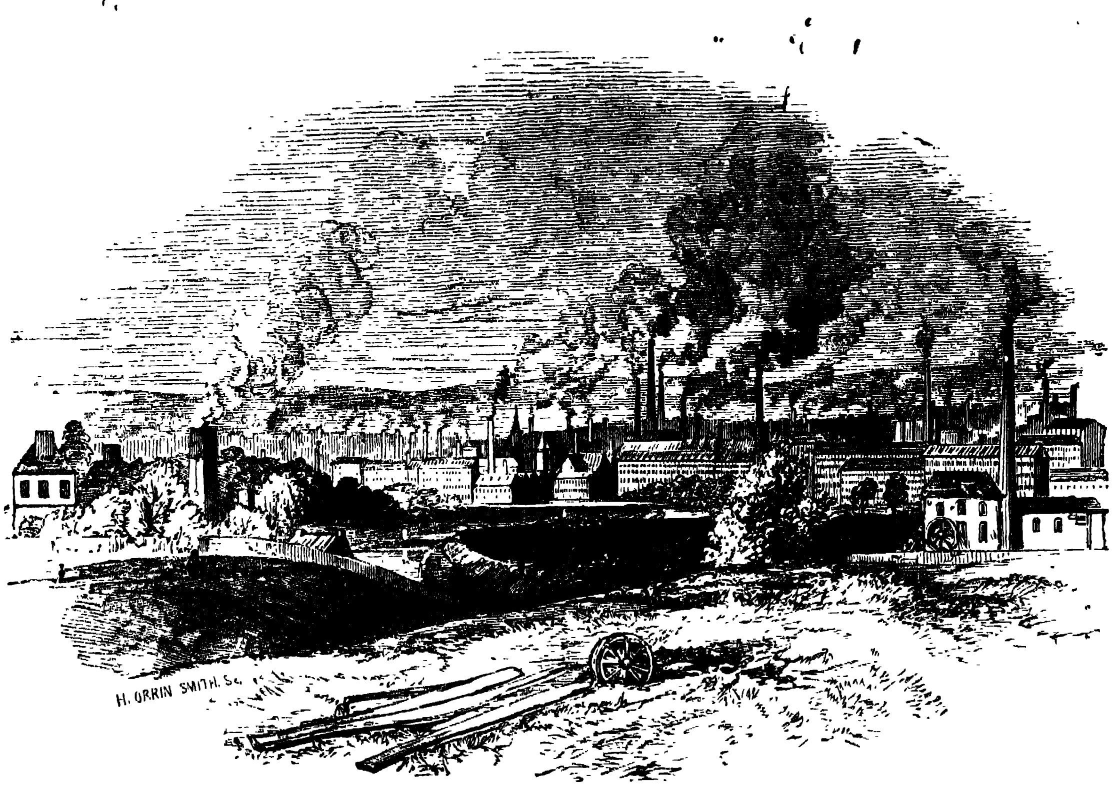
What do we find at Glasgow, in respect to railways? Spreading along the northern shore of the Clyde, towards Dumbarton and the foot of Loch Lomond, will ere long be a short line, which will facilitate intercourse with the remarkable lochs and firths in that quarter. Crossing the Clyde to the counties of Renfrew and Ayr, we find a very net-work of railways, belonging principally to the Ayrshire Company, and placing Glasgow in rapid communication with all the south-west of Scotland. Eastward of this is the gigantic Caledonian Railway, by far the largest commercial enterprize ever undertaken in Scotland. Boldly confronting the difficulties of the sterile region about the Beattock summit, Mr. Locke has carried a line right over the hills from Carlisle to Glasgow; surmounting by well-planned gradients and stupendous cuttings an ascent which might well have deterred a less confident engineer. Not only to Glasgow does this railway extend: it sends off a branch near Lanark to Edinburgh; it sends off another branch from near the same point along the southern side of the Clyde to Glasgow; it sends off a third branch (or rather continues its general northern course) from Coatbridge to Castle-Cary, where it joins the Scottish Central line, which goes on to Stirling and Perth; and it sends off many minor branches to the mineral districts. Spreading out far and wide to the east of this great Caledonian system is what we may term the North British system, with its main line from Edinburgh to Berwick; its central line from Edinburgh to Hawick (destined one day, probably, to be extended to Carlisle); and its numerous minor branches. But as this line is not immediately connected with Glasgow, we pass it without further notice, and name, lastly, the Edinburgh and Glasgow, which, with many branches and connecting links, gives Glasgow an admirable means of access to the eastern parts of Scotland.

In short, to sum up our survey, there are few great towns more completely invested with railways than Glasgow will be, by the time the works now in progress are completed. We can breakfast in London, and sup in Glasgow the same night! We can now go from Glasgow to Stirling, Perth, Dundee, and Montrose, in a very few hours; we can reach Newcastle, viâ Edinburgh and Berwick (170 miles), by a five hours' express. If Glasgow men have a wish to wander from home, they have great temptations now to do so; and if Englishmen desire a ramble, they cannot do better than to run up to the north forthwith: they will get money's worth for their money. In the space of four years (1844 to 1847), there were the enormous number of more than fifty Acts of Parliament passed, relating to the various railways which radiate from Glasgow! The works sanctioned by those Acts will involve an expenditure of *seventeen millions* sterling, at the least; besides the works which were sanctioned before that time; besides those which have been sanctioned in the present session; and besides the works of those Scottish Companies whose lines do not run into Glasgow! The mind becomes almost bewildered at the contemplation of the absorption of so much capital in so limited a portion of country.

The Glasgow stations for these railways will by-and-by be of great magnitude. South of the Clyde is the large station of the Glasgow, Ayrshire, and Greenock Companies; and there will also be stations belonging to the Caledonian, the General Harbour, and other Companies. North of the Clyde is the station of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway; east of this is the temporary station of the Caledonian, to be replaced by a magnificent structure at the north-west margin of the city. The Caledonian Company will also cross the Clyde, and have another fine station in the centre of the city; in addition to which the Airdrie Company are planning a station in the eastern part of the town. The only thing which the various Companies have *not* yet brought to bear is a line to intersect the whole city, and connect the various stations: this is left for the future to accomplish.

A General Glance at the City.

Glasgow lies on both banks of the Clyde, about twenty miles above the junction of this river with its firth, or estuary. The Clyde rises among the Crawford



2.—GLASGOW, FROM RUTHERGLEN.

Hills, near the borders of Dumfriesshire, and flows by Symington, Lanark, Hamilton, and Bothwell, to Glasgow, whence it extends by Dumbarton and Greenock to the Firth of Clyde. That portion of the river which is near Glasgow, does not afford any very elevated banks. On the southern side, which forms the suburbs of Hutchesontown, Gorbals, Tradeston, Kingston, and Govan, the land is almost entirely flat; but on the north it gradually rises to Blythswood and St. Rollox.

Mr. Robert Chambers has recently put forth some interesting conjectures respecting the past geological history of this spot. In a work, entitled 'Ancient Sea Margins,' he adduces evidence to show that the relative levels of land and sea in Scotland have shifted many times; that parts which are now dry land were once covered with water; and that the parts so laid dry exhibit evidence of their former state. He has met with horizontal beaches or terraces, in many parts of Scotland, just of such a kind as we might expect to be formed by the margin of a sea or lake, although they are now many feet above the level of the water. Glasgow is one of the places where these observations have been made. Mr. Chambers thinks that previous to the last or most recent of these changes the water-level at Glasgow was about twenty-five feet higher than it now is; and that a belt of land northward of the river, now busily filled with streets and wynds, was at that time covered with water. This narrow belt or plain is composed mainly of sand, deposited on laminated clays which contain several species of marine shells. The most curious part of this inquiry is, whether or not evidence is afforded that this last change occurred since the island of Britain became a seat of human population? Mr. Chambers thinks this an extremely probable supposition. In 1780, when workmen were digging a foundation for St. Enoch's Church (a few hundred feet northward of the Clyde), they found an ancient canoe at the depth of twenty-five feet from the surface: it lay horizontally, filled with sand and gravel; and within it was found a *celt*, or war-hammer, made of stone. In 1781 a canoe was found, when digging for the foundation of the Tontine Hotel, in the Trongate, about a thousand yards north-east of St. Enoch's Church. In 1825, in digging a sewer at the head of the Saltmarket, a canoe was found, at a distance of a quarter of a mile from the river, and twenty feet above high-water mark; the canoe lay in a vertical position, about nine feet below the surface, covered and surrounded by fine sand, presenting traces of lamination, as if laid down in thin layers in a quiet sea. A few months ago the Glasgow newspapers announced the discovery of an ancient canoe deeply imbedded, in the neighbourhood of the Clyde, at Springfield, near Glasgow.

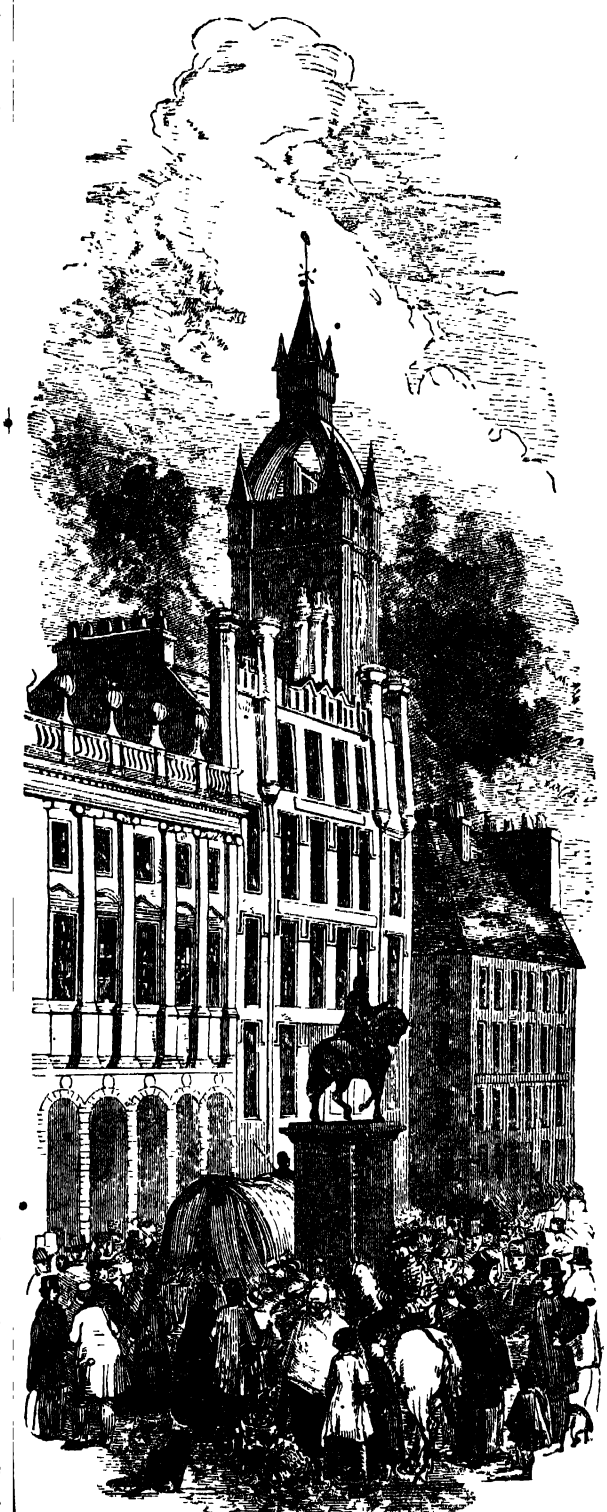
Mr. Chambers, after noticing these remarkable discoveries, asks whether the sandy deposits, in which the canoes were discovered, are such as the river, while pursuing in general its present level, could have laid down? Three of these canoes were found within half a mile of each other, at an average distance of a quarter of a mile from the river, and where the ground is

twenty-one feet above tide-mark. No river flood in the Clyde has ever been known to reach within many feet of such a height; and the laminated sands do not appear to be such a deposit as a river flood could bring to the spot. From all the evidence combined, Mr. Chambers comes to a conclusion that, at one period, the Firth of Clyde was a sea several miles wide at Glasgow, covering the site of the present lower districts of the city, and receiving the waters of the river not lower than Bothwell Bridge; and moreover that the banks were at that time inhabited by men to whom the fashioning of canoes from the trunks of trees was familiar. How many ages may have rolled by since that remote period, we cannot even guess.

Whether or not Mr. Chambers's ingenious speculation may be borne out by future researches, it is certain that this belt of flat ground close to the river has been an important adjunct to Glasgow. The formation of quays, wharfs, and basins; the construction of bridges across the river; the maintenance of easy communication between ships and warehouses,—all are aided by the level character of the ground at this spot.

Taking Glasgow in its extreme limits, it extends about three miles from east to west; while the north and south distance from St. Rollox to Eglinton is about two miles. We can follow both banks of the river almost uninterruptedly, from Rutherglen Bridge to below the harbour, a distance of three or four miles. There is scarcely another instance in the kingdom of such a wide extent of fine river frontage. General views of the town are given from St. Rollox (Cut, No. 1), and from Rutherglen Bridge. (Cut, No. 2.)

Gentility travels westward. Whether there is some occult charm in the west, we cannot say; but certain it is that the "west-end" of most of our towns is literally the west end. As the merchant and the manufacturer and the shopkeeper get on in life, and have their suburban villas as a reward for their labours, so do we find them, more frequently than otherwise, turning the face westward from their "place of business." It is so in London; it is so at Birmingham; it is so at Newcastle and at Leeds; it is so at Bristol; it is so at Glasgow and at Edinburgh. If we follow the history of past events at Glasgow, we find that the germ of the town was in the line of street leading southward from the Cathedral to the river, by way of the High Street and the Saltmarket. In and contiguous to this line are all the oldest buildings of Glasgow: every year diminishes the number, for "improvements" are sad destructives of the old and time-worn; but still there is enough left to show what was the heart of Glasgow in by-gone times—in the times of the Nicol Jarvies and the Rob Roys. At the point of junction between the Saltmarket and High Street (Cut, No. 3), we may place the centre of the town, from whence proceeds eastward the long street of Gallowgate, and westward the Trongate, which is continued by the fine long Argyle Street to the western extremity of the city. The further these streets are westward of the Saltmarket, the more recent do we find the period of their erection to have been.



3.—THE CROSS.

When we go northward of the main artery, through Trongate and Argyle Street, we find the same fact still more observable. The streets which originally formed the "west-end" for the old town are now given up to the merchants and bankers and warehousemen; while the old town has become of humbler note, and the private dwellings of the merchants and manufacturers stretch out far westward, over the districts of Blythswood, Woodside, and Garnett Hill, which were thirty years ago entirely market-gardens and corn-fields. Eastward of the original High Street, or old town, the streets are almost invariably of a humble character, whether old or new; so that we find the Glasgow men, like the Americans, "go a-head" by going westward.

South of the river the streets present fewer materials for making such comparisons. The south side is altogether an appendage to the north: it is much smaller, much newer, and for the most part has only of late been brought within municipal connection with Glasgow. It consists of streets, branching out from the south bank of the Clyde, and extending as far into the open country as people can be found to inhabit the houses; and of a few streets crossing these pretty much at right angles. The streets are for the most part devoid of interesting buildings, unassociated with historical events, and (with a few fine exceptions) of a humble character. The greater part of what we shall have to say concerning Glasgow, therefore, will relate to the district northward of the river.

The streets of Glasgow are many enough, and long enough, to make a Londoner wish that omnibuses and such like appliances were more numerous. This is a kind of luxury that Scottish townsfolk do not much indulge in. There are the conveyances which go out of the town at certain hours of the day, to neighbouring villages; and there are railway omnibuses to meet the trains; but the extraordinary amount of accommodation which is afforded in London by the passage of conveyances every minute in the day in so many directions, almost spoils one for the less gigantic arrangements of other towns. In the main arteries of London the omnibuses form a notable proportion of all the vehicles seen; in other towns they form but a small proportion. Omnibuses apart, however, the streets of Glasgow are full of liveliness and activity. An incessant stream is passing through the fine east and west artery formed by the Trongate and Argyle Street; and a stream little less dense, though of a somewhat different grade, flows along the older route of Saltmarket and High Street. Many of the streets which branch out of Argyle Street towards the north are fine and noble avenues, lined with stone buildings of considerable elegance. Queen Street and Buchanan Street are especially notable in this respect. The quadrangle—bounded by George Street and George Square, on the north; Candleriggs Street on the east; Hope Street on the west; and the Trongate and Argyle Street on the south,—contains within it a large proportion of the best buildings and of the most important commercial establishments of Glasgow. There is one street—Ingram Street—stretching across part of this quadrangle from east to west, with the noble Exchange terminating the vista at its western end, which has but few parallels in the country for the architectural character exhibited by it. George Square—with its lofty Doric column surmounted by a statue of Sir Walter Scott (whose plaid is unfortunately placed on the wrong arm), its bronze statue of Sir John Moore, by Flaxman, and its bronze statue of James Watt, by Chantrey—is a noble quadrangle.

There is one feature that distinguishes the houses of Glasgow, as well as of Edinburgh, from those of most English towns. They are nearly all built of stone. Near Edinburgh are the abundant quarries of Craigleith, from which was procured nearly all the stone for the new town; while in Glasgow there was a quarry still nearer to the centre of the town, and others have recently been opened in its neighbourhood. This material gives a cleaner and more cheerful effect to the fronts of the houses, than can belong to the dusky brown of London bricks; and future centuries may perhaps tell us that it is also more durable.

We do not say much about the lofty chimneys of Glasgow, until the factories come to be noticed; but it is impossible even to think of a bird's-eye view of this emporium, without having the magnificent St. Rollox chimney in our thoughts. It is hard work to be poetical upon such subjects as smoke, and soda, and sulphur, and salt, and soap; yet is the chimney of this vast chemical establishment something beyond the prose of street-walking mortals. It is the land-mark of Glasgow, as St. Paul's is of London; and being placed nearly on the highest point of the city, its altitude is still more enhanced. It is the first thing seen from a distance—(no: the smoke of it and its brother chimneys is the first); and it is from a distance that it is best viewed; for so fine are its proportions, that few spectators can conceive its real height when within a moderate distance from it. What then is this height? If a Londoner could conceive a building as lofty as St. Pancras Church steeple placed upon another building as high as the top of St. Paul's Cathedral, the united height of both would scarcely equal that of this wonderful brick structure! And all for what?—to carry off the smoke and gaseous residue incident to the manufacture of chemical substances, in order that the atmosphere may not be deteriorated by admixture at a lower altitude! Among those classes of society who are not to be deterred by difficulties, certainly our manufacturers are not the least conspicuous.

The Rise and Progress of Glasgow.

Let us now, having seen how to get to Glasgow, and having taken a hasty glance at it as a whole, consider what are the steps by which it has risen to its present eminence: we shall thus be better able to understand its notabilities afterwards.

There is very little need to go back beyond the times of St. Mungo, in the records of Glasgow; for

even those times are dim and obscure enough. This St. Mungo, or Kentigern, is said to have been a grandson of Loth, king of the Picts, and to have been born about the year 516. He has the credit of having founded a church and see at Glasgow; but for a period of five hundred years afterwards the history of this see is a perfect blank: it is supposed that the Danes demolished both church and see. Soon after the Norman conquest of England the see was re-founded, and the cathedral or church rebuilt; and we read from time to time, in the succeeding centuries, of the power and influence of the bishops. One of them, a fine old patriot in Edward the First's time, steadily and boldly resisted all the encroachments of that ambitious monarch; for which he was thrown into prison, " where he was allowed only sixpence per day for his own table, threepence for his upper servant, one penny for his boy, and three-halfpence for his chaplain, who celebrated mass for him during his confinement." A battle between Wallace and Percy in the streets of Glasgow, in 1300; the destruction of the spire of the cathedral by lightning in 1387; the rebuilding of the great tower in 1408; and the raising of the see of Glasgow into an archbishopric about the end of the same century,—are among the events chronicled in the history of Glasgow before the time of the Reformation. When the creation of the archbishopric took place, the pope's nuncio examined all the relics and treasures deposited in the cathedral, among which we are told were—" the image of our Saviour in gold; the images of the Twelve Apostles in silver; a silver cross adorned with precious stones, and a small piece of the wood of the cross of our Saviour; a silver casket, containing some of the hairs of the blessed Virgin; in a square silver coffer, part of the scourges of St. Kentigern, our patron; in a crystal case, a bone of some unknown saint, and of St. Magdalene; in a small phial of crystal, part of the milk of the blessed Virgin Mary, and part of the manger of Our Lord!" The see of Glasgow appears to have been in those days one of extraordinary splendour.

At the Reformation the fine old cathedral was saved from destruction; but the temporal power of the prelates gradually diminished. Splendid as had been the see of the bishop, the town itself contained no more than 1,500 inhabitants down to the middle of the fifteenth century; but after the founding of the university, which took place about that period, " the population began to creep slowly down the hill upon which the cathedral stands; and having reached the position of the present cross, it branched slightly east and west, forming portions of the streets now called Gallowgate and Trongate; and as the craft of fishermen had sprung up among the people, Saltmarket-street was laid out for the means of easy access to the river." The townsmen gained municipal power by slow steps. Previous to the reign of James I. of Scotland, the town was a burgh of barony, and governed by bailies nominated by the bishop: in 1450, James II. gave a charter, by which the town and patrimonies of the bishopric were erected into a regality. When the University was founded, the privileges granted to it greatly curtailed those of the townsmen; but at the Reformation the independent power of the townsmen became much increased.

It was at Glasgow that the great meeting of the ecclesiastical Synod of 1638 was held; at which the Scottish clergy boldly threw off the Episcopal yoke of England, refused to accept the Liturgy sent to them by Archbishop Laud, and commenced that struggle between the Episcopalians and the Covenanters which led to so many stirring events. Very soon after this a fire occurred, which almost consumed the city: but this, after the first pressure of the calamity was past, proved more an advantage than an injury; for the wooden houses and narrow streets were replaced by stone buildings and wide thoroughfares. Towards the close of the same century, in 1693, Slezer spoke thus of Glasgow, in his 'Theatrum Scotiæ:'—" Glasgow is the most famous empory of all the west of Scotland. Notwithstanding that it is inferior to many in antiquity, yet if we respect the largeness of the city, the number and stateliness of its public and private buildings, its commerce with foreign nations, and the opulency of its inhabitants, it is the chief of all the cities in the kingdom [of Scotland] next to Edinburgh." The period of the Union of the two kingdoms, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, is that to which we must trace the modern history of Glasgow; for it was about that time that the vast commercial enterprizes of its citizens began to assume a national importance. What those enterprizes were, will come under our notice in a later page.

With regard to the state and appearance of Glasgow in the last century, we may content ourselves with an extract from Sir Walter Scott, who, in his tale of 'Rob Roy,' gives the following as a picture of Glasgow at the time which he has chosen for the period of that story:—" The dusky mountains of the Western Highlands," he says, " often sent forth wilder tribes to frequent the marts of St. Mungo's favourite city. Hoardes of wild, shaggy, dwarfish cattle and ponies, conducted by Highlanders, as wild, as shaggy, and sometimes as dwarfish as the animals they had in charge, often traversed the streets of Glasgow. Strangers gazed with surprise on the antique and fantastic dress, and listened to the unknown and dissonant sounds of their language; while the mountaineers, armed, even while engaged in this peaceful occupation, with musket and pistol, sword, dagger, and target, stared with astonishment on the articles of luxury of which they knew not the use, and with an avidity which seemed somewhat alarming on the articles which they knew and valued. It is always with unwillingness that the Highlander quits his deserts; and at this early period it was like tearing a pine from its rock, to plant him elsewhere. Yet even then the mountain-glens were over-peopled, although thinned occasionally by famine or by the sword, and many of their inhabitants strayed down to Glasgow—there formed settlements, there

sought and found employment, although different indeed from that of their native hills. This supply of a hardy and useful population was of consequence to the prosperity of the place, furnished the means of carrying on the few manufactures which the town already boasted, and laid the foundation of its future prosperity. The exterior of the city corresponded with these promising circumstances. The principal street was broad and important, decorated with public buildings, of an architecture rather striking than correct in point of taste, and running between rows of tall houses, built of stone, the fronts of which were occasionally richly ornamented with mason-work—a circumstance which gave the street an imposing air of dignity and grandeur, of which most English towns are in some measure deprived, by the slight, unsubstantial, and perishable quality and appearance of the bricks with which they are constructed."

The Cathedral, and other Ecclesiastical Buildings.

The Cathedral is the kernel from whence Glasgow has sprung; and to the cathedral must be given the first share of our attention in describing the Glasgow of present times. Both spiritually and tangibly, the town spread from that hilly spot on which the cathedral stands.

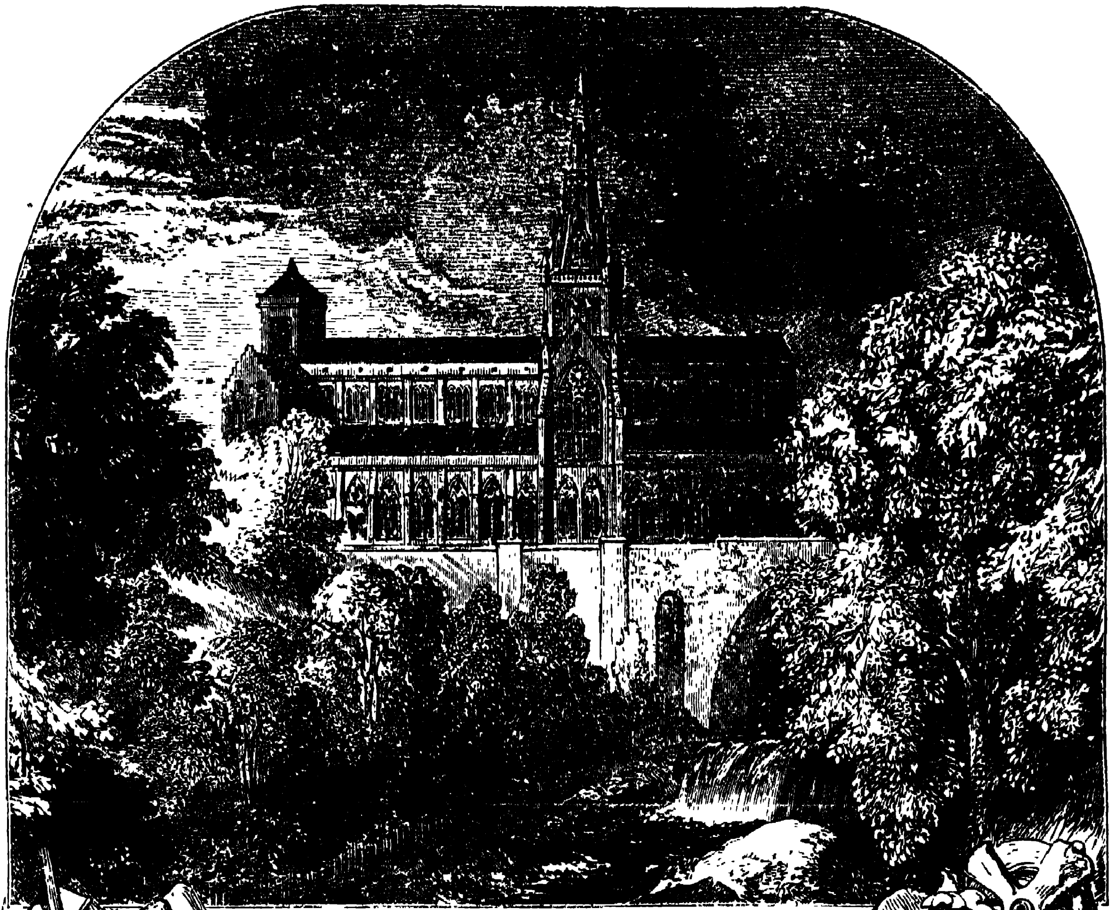
It is in truth a commanding position for a cathedral. The streets leading up to it from Hutcheson Bridge are no longer the most prominent and mercantile in the city; but they furnish a gradual ascent to the spot on which the cathedral is built. All around this venerable structure the appearance of things is such as would make an archæologist very dissatisfied: nearly everything is gone that tells of past ages. We learn that Bishop Cameron built his palace adjacent to the cathedral, and that he caused each of his thirty-two rectors to build a manse near it, in which he was to reside. If we now look for the palace, or for the thirty-two houses, or for the numerous other buildings which must have environed such a spot, we shall have but little return for our search. It is true that there are in Rotten-row, in Drygate, and in two or three other neighbouring streets, a few houses whose history evidently dates back three or four centuries; yet they are too few, and the history of them too uncertain, to tell us much of Glasgow in its archiepiscopal times.

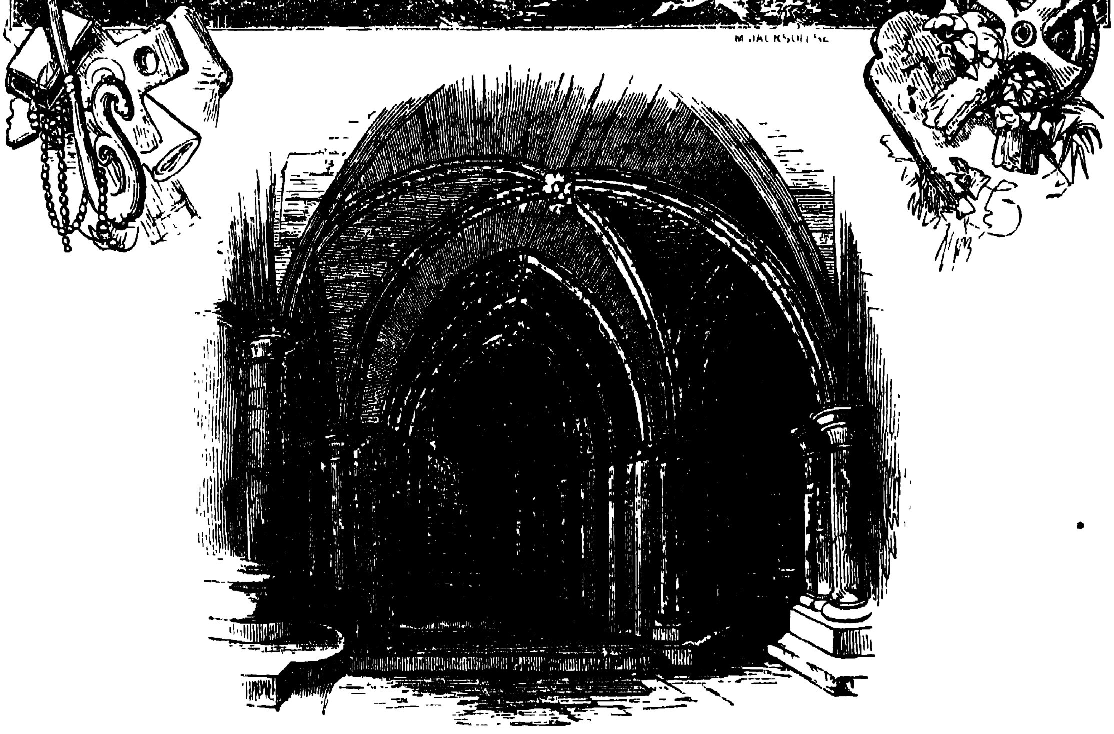
The old cathedral has maintained its integrity wonderfully well, considering the stormy scenes which church matters have witnessed in Scotland. If Mc Ure, the historian of Glasgow, is correct in placing the time of its erection in 1136, it is a monument well worthy of our attention; but it is at the same time evident, from the prevailing character of the architecture, that repeated additions and alterations were made in subsequent centuries. The original plan does not seem to have been fully carried out; for notwithstanding the successive additions made to it, the building still wants some of the elements of a complete cathedral. (Cut, No. 4.)

The "High Church" (the Glasgow inhabitants more frequently use this appellation than "Cathedral") is built upon a plot of ground about a hundred feet above the level of the Clyde. The greatest internal length of the building is about 320 feet; the breadth 63; the height of the nave 85 feet, and of the choir 90. It is supported by 147 pillars, and is lighted by 157 windows; many of which, in the decorated style of pointed architecture, are of great beauty. There are indications that the building was intended to have had the form of a cross; but such is not its present form. It has no transepts; or rather, there is on the south side a projection which was long used as a place of sepulture, but which is now conceived to have been intended as a transept: there is no such projection on the north side. From the centre of the roof, where in most cathedrals the "crossing" would be, rises a beautiful tower, the spire of which has an altitude of 225 feet above the floor of the choir. There is another tower rising to a much less height than the central or proper tower. After the Reformation, when the form of Divine service no longer required the magnificent vistas of the old cathedrals, the choir, or eastern division, was alone used as a church; but as the wants of the Protestants increased, the western division, or nave, was also fitted up as a distinct church. The two churches thus formed obtained the names of the Inner and the Outer High Churches. By the erection of a new church in another part of Glasgow, this employment of the nave of the cathedral was afterwards dispensed with; and there seems reason to hope that the venerable nave—arches and groined vaults of the interior will once again present something like their former appearance.

Glasgow Cathedral is the only existing specimen of that kind of sacred structure, still used, and in good condition, in Scotland, excepting that of Kirkwall, in the Orkneys: all the others were more or less mutilated or destroyed at the Reformation. Scott puts into the mouth of the shrewd old Andrew Fairservice, who accompanied Francis Osbaldistone to the cathedral, a speech on this subject, which has as much truth as oddity about it. "Ah! it's a brave kirk—nane o' yere whigmaleeries and curliwurlies and open steek hems about it—a' solid, weel-jointed mason-wark, that will stand as lang as the warld, keep hands and gunpowther aff it. It had amaist a douncome lang syne at the Reformation, when they pu'd down the Kirks of St. Andrew's and Perth, and thereawa', to cleanse them o' Popery, and idolatry, and image worship, and surplices, and sic like rags o' the muckle hure that sitteth on seven hills, as if ane was na braid eneugh for her auld hinder end. Sae the Commons o' Renfrew, and o' the Barony, and the Gorbals, and a' about, they behoved to come into Glasgow ae fair morning, to try their hand on purging the High Kirk o' Popish nicknackets. But the townsmen o' Glasgow, they were feared their auld edifice might slip the girths in gaun through siccan rough physic, sae they rang the common bell, and assembled the train-bands, wi' tock o' drum. By good luck, the worthy James Rabat was Dean o'

4.—THE CATHEDRAL.





5.—THE CRYPT.

Guild that year; (and a good mason he was himsell, made him the keener to keep up the auld bigging;) and the trades assembled, and offered downright battle to the Commons, rather than their kirk should coup the crans, as others had done elsewhere. It wasna for luve o' Paperies—na, na! nane could ever say that o' the trades o' Glasgow. Sae they sune came to an agreement to take a' the idolatrous statues o' sants (sorrow be on them) out o' the neuks. And sae the bits o' stane idols were broken in pieces by Scripture warrant, and flung into the Molindinar burn, and the old kirk stood as crouse as a cat when the flaes are kaimed aff her, and a' body was alike pleased. And I hae heard wise folk say, that if the same had been done in ilka kirk in Scotland, the Reform would just hae been as pure as it is e'en now, and we wad hae mair Christian-like kirks." Worthy Andrew then makes a very disrespectful allusion to the churches which existed in Scotland in his day; but if he could see things as they now are, he would find that a surprising number of fine churches have been built within the last few years.

One of the most interesting portions of Glasgow Cathedral is the crypt, which runs in solemn grandeur beneath the choir. As the body of the building itself had been cut up into two churches to meet the wants of the inhabitants, so was this crypt brought into requisition for a similar purpose. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a portion of Glasgow was erected into a separate and distinct parish, to which the name of the Barony was given; and as there was no church belonging to this parish, the crypt of the Cathedral was fitted up as a church, which bore the name of the Barony Church. The readers of 'Rob Roy' will recollect that one of the incidents of that tale was made to occur in this subterraneous church, and that Sir Walter Scott describes the place in the following way:—"Conceive an extensive range of low-browed, dark, and twilight vaults, such as are used for sepulchres in other countries, and had long been dedicated to the same purpose in this, a portion of which was seated with pews, and used as a church. The part of the vaults thus occupied, though capable of containing a congregation of many hundreds, bore a small proportion to the darker and more extensive caverns which yawned around what may be termed the inhabited space. In those waste regions of oblivion, dusty banners and tattered escutcheons indicated the graves of those who were once, doubtless, 'Princes in Israel.' Inscriptions which could only be read by the painful antiquary, in language as obsolete as the act of devotional charity which they implored, invited the passengers to pray for the souls of those whose bodies rested beneath." The crypt was thus appropriated down to so late a period as 1801, when a new church was built for the congregation elsewhere. This curious underground place consists of a dense colonnade of short pillars, which support low arches; and is as unthankful a place for a preacher to pour forth his voice in as can well be conceived. The length is 108 feet, the breadth 72 feet; it is supported by 65 pillars, many of which measure as much in circumference as in height—viz., 18 feet. A dim light enters in from about forty small windows. Mr. Rickman estimates the architectural merits of this crypt very highly: he says that it "is not equalled by any other in the kingdom; the piers and groins are all of the most intricate character, the most beautiful design, and excellent execution." (Cut, No. 5.)

Though the over-zealous Reformers of the sixteenth century did not seriously despoil the Cathedral, yet the mutations of later taste and the slow but surely-working hand of time, have greatly disfigured it in many parts; and it has been an object of solicitude to restore this fine old building to something like its former appearance. The matter is thus noticed in Black's excellent 'Guide through Glasgow' (1847): "Having fallen of late years much into decay, the Government, as custodien of the Cathedral, has agreed to repair and renew certain parts of the structure. The corporation of Glasgow has granted £1000 towards this object; other public bodies are also expected to contribute, and a private subscription is in progress for the same laudable purpose. The repairs and restorations have been entrusted to Edward Blore, Esq., an eminent architect and antiquarian; and, from the skill and judgment with which they are conducted, there can be no doubt that this noble structure will shortly appear as perfect in all its details as when left by the last of the original workmen. The general character and style of the ornamental work are maintained with the most scrupulous fidelity, no deviation in the most minute particular being allowed." It is to Archibald Maclellan, Esq., that Glasgow owes the main efforts which have led to the present restoration of the Cathedral.

There is just now a paper war going on concerning the western tower, as to whether or not it harmonizes with the rest of the building; and before this warfare is concluded, the tower itself will be no more. While we write (Sept. 1848,) its walls have been pulled down to within twenty feet of their foundations.

The Bishop's palace, or castle, which for ages stood near the Cathedral, was pulled down fifty years ago. The other churches of the city, with one exception, are not old enough to be venerable, and too much like other modern churches to claim any particular attention. The Barony Church, situated near the Cathedral, and built to accommodate the congregation which before occupied the crypt, is a very tasteless affair. The larger among the modern churches, such as St. Andrew's, St. Paul's, St. George's, St. John's, St. Enoch's, &c., are for the most part handsome and good-looking structures. The steeple of the Tron Church, or, as it is often called, the "Laigh," or Low Kirk, in contradistinction to the Cathedral, or "High" Kirk, is one of the most conspicuous objects in the Trongate; this was one of those Scottish churches whose altars were pulled down in 1592, in conformity with the council-order to "pure the kirk of all kynd of monuments of idolatrye." It was burnt down by accident and immediately rebuilt, about fifty years ago. The Roman Catholic Church,

on the north bank of the Clyde, is one of the largest and finest modern churches in Scotland. Eight years ago, before the "Free Church" agitation commenced, there were no fewer than eighty-six churches and chapels in Glasgow, containing sitting accommodation for nearly a hundred thousand persons. The number must now be greatly increased, as will be evident to any one who is familiar with the recent course of church discussions in Scotland. In 1778 a Gaelic chapel was opened in Glasgow, where the Highlanders might hear service in their own language. There are now three Gaelic chapels.

The University, and other Educational Buildings.

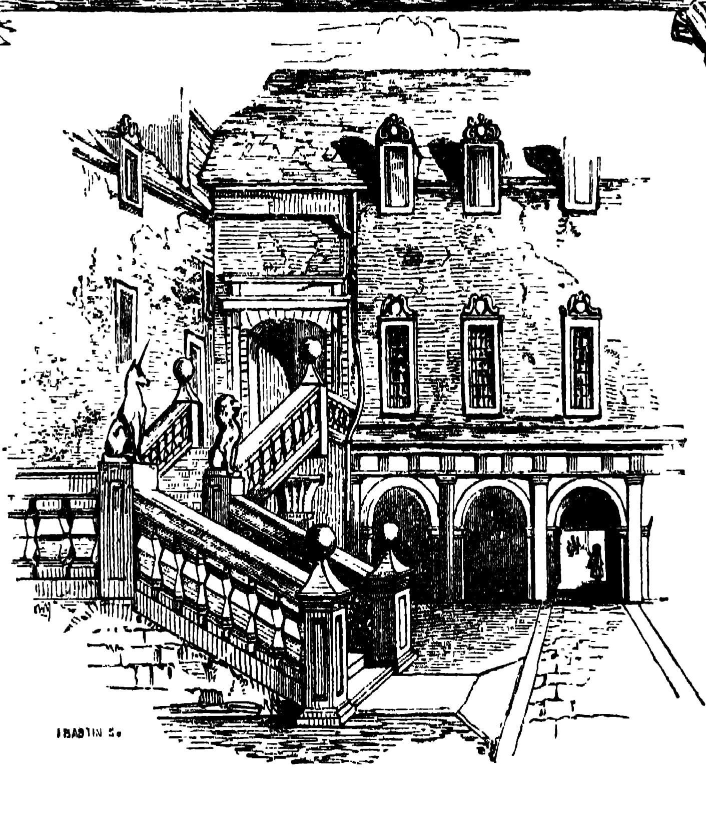
Next to the Cathedral, the University is, on many accounts, the most noteworthy building in the city. It was about the year 1450 that an application was made to the Pope for a bull to establish a University; and eight years afterwards a member of the house of Hamilton bequeathed four acres of ground and some houses, to aid in this object. The establishment was in the first instance possessed of very humble means; the buildings were at first situated on the south side of a still existing street, called Rotten Row; and the 'University purse,' consisted only of some small perquisites payable on conferring degrees, and the patronage of a few chaplaincies. The bequest of Lord Hamilton laid the foundation for a career of much greater prosperity. At the time of the Reformation, however, the University received a shock which almost beggared it; and it was not till 1577 that, under the auspices of King James VI., it regained its former position. A new and valuable charter, new estates granted by the Crown, and repeated bequests from private individuals, gradually made it an establishment of great importance. A temporary depression occurred at the time of the religious disputes in Scotland, soon after the Restoration of Charles II.; but in 1693, a new disposition of its revenues laid the foundation of a career of prosperity which has never since suffered any material reverse. (Cuts, Nos. 6 & 7.)

The buildings belonging to the University, like the privileges and emoluments of the establishment, have grown up to their present importance by degrees: they occupy a large area of ground near the upper end of the east side of High Street. Whatever may have been the state of things in past times, the locality seems very little in harmony with such a structure at the present day. Nearly all the better class of inhabitants have left the vicinity for places farther west; and the most striking social feature near the gates of the University is the frightful number of "Whiskey shops" that meet the eye. Without the gates are poverty and drink; within are quiet and learning. The buildings comprise five quadrangles or open courts, bounded by the various rooms and offices belonging to the Institution. The hall, the class-rooms, the library, the museum, and the houses of the professors, occupy a large area of ground. The library was founded almost as early as the University itself, and now contains a valuable collection of 60,000 or 70,000 volumes. The Hunterian Museum is a highly interesting feature. In the year 1781 Dr. William Hunter, a celebrated Scottish physician, and brother to the still more celebrated John Hunter, bequeathed to the University a collection which had cost him £60,000 to amass, or which at least was valued at that amount. It consisted of books, coins, paintings, and anatomical preparations. He also gave £8000 for the erection of a building to contain the treasures. Many additions have been since made; and the public are admitted on payment of a small fee. The Museum is an isolated building on one side of one of the quadrangles, and is a handsome addition to the rest. On the upper floor is an octagonal saloon with four recesses. This is occupied in a very miscellaneous way, with minerals, books, shells, Hindoo paintings, illuminated breviaries of the eleventh and subsequent centuries, copies of the earliest printed books by Caxton, and other curiosities. It contains statues and busts of Watt, by Chantrey; of Gavin Hamilton, by Hewetson; and of Thomas Campbell, by Baily. The autographs deposited there are curious; one of them is a certificate, signed by Messrs. Constable, Fothergill, and Price, in 1779, whereby they undertake to provide £25 a year for three years to Dr. Priestley, to enable him to conduct his experiments on air. On the ground floor of the Museum is a collection of minerals, fossils, coins, stuffed birds, and animal tusks; a model of the Cathedral, ten feet long; and a few nick-nacks, among which is a shirt woven in one piece by a Paisley weaver, without seam, sewing, or joining of any kind. Beneath is the anatomical museum, the most valuable part of the collection, and the one to which Hunter had directed his chief attention.

The University consists in effect of two corporate bodies, or establishments, one within another—the University and the College. The first is vested with the power of granting degrees; the second is an educational establishment. The University, as a separate body, consists of a lord chancellor, a lord rector, a dean, a principal, the professors, and lecturers. The office of lord-chancellor is almost wholly an honorary one; it is for life, and has been long held by the Dukes of Montrose: almost the only active duty performed by this high official is to confer degrees on persons found qualified by the senate. The lord-rector is an officer of much more active powers; he is the guardian of the statutes, privileges, and discipline of the University: he is elected annually by the dean, principal professors, and matriculated students. These students are classified in a curious way, not observable in any of our other Universities. They are classed into four Nations, called respectively, *Natio Glottiana sive Clydesdaliæ*, *Natio Albaniæ*, *Natio Londoniana sive Thevidaliæ*, and *Natio Rothseiana.* Each *Natio* consists of the students who were born in a particular part of the country, strictly defined in the books of the University In voting for a lord-rector, each Nation first decides

6.—THE COLLEGE.





7.—THE COLLEGE STAIRCASE.

among its own body, and the majority then constitutes one vote in a second election: if in this second election the four votes are equally divided, the former lord-rector has the casting-vote. This office has oddly enough become almost a test of political party in the University; for the candidates and the election have often borne quite as much relation to Whiggism and Toryism as to literature and science. Since 1820, the lord-rectorship has been filled by Lord Jeffrey, Sir James Macintosh, Lord Brougham, Thomas Campbell, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Cockburn, Lord Stanley, Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Graham, the Marquis of Breadalbane, Mr. Fox Maule, Mr. Rutherford, Lord John Russell, and Mr. Mure, who at present holds that office. The Principal superintends in person the whole internal arrangements of the University. The Professors are classed into four Faculties —Arts, Theology, Law, and Medicine: they comprise *College* Professors, whose office is of ancient standing, and constitutes them members of the faculty; and *Regius* Professors, whose office has been more recently founded and endowed by the Crown, and constitutes them members of the Senate. The Faculty has the management of the estates and revenues of the University; the Senate superintends all other matters. There are twenty-two Professors, who are paid partly by salary, and partly by fees from students. The students are divided into *togati* and *non-togati:* the *togati* wear a scarlet gown, and are required to attend the College Chapel on Sundays; the *non-togati* are restricted neither in their dress nor in their attendance on worship.

At one period there was a botanic garden attached to and situated behind the University; and there was also an astronomical observatory at the service of the Professor of Natural Philosophy; but these were affected by the prevailing westward tendency: both are removed, and both are now to be found beyond the westernmost verge of the city. The position of the new observatory is a very fine one, commanding an extensive and uninterrupted view, and undisturbed by the noise of a busy town; and the new botanic garden is in its immediate vicinity.

In the publications of the Maitland Club there is a curious paper respecting the establishment of a printing-press and bookseller's shop in connexion with the University. It was a proposal, printed in 1713; and it gives a curious insight into the literary condition of Glasgow at that time. The writer of the proposal says:—"It is needless to shew how necessary and advantageous a well-furnished shop, with books, paper, pens, ink, &c., or a printing-press within the University, will be, or to observe that no Learned Society has ever flourished to any pitch without those helps. The common practice of all famous Seminaries of Learning makes this matter of fact evident; and our own experience here sufficiently confirms whatever can be said in its favour: every day teaches us what difficulty there is to get the books that are absolutely necessary for the scholars of all sorts, *and how much we are imposed upon when we gett y*^m^. And as to a printing-press, the single consideration of our being obliged to go to Ed. [Edinburgh] in order to gett one sheet right printed, makes out the absolute necessity of one. In order to have the University well accommodated with books, and a printing-press, it is proposed that before the next session of the College there shall be a well-furnish'd shop erected, with books of all sorts, paper, paper-books, pens, ink, ink-horns, sealing wax, and all other things sold either in a bookseller's or stationer's shop: as also, that some time within four years after Whitsunday next there shall be a printing-press erected, with necessary founts and other materials for printing Hebrew, Greek, and Latin." Then follows an enumeration of the terms and conditions on which the University should make a bargain with any one who should fill the office of bookseller and printer. The time was not yet come when Robert and Andrew Foulis produced their beautiful and far-famed specimens of typography; nor was the time arrived when Glasgow could boast its newspaper.

We had occasion in a former page to speak of the bold railway proceedings around Glasgow; and we have now to speak of railway audacity that rises almost to the sublime. Will the reader believe that a Company proposed to buy up the entire University, to pull every vestige to the ground, to build another and finer structure far out in the west, and to appropriate the present site as a railway-station? Among the huge number of bills which received Parliamentary sanction in 1846 was one for the 'Glasgow, Airdrie, and Monkland Railway;' the object of which is to establish several points of connexion between the Caledonian, Clydesdale, and Edinburgh Railways; to connect Glasgow with the iron and coal district near Airdrie; and to form a railway-terminus near the High Street of Glasgow. One of the features of the plan was to appropriate the site of the University, as above noticed, and negotiations were entered into with that view; but the ardour which marked all these matters has considerably cooled: a 'wet blanket' has been thrown over many a project; and it is not yet certain whether this gigantic plan will be carried out.

Glasgow is not ill-supplied with educational establishments of a high character, besides its venerable University. The High School, or Grammar School owes its origin to a date even more remote than the University. The present building is situated in Montrose Street. The kind of education imparted, the sort of funds by which the school is supported, and the mode of managing those funds, is pretty similar to what is observable in most of the English Grammar Schools.

The Andersonian Institution or University was founded by Mr. John Anderson, who was Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Glasgow in 1795. The object was chiefly the promotion of physical science; and the founder so made his arrangements, that the citizens of Glasgow generally have an excellent control over the institution. Class-rooms, a lecture-room, a library, a museum, and a collection

of apparatus, are provided; and the Institution has done much during half a century to spread scientific knowledge at Glasgow. Dr. Garnet, Dr. Birkbeck, and Dr. Ure were in succession the chief teachers or lecturers. The present building, situated in George Street, was formerly the Grammar School; it was purchased for Anderson's University, and considerably enlarged and improved in 1828; within its walls a most extensive routine of scientific and literary tuition is given, which, being available to the citizens at a very low fee, is well attended. The Mechanics' Institution, in Hanover Street, is an establishment of a somewhat similar, but less important kind.

Before the Free Kirk rupture of 1843, there was a Normal School at Glasgow: now there are two. Glasgow had, we believe, the honour of establishing the first Normal seminary in Scotland. It was established in 1837, by the Glasgow Educational Society, for the education of schoolmasters and teachers; and it has always been conducted on a highly liberal and beneficial system. When the Free Kirk became established, a separate Normal School for that section of the Church was determined on; and both Schools now exist within a short distance of each other, at the north-west part of the town.

The Blind Asylum, situated near the Cathedral, is one of the most admirably managed of the benevolent institutions of Glasgow. Due in the first instance to Mr. Leitch, who bequeathed a sum of money necessary for its foundation, it owes nearly all its efficiency to the indefatigable exertions of the late Mr. John Alston, who devoted the almost undivided labours of twenty years to the advancement of the object he had so much at heart. In 1836, he succeeded in producing a specimen of raised printing in Roman characters, for the use of the blind; he next printed the New Testament and several smaller works, in the same manner; and at last, in 1840, he completed his gigantic enterprise of printing an entire Bible in this manner. This remarkable work consists of fifteen large quarto volumes: the letters are about a quarter of an inch high, and are all of them capitals; they are stamped, without ink, on one side of the paper, so as to leave an impression on the other side sufficiently protuberant to be felt by the finger. The Institution printed 200 copies of the Old Testament, and 250 copies of the New: making nearly 3,300 volumes in the whole edition. The Bible contains rather more than 3000 pages, with 37 lines to a page; and nearly 14,000lbs. of paper were used in the edition. The composing, the printing, the correcting—all were done within the Asylum. There is also adopted an excellent system of teaching geography, writing, arithmetic, and music—all by raised characters. The inmates, whose clean and intelligent but sightless countenances, show how actively their thoughts are kept in exercise, are industriously employed on small articles of manufacture, the sale of which assists in providing funds for the institution. Baskets, mats, twine, mattresses, rugs, sacks, netting, knitting, and various other articles, are made within the Institution. The buildings are plain and unpretending: the revenues admit of no luxuries; and something better than luxury reigns throughout—kindness.

The literary and scientific and educational establishments of Glasgow, besides those we have enumerated, are very numerous: they do not present themselves to the eye with architectural adornment, but they carry their influence down pretty deeply into society,—perhaps more so than in most of our English towns.

The Court House, and other Municipal Buildings.

The buildings connected with the municipal and county affairs of Glasgow are such as generally meet the eye in our principal cities. Glasgow has consolidated its powers in these matters by slow steps. It was made what is called a "burgh of barony" so early as 1180. It was made a "royal burgh" in 1611; and in 1691 it was placed on a level with Edinburgh in respect to the privilege of electing its own provost and officers. The executive consisted of the lord provost, three baillies, the dean of guild, the deacon convener, and the treasurer; but in 1801 the number of baillies was increased to five. The council had much of the leaven of a self-elected body till the Municipal Reform arrangements were made; but since then it has been an openly elected assembly. The three suburbs of Gorbals, Calton, and Anderston had, until a few years ago, a kind of semi-municipal existence: they were independent of Glasgow in some matters, and dependent in others. Gorbals, comprising the whole of Glasgow south of the Clyde, was divided for police purposes into the five districts of Gorbals, Hutchesontown, Laurieston, Tradeston, and Kingston. Calton, forming the eastern suburb of Glasgow, was a burgh of barony; but the various names of High Calton, Low Calton, Barrowfield, Bridgeton, and Camlachie, have long been given to the widely scattered districts lying east and south-east of the old city. Anderston lies westward of the city: as a burgh of barony it had defined limits; but the various districts and estates of Anderston, Stobcross, Lancefield, Brownfield, and Finnieston make up the wide and still-extending line of buildings contiguous to the north bank of the Clyde, and advancing farther and farther west. Towards the north and north-west, in like manner, villages and manors are gradually being absorbed into the huge vortex. Blythswood, Woodside, and Port Dundas, all now form contiguous parts of Glasgow. In 1846 a step was made towards consolidating and simplifying these varied burghal privileges. An Act of Parliament was passed, which abrogated most of the separate burghal privileges of the suburbs, and united those suburbs more intimately and advantageously with Glasgow itself.

Most of the official municipal buildings were grouped into one large spot, at the point where the Saltmarket joins East Clyde Street, on the north bank of the river.

They comprised a Council Chamber, the Town Clerks' Offices, the Justiciary Court House, and the Gaol. The ancient gaol of the burgh—that to which we are introduced by Rob Roy and Baillie Nicol Jarvie and the 'Dougal creature,'—was situated at the corner of the Trongate and the High Street; and in front of it criminals used to be executed. Such was the state of things from 1627 to 1814; but in the latter year the old 'Tolbooth,' as it was called, was taken down, and the new buildings erected at the foot of the Saltmarket. There is indeed one relic still left of the Tolbooth, viz., the steeple, or tower, with its oddly-shaped square battlements and pyramidal pinnacles: it is not remarkable for architectural beauty; but it is worth preserving as a curiosity, especially in a city where the old is so rapidly giving way to the new.

The new buildings to which we have alluded have a façade and portico modelled after the Parthenon at Athens; but, as in many other similar cases, the classical correctness of the exterior was not accompanied by an adequate degree of convenience within; for the internal arrangements were found to be small and incommodious: and the gaol is not in accordance with the improved modern ideas of prison discipline. These circumstances, and the enormous increase of the population, led to the construction of a fine large body of buildings in the heart of the city, in Wilson Street. Here the arrangements are planned for a wide extent both of county and municipal business; and the structure in the Saltmarket is now appropriated as the Supreme Criminal Court, or, as it is called, Justiciary Court, and Local Court House.

The City and County Bridewell is one of the largest if not the most beautiful public building in Glasgow. It is situated between the College and the Cathedral, and consists of a group of buildings in a sort of Norman style, comprising a rotunda and four radiating wings. The plan embraces the modern system of supervision: and the institution is said to be one of the best managed in the kingdom. The prisoners average from 300 to 400 at all times; their education is attended to; and so well are the industrial arrangements managed, that the prisoners pay very nearly for the whole of their maintenance.

Some of the charitable institutions of Glasgow are worthy of especial notice. The Lunatic Asylum is one of these. About the year 1810 the foundation-stone of a fine large building was laid for this purpose, at the northern margin of the city, near the spot where the principal station of the Caledonian Railway will shortly be. The building consists of an octagonal centre, whence spring four wings of three stories each; and over the octagon is a fine dome. The building, taken as a whole, is one of the most imposing and conspicuous in Glasgow; but the streets and factories approached by degrees so close to it, that the "busy hum of men" began to interfere with the quiet necessary for such an institution. Hence arose a new arrangement, whereby the Town's Hospital was to come into possession of this building; and a new Lunatic Asylum was to be built about three miles to the west of Glasgow. This arrangement has been carried out within the last few years: the former Lunatic Asylum is now the Town's Hospital; and the new Asylum in the west is one of the most splendid public buildings in and around Glasgow: it contains upwards of 500 patients, not one of whom has been for years under any personal restraint. The former Town's Hospital, close to the Clyde, was built rather more than a century ago, under the designation of the Charity Workhouse; and was originally intended as an asylum both for the aged and infirm, and for destitute children. It afterwards ceased to be occupied as an Orphan Asylum; and under the designation of the Town's Hospital, and supported by an assessment on the inhabitants, it became wholly an asylum for the aged and infirm. This building was purchased by the Caledonian Railway Company, and its site will form a portion of their terminus when their line crosses the Clyde, as noticed in a preceding page.

Glasgow is not wanting in those numberless institutions whose object is a kind solicitude for the welfare of the erring, the sick, and the poor. The House of Refuge, situated in the eastern part of the town, is a receptacle for juvenile offenders, who are sent thither to avoid the contamination of a gaol. The Royal Infirmary, occupying part of the site of the old Bishop's Palace, is another fine institution: an ornament to the town in respect to its external architecture, and well-managed in respect to its defined object. Hutcheson's Hospital, (it is a curious coincidence that the finest hospital in Edinburgh—excepting, perhaps, Heriot's—and the finest hospital in Glasgow have the same name; both were founded by the private purse of persons having the name of Hutcheson,) situated in Ingram Street, is a handsome modern building: the original and plainer structure having been superseded as the funds of the charity improved. It was founded by two brothers about a century ago; and having been well managed, the estates have become valuable. The revenues are applied to the support of a number of old men and women, and to the clothing and educating of the sons of decayed citizens.

Many of the other institutions of the city, partly supported by municipal funds, and partly by individual subscriptions, partake of that general character which is observable in most of our large towns: a few are architectural ornaments to the town; while others are noticeable only for the good which passes within. The Sick Hospital, the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, the Highland Society of Glasgow, and the various minor charities, would all call for a meed of praise if the present object were to give in detail a picture of Glasgow.

The Exchange, and other Commercial Buildings.

The reader may well expect that in such a vast industrial city as Glasgow the buildings connected with commercial matters are not among the least deserving of notice. The rise of colonial trade in the last century, the rise of the cotton manufacture, of the iron manufacture, of ship-building, and engineering—all have

rendered necessary a large and well-conducted system of commercial establishments. It is this feature which mainly distinguishes the present central part of the town. If we take Queen Street as a centre (and it is nearly so both topographically and virtually) we shall find that the principal commercial establishments are grouped around it, and within a short distance from it.

There are but very few British towns that can boast of so sumptuous a Commercial Exchange as Glasgow. The building itself, and the whole of the structures immediately surrounding it, are, both in their external architecture and general arrangement, a most creditable ornament to the city. The Exchange is an isolated building. Its principal front is in Queen Street, opposite the end of Ingram Street; it has a western front visible from Buchanan Street, and its north and south fronts open into paved avenues. There is a fine portico in Queen Street, over which is a beautiful lantern-tower; and in front is a bronze equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington—somewhat misplaced, both architecturally and commercially. The portico gives entrance to the great room of the Exchange, which is 130 feet long, 60 in width, and 30 high. This serves both as an Exchange and a News Room, and is abundantly supplied with newspapers from all parts of the world. The first place of this kind in Glasgow was the Tontine Hotel, which was built in 1781, on the tontine system in the Trongate: it was intended partly as a hotel, and partly as a news and coffee-room; and it has ever since been occupied as such; but as the wealth of Glasgow increased, the merchants required more ample accommodation; and a sum of no less than £60,000 was subscribed, about twenty years ago, for the erection of the present magnificent Exchange and News Room. The whole structure is in the Corinthian style. The portico at the east front is octostyle, and three columns in depth, giving it a very noble character. Half way along each side of the building the windows are separated by pilasters; but in the remaining half there is a row of Corinthian columns standing out detached from the walls. The whole building is placed in the midst of a splendid open area, lined on the north and south with uniform ranges of stone buildings, occupied as ware-rooms, offices, and shops. Two Doric arches, betwixt which is placed the Royal Bank of Scotland, give access to this open area from Buchanan Street. (Cut, No. 8.)

There are two clubs in Glasgow, partaking somewhat of the character of the London clubs—the Western Club and the Union Club. Both have handsome stone buildings for their club-houses, and both consist of several hundred members, who pay entrance-fees and annual subscriptions, and both have an internal economy corresponding with the generality of buildings of this description.

Some of the most superb buildings in Glasgow are the Banks. Here, as in Edinburgh, nearly all the banking establishments are joint-stock undertakings; and it has become almost a matter of pride and emulation to have their banking-houses not only commodious within but architectural without. The Bank of Scotland, the British Linen Company's Bank, the City of Glasgow Bank, the Commercial Bank of Scotland, the Royal Bank, the Clydesdale Banking Company, the Union Bank of Scotland, the Western Bank, the National Bank of Scotland—these, and many others, are mostly fine stone buildings, situated in the principal streets, and aiding to give a sumptuous character to the district which contains them. The Union Bank of Scotland, in Ingram Street, is built after the model of the Temple of Jupiter Stator, at Rome. The Royal Bank is the institution in Exchange Square, alluded to above.

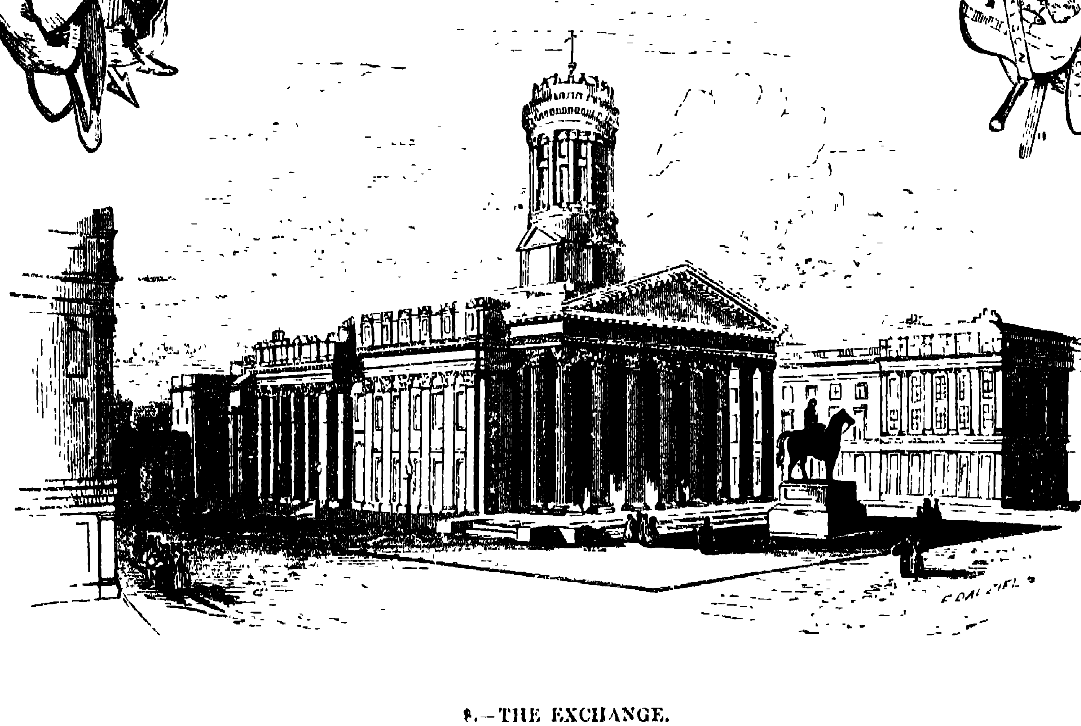
The markets of Glasgow, like those of Edinburgh, are below the standard of those now possessed by the chief English towns: whether they are efficient or not, the buyers and sellers must determine; but they are not externally ornamental or architectural. Glasgow possesses two or three good bazaars, in which the usual knick-knacks of such places are kept, and the usual arcade-strollers are met with. As for the shops in the principal streets, they follow the same barometer which indicates wealth in other matters. Where the wealthy purchasers resort, there the shops are elegant and the display attractive; where pence prevail more than pounds, there less show, less costliness, and we may add less cleanliness, are visible. Some of the shops in Trongate, Argyle, Queen, and Buchanan Streets, rival all except the very first class of our London shops. For the character of the houses in Saltmarket, see Cut, No. 9.

In the north-west part of Glasgow, near the forthcoming station of the Caledonian Railway, is a group of buildings which it is pleasant to notice, whether we call it commercial, or civic, or honorary. It is the 'Cleland Testimonial.' One of the most active men in Glasgow during the present century, for everything that could contribute to the moral and material welfare of the town, was Dr. Cleland; and the citizens, in 1834, subscribed £5,000, to be expended in the construction of a handsome group of houses, which should descend as an heir-loom to the family of Dr. Cleland. It was an idea at once graceful and generous.

There are one or two points of discomfort that meet us in the poorer streets of Glasgow. We do not mean merely the discomforts that meet the eye (and the nose) in the narrow wynds of the city; but the disheartening thoughts that are likely to be engendered by the state of society. The extent to which spirit-drinking has spread among the working-classes of Glasgow, is beyond all reason and moderation. Leaving tee-totalism and temperance pledges, and so forth, wholly out of the question, the example of London, Manchester, Liverpool, and the other large English towns, is wholly overborne by the state of things at Glasgow. It is impossible to walk up the Saltmarket and the High Street without a feeling of astonishment at the facilities afforded for pouring pennyworths of whiskey down the throats of the densely-packed inhabitants of that neighbourhood. The "stores" and "cellars" are frightfully numerous.

9.—SALT-MARKET STREET.





8.—THE EXCHANGE.

They are seldom, it is true, indued with the gin-palace splendour of the London houses; nor is the liquor there sold such a villanous compound of drugs as too often goes by the name of English gin; but it is difficult to conceive that such an immense mass of strong spirit can be taken, without the body, mind, and purse of the drinkers being deteriorated. In the High Street, near the University, there were a few months ago four spirit-houses in a row, without any others intervening; and from thence down to the Clyde they occur much more thickly than in any part of London. In the Saltmarket alone, out of less than two hundred houses, there are no fewer than fifty spirit-dealers and vintners! The consumption of malt liquor is by no means excessive; and a stranger can hardly avoid remarking how few are the butchers' or "fleshers'" shops in the humbler neighbourhoods, and how poor is the quality of the meat there exposed. A little more beef, and a little less whiskey, would not make the Glasgow operatives any the poorer in pocket: would not the change be advantageous in some other respects?

Of course every large commercial and manufacturing town, such as Glasgow, must have extensive wholesale establishments, where either shopkeepers make their purchases, or export orders are provided for. In so far as they involve all the machinery of clerks and porters and shopmen, of offices and ware-rooms and shops, we need not say much about them. But there is one establishment at Glasgow too remarkable and too celebrated to pass without a little notice. We allude to the warehouse of Messrs. Campbell, in Candleriggs Street. In Scotland they have a very significant name—"soft goods"—for all those articles which we in England can designate only by the roundabout terms of "linen drapery," "silk mercery," and "haberdashery." Campbell's warehouse, then, is an emporium of "soft goods," in the most complete sense of the term. It was about thirty years ago that the operations of the firm commenced, on a humble scale in Saltmarket; but they have by degrees grown to such a vast extent that the annual business is said to have reached the amount of three quarters of a million sterling! It is the combination of wholesale and retail trade that most strikes one in this place. Externally there is no shop; but a large open doorway leads to a flight of steps, which ascends to what we may perhaps term the retail shop on the first floor. From this successive flights of stairs reach both upwards and downwards to separate "flats," every one of which, from the cellars to the roof, is crammed with goods, leaving only just room enough for those who have to transact business there. The classification is most admirable. Almost every imaginable kind of goods, in silk, woollen, linen, and cotton, is kept; and everything has a department of its own, superintended by a foreman or manager. And it is not simply a wholesale store-room, in which goods are packed away in gloomy-looking bales, but a series of show-rooms, in which the show is often very gorgeous. Everything beautiful and everything cheap is alike to be looked for here, according to the wants of the purchaser. In the tartan department we find the tartan plaids of all the Highland clans (each of which has its own) in many kinds of material; the woollen department, the handkerchief and shawl department, the lace department, the linen department, the printed muslin department—indeed all the departments are, each one in itself, complete establishments. It matters little what are the wants or the means of the purchaser. There may be, at the same time, a ragged little urchin buying a penny ball of cotton or a hap'orth of pins on one "flat;" while on another a foreign merchant is buying goods enough almost to freight a ship. It is not merely in buying and selling that this monster establishment is remarkable. Besides the two or three hundred persons who are employed in this daily traffic, there are upwards of two thousand persons, mostly women and children, always in the employ of the firm; in lace-running, embroidering, tambouring, making up caps and collars, and numerous other minor employments of a similar kind. These females live in all the villages many miles around Glasgow; so that the warehouse is the centre of a very extensive series of operations.

The Rise of Glasgow Commerce.

In looking at the vast industrial arrangements which now distinguish Glasgow, it is interesting to watch the steps by which they have arisen. Glasgow is not, like some of our large towns, a place which has been distinguished age after age by the same kind of enterprizes: its deeds have changed amid other changes. Sheffield has always been the steel metropolis, since it attained anything like importance; Birmingham from its earliest history, has been the head quarters of numerous metal trades; Halifax and Leeds have known no other commercial fame than that which is connected with woollen manufactures. But this is not the case with Glasgow. Before iron, and cotton, and steam had given eminence to this city, the merchants of Glasgow were men whose commercial operations embraced a wide range, and placed them in communication with distant climes.

Scarcely anything is known of the commerce or industry of Glasgow till about the middle of the 16th century, when we learn that small Glasgow vessels were engaged in the transport of cured salmon to England and France. Even a century later than this date, nothing is said about manufactures. In 1651 the government employed a Mr. Tucker, as Commissioner, to report on the revenue and excise of Scotland; and his report concerning Glasgow is remarkable, for the very humble commercial position which it indicates. He says:—"With the exception of the colliginors [college-men?] all the inhabitants are traders; some to Ireland with small smiddy-coals in open boats, from four to ten tons, from whence they bring hoops, rungs, barrel staves, meal, oats, and butter; some to France, with plaiding, coals, and herrings, from which the return is salt, pepper, raisins, and prunes; some to

Norway for timber. There hath likewise been some who ventured as far as Barbadoes; but the loss which they sustained by being obliged to come home late in the year, has made them discontinue going there any more. The mercantile genius of the people is strong, if they were not checked and kept under by the shallowness of their river, every day more and more increasing and filling up, so that no vessel of any burden can come up nearer the town than fourteen miles, where they must unlade and send up their timber on rafts, and all other commodities by three or four tons of goods at a time, in small cobbles or boats, of three, four, or five, and none above six tons a boat." The remarkable allusion to the "mercantile genius of the people," and the "shallowness of the river," points to a matter which we shall see became afterwards an important one.

Nothing noticeable occurred to develope the resources of Glasgow until after the Union with England in 1707. This measure was violently opposed at Glasgow as well as at other towns in Scotland; but an advantage followed which the Glasgow people had apparently not anticipated. They became entitled to trade with the British colonies: a privilege which till then had not been permitted to them. In the 'New Statistical Account of Scotland,' the Glasgow portion of which was prepared by Dr. Cleland and Principal Macfarlane, there is given a very interesting extract from the private diary of Mr. Dugald Bannatyne, a gentleman who for more than half a century was closely connected with the mercantile enterprizes of Glasgow. His picture of the commercial system of that city, in the first half of the last century, is as follows:—"Up to the middle of the century, commercial concerns, whether for manufactures or foreign trade, were in general carried on by what might be termed Joint Stock Companies of credit. Six or eight responsible individuals having formed themselves into a company, advanced each into the concern a few hundred pounds, and borrowed on the personal bonds of the company whatever further capital was required for the undertaking. It was not till commercial capital, at a later period, had grown up in the country, that individuals, or even companies trading exclusively on their own capital, were to be found. The first adventure which went from Glasgow to Virginia, after the trade had been opened to the Scotch by the Union, was sent out under the sole charge of the captain of the vessel, acting also as supercargo. This person, although a shrewd man, knew nothing of accounts; and when he was asked by his employers, on his return, for a statement of how the adventure had turned out, told them he could give them none, but there were its proceeds, and threw down upon the table a large 'hoggar,' (stocking) stuffed to the top with coin. The adventure had been a profitable one; and the company conceived that if an uneducated and untrained person had been so successful, their gains would have been still greater had a person versed in accounts been sent out with it. Under this impression they immediately despatched a second venture, with a supercargo highly recommended for a knowledge of accounts; who produced to them on his return a beautifully made-out statement of his transactions, but no 'hoggar.' The Virginia trade continued for a considerable time to be carried on by companies formed as has been described. One of the partners acted as manager; the others did not interfere. The transactions consisted in purchasing goods for the shipments made twice a year, and making sales of the tobacco which they received in return. The goods were bought upon twelve months' credit; and when a shipment came to be paid off, the manager sent notice to the different furnishers, to meet him on such a day, at such a wine shop, with their accounts discharged [receipted]. They then received the payment of their accounts, and along with it a glass of wine each, for which they paid. This curious mode of paying off their shipments was contrived with a view to furnish aid to some well-born young women, whose parents had fallen into bad circumstances, and whom it was customary to place in one of those shops: in the same way that, at an after period, such a person would have been put into a milliner's shop. These wine shops were opposite the Tontine Exchange."

A Glasgow vessel of 60 tons first crossed the Atlantic in 1718. The trade in tobacco became gradually so large, that the English merchants took the alarm, and they entered into a very wide-spread conspiracy, which had the effect of crippling the exertions of the energetic men of the north; but about 1735 the latter recovered themselves, and extended their operations in a vast degree. A new mode of conducting the commerce was adopted: instead of the *supercargo* system the *factor* system was followed. Factors were employed as residents in the colonies; and they were always at hand to make purchases and sales on account of the Glasgow houses, so as to acquire a much greater command over the market. So vast did the trade become in the course of years, that in the year 1772 it was estimated that "out of 90,000 hogsheads of tobacco imported into Britain, Glasgow alone imported 49,000." And about that time one Glasgow merchant, John Glassford (whose name is perpetuated in one of the streets of the city) owned 25 ships with their cargoes, and traded to the extent of half a million sterling annually.—In short, almost the whole capital of Glasgow was invested in the tobacco-trade.

The state of society took its tone from the state of commerce. The tobacco-merchants were the magnates, the great people of Glasgow, in the last century. Before the Union, the social condition of the city was very low; but increased intercourse with the world rubbed off the rust by degrees. One portion of Mr. Bannatyne's Diary tells us that at the beginning of the century, "the dwelling-houses of the highest class of citizens in general contained only one public room, a dining-room; and even that was used only when they had company—the family at other times usually eating in a bed-room. After dinner the husband went to his

place of business, and in the evening to a club in a public-house, where, with little expense, he enjoyed himself till nine o'clock, at which hour the party uniformly broke up, and the husbands returned to their families. The wife gave tea at home in her own bed-room, receiving there the visits of her 'cummers;' a great deal of intercourse of this kind was kept up—the gentlemen seldom making their appearance at these parties. This meal was termed the 'four hours.' Families occasionally supped with one another." By the middle of the century, matters had become more stylish. "The intercourse of society was by evening parties, never exceeding twelve or fourteen persons, invited to tea and supper. They met at four, and after tea played cards till nine, when they supped. Their games were whist and quadrille. The gentlemen attended these parties, and did not go away with the ladies after supper, but continued to sit with the landlord, drinking punch, to a very late hour. The gentlemen frequently had dinner parties in their own houses; but it was not till a much later period that the great business of visiting was attempted to be carried on by dinner parties."

By about the year 1770, when the tobacco-lords had greatly enriched Glasgow, they had also introduced a more luxurious style of living. The dinner hour became later. The houses, the apparel, the furniture, the style of living—all were improved; wheel carriages were set up; a theatre and an assembly-room were built; the old wooden tenements with thatched roofs were pulled down, to be replaced by stone mansions; and the "gentilities" of life became momentous affairs. "Jamaica" Street, and "Virginia" Street, and other colonial names given to the principal streets, indicated the direction in which the thoughts of the Glasgow men tended; and the colonial merchants seem to have carried matters with a high hand over their less wealthy townsmen. It is said that the tobacco merchants were accustomed to promenade the Trongate, in the vicinity of the Cross, in long scarlet cloaks and bushy wigs.

The American Revolution gave a heavy and irreparable blow to the tobacco trade of Glasgow. The tobacco-producing colonies, by gaining their independence, threw the trade in that commodity into new channels: and Glasgow was enabled to retain only a small portion of it. Had no other sources of commercial enterprise sprung into notoriety at that time, Glasgow might have fallen to a third-rate city; but Watt and Arkwright gave an impetus which the capitalists promptly obeyed, and an era of astonishing vigour and progress commenced. New branches of commerce sprang up with foreign countries, and some of these attained a condition of vast magnitude. When Dr. Cleland wrote his 'Annals of Glasgow,' about thirty years ago, there was a commercial firm, Messrs. Pollock and Gilmour, which carried on a timber trade scarcely equalled, perhaps, in Europe. They had eight establishments in America, for felling and shipping timber, which in various ways employed 15,000 men, and 600 horses and oxen; they had 21 large ships of their own, navigated by 500 seamen, to bring over the timber, which averaged 6,000,000 cubic feet annually!

The Clyde; the Broomielaw; the Shipping; and the Bridges.

So much of the well-being of Glasgow depends on the Clyde, that if the river had not been improved, the city could not have advanced. Never surely was a river more important to a town; and never did townsmen labour more untiringly to make their river a great highway for shipping. The commercial history of the Clyde is more remarkable, for great results from small beginnings, than any other river in Britain.

At a distance of a few miles from the village of Elvanfoot, on the confines of the shires of Lanark and Dumfries, is a small group of hills which give birth to the Clyde, the Tweed, and the Annan. The triad of streams soon separates into its component parts; and the Clyde, receiving a number of small mountain streams, grows from a rivulet into a river. It passes among the Tinto Hills towards Lanark, near which town it forms the three beautiful and far-famed Falls of Clyde. These falls are termed Bonnington Linn, Corra Linn, and Stonebyres Linn, and are occasioned by the river having to sweep through a narrow rugged channel between rocky hills on its way to the sea; and the descent is 430 feet in about five miles. The river pursues a peaceful course from the falls to Glasgow. Opposite the city the river is about 400 feet in width; at this spot the vast operations of the Clyde trustees have commenced.

If the Clyde had been deeper, Glasgow might have had a great shipping trade at an early period; but the shallowness of the river below Glasgow caused Greenock to be made an emporium of trade, at the expense of Glasgow. We have quoted above the remark of Commissioner Tucker, concerning the insufficiency of the Clyde for large ships in the seventeenth century: fords, shoals, and projecting banks, occurred at many points. As early as the year 1556 there is said to have been an agreement made, whereby the inhabitants of Glasgow, Renfrew, and Dumbarton, undertook to labour on the river for six weeks alternately, to improve the communication from one town to another. The Glasgow merchants had their shipping port as far off as Cunningham in Ayrshire; but in order to lessen the distance to their port, they negotiated with the magistrates of Dumbarton, in 1653, for the purchase of ground for a harbour and docks. Dumbarton and Troon both rejected the advances of Glasgow, apparently from a timorous and niggardly policy. The Glasgow merchants were not to be foiled. They purchased 13 acres of ground a little above Greenock, and formed a town and harbour to which they gave the name of Port Glasgow; this occurred in 1662. Before the end of the same century a small landing quay was formed at Glasgow itself, being the first approach toward a harbour.

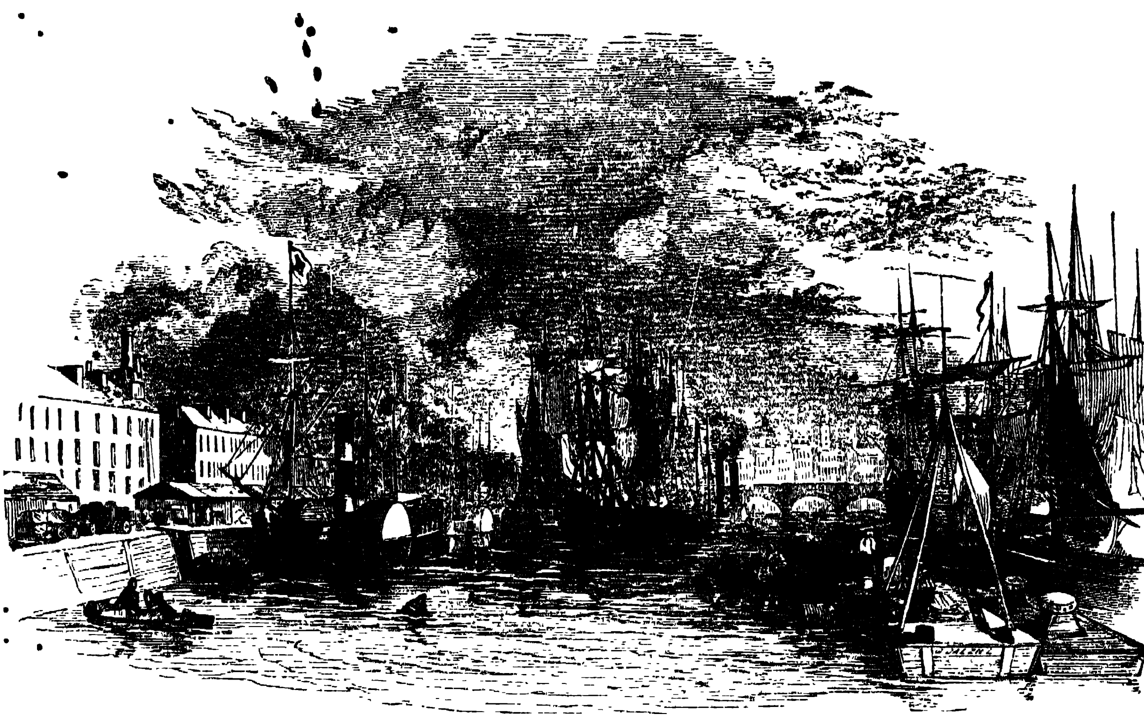
The eighteenth century witnessed a sort of contest for superiority between Greenock and Glasgow. The former town was only a mean fishing-village in the beginning of the seventeenth century; but it gradually advanced as a shipping town during that century. In 1707, by the public spirit of some of its inhabitants, a harbour was formed at Greenock, which was larger and more important than any constructed in Scotland up to that time. Greenock is admirably situated with regard to the sea, being close to the mouth of the Clyde; and as soon as the Glasgow merchants had embarked in the Virginia tobacco-trade, the Greenock ship-owners took their full share in the proceedings. Had the Clyde been allowed to remain in its original state, Greenock would have continued in the supremacy as regards foreign trade; but the people of Glasgow naturally wished to make their town not merely commercial but maritime. Having received the advice of Smeaton and other engineers, they constructed, in 1775, upwards of a hundred jetties, at different parts of the river, whereby the effective width was lessened, the rapidity of the stream increased, and the bottom scoured out to a greater depth. The quay which had formed the "Broomielaw" or harbour was lengthened in 1792 by 360 feet, and in 1811 by 900 feet.

Still, notwithstanding these works, Glasgow could only receive small vessels called "gabberts," of 35 to 45 tons, up to the Broomielaw, by the beginning of the present century; and there are still living a few persons who remember seeing the harbour without a single vessel or boat in it of any description. The Clyde Trustees, however, kept steadily in view the progressive improvement of their harbour; and the result has been wonderful. The trustees consist of some of the most influential men in the city, in part *ex officio* and in part elected. By deepening and deepening year after year, the bed of the river had been so far changed that by the year 1821 vessels drawing 13 feet of water could come up to the Broomielaw or quay of Glasgow. Still this did not suffice: it was desirable that vessels of 700 or 800 tons burden should be able to load and unload at the quay; and to effect this it was necessary to carry the depth still greater. By 1841 the quay space had reached a length of 3,340 feet on the north shore, and 1,200 feet on the south. At the present time the depth of the river close to the bridge has actually reached 18 feet at high-water; the north quay now extends to a length of 4,900 feet, and the south quay to nearly as great a length; while further additions are contemplated to both; and the whole way down the Clyde, from Glasgow to Dumbarton, the bed and banks of the river are as carefully attended to as in a ship-canal. For the first seven miles of this distance the sloping banks are actually formed artificially of blocks or slabs of whinstone, placed almost as regularly as in ashlar-work.

It is impossible to walk along the banks of the Clyde without being struck with the disproportion between its width and the magnitude of the traffic on it. The river is certainly not a broad one, but rarely has there been seen one more busily occupied. The large vessels anchor at Greenock till a favourable time of the tide arrives, when they ascend the river up to Glasgow bridge. For the first mile or two below the bridge, the shipping is wedged in so closely as to leave room only for a passage up and down; and there are times when the vessels are ranged nine tiers in depth, off both south and north quays. An ever active and exciting scene presents itself in this harbour. Imports and exports, passengers and goods, divide it between them. The eastern part of the north quay, next to Glasgow bridge, is occupied by the small river steamers, which run up and down to Dumbarton, Greenock, Rothsay, &c.; the next, or central part of the same quay, is mainly appropriated to sailing-vessels which arrive with import goods, and which discharge their cargoes at the quay; while the western extremity is left for the large steamers, which ply to Liverpool, Dublin, Belfast, &c. The southern quay is almost wholly occupied by vessels loading with export goods: seven-eighths of the export trade of Glasgow being conducted on this quay. (Cut, No. 10.)

Each portion of quay has its own series of pictures. The little steamers are swift rattling craft, which run up and down the river at a marvellously cheap rate, and carry their loads of human beings all day long. The import ships, and sheds placed along the quay in front of them, exhibit a countless array of the treasures of foreign climes, brought from every part of the world. Cotton in one ship, tea in another, sugar, indigo, drugs, silk, timber, sulphur, guano,—all are brought up on the open quay; and there is perhaps no place in the kingdom where the modes of packing and unlading and stowage are more easily observable than here. Then, farther down, we come to the large steamers: the extremes of splendour and of wretchedness: the gorgeous floating palaces which go to Liverpool, and the huge black-looking receptacles that bring over the destitute Irish. It is one of the saddest sights in Glasgow to stand on this quay, and witness the disembarkation of a ship-load of miserable homeless beings, who, driven from their own country by want of work or want of food, scrape up two or three shillings a piece for a passage to Glasgow, and there swell the already too numerous population of the wynds and narrow streets. Fathers with hands in their pockets and short pipes in their mouths; mothers with infants at their breasts, and a scanty bundle of ragged clothes at their backs; and troops of dirty, half-naked, and scarcely civilized children—all pour out of the vessel, and all wend their way along the Broomielaw towards that den of filthy buildings which lies within pistol-shot of the flourishing Trongate, and which forms the Ireland of Glasgow; bringing with them disease and poverty. It is indeed a painful spectacle.

The trade of the Clyde has in every point of view increased in a wonderful degree within the last few years. It is calculated that the accommodation for traffic in the river is now seven times as much as it was in 1810; and the traffic has increased still more than



10.—THE BROOMIELAW.

the accommodation The shippers are always treading on the heels of the quay builders. Even within the last few years the Clyde Trustees have purchased many thousand square yards of ground on the south side of the river, for the formation of basins and docks. When it is stated that 80,000 tons of iron, and 130,000 tons of coal, on an average of the last four or five years, are exported from the Broomielaw annually, it will be obvious that a very busy scene of traffic must be presented by these two commodities alone. The river trustees had spent considerably more than a million sterling in improving the river, down to the year 1846! The revenue derived from the river and harbour, which in 1820 amounted to £6,000, had in 1847 reached more than nine times that sum. The Customs' Duty, which in 1812 was only £3,154, amounted to thirty times that sum in 1833, and to nearly two hundred times that sum in 1845. The ships which were owned by Glasgow houses in 1820 amounted to 77, with a tonnage of 6,000 tons; by the year 1846 they had reached the number of 512, with a tonnage of 135,000 tons. The burden of the vessels which arrived and departed at Glasgow in 1820 was 160,000 tons; in 1846 it was 1,120,000 tons. These comparisons will tell more than can be told by long details, of the commercial advancement of the Clyde.

The bridges which cross this busy river at Glasgow are four in number—Jamaica, Stockwell, Hutcheson, and Rutherglen bridges. *The* bridge, *par excellence*, is Jamaica or Broomielaw or Glasgow Bridge (for it is known by all these names), on account of its fine proportions and construction, and of its contiguity to the harbour, it being the lowest bridge on the Clyde. But it is not the most ancient. Stockwell Bridge, or the "old bridge," dates from the fourteenth century; but it was then only twelve feet wide; and it is curious to see the mode in which increased width has been given to it: ten feet of additional width was given to it about seventy years ago; and about thirty years ago Telford suspended two ornamental iron foot-paths at the sides, overhanging the water in a very ingenious manner. This was the only bridge at Glasgow for more than four hundred years. In 1768 the Jamaica Street bridge was built; but in 1833 it was replaced by Telford's fine bridge, which is 60 feet wide, and one of the most beautiful in the kingdom. As the principal part of Glasgow is north of the river, while the export quays are almost wholly on the south, the traffic across this bridge is scarcely equalled by anything in Britain, out of London. Hutcheson Bridge is a plain structure in a line with the High Street and the Saltmarket. The fourth bridge we have named, Rutherglen Bridge, is so far to the east as scarcely to come within the limits of Glasgow.

Iron-ships; Steam engines; Machine-works; Iron-works.

If we look at the industrial occupations which now give life and wealth to Glasgow, we find that ships and steam-engines, iron and coal, are among the most notable of her elements. For many ages, as we have before said, Glasgow had no ships of her own; she hired vessels belonging to Dumbarton, Greenock, and else-

where. And even when her merchants did purchase vessels for their own use, these vessels were generally built lower down the Clyde, and not at Glasgow. It was not until iron vessels came into use, that any considerable number of ships were built at Glasgow. The name of Napier, which is so closely connected with the engineering celebrity of Glasgow, points out to us the rapid rise of the use of iron in ship-building. At the iron ship-yard of this firm, on the south bank of the river, one of the most interesting of mechanical operations is carried on; we see the keel and the ribs of a ship made of bar iron, and the covering made of sheet iron; and we can hardly fail to be astonished at the slightness of a fabric which is found afterwards to be capable of withstanding the fiercest storms of the ocean.

But the use of iron in ship-building would have been a small affair, were it not for the invention of the steam-engine. This was the great work, and Glasgow has worthily acted her part in it. The historians of the steam-engine tell us that James Watt, while a mathematical-instrument-maker to the University of Glasgow, was required by Professor Anderson to repair a small model of Newcomen's steam-engine; that Watt was dissatisfied with the working of the model, and turned his thoughts to the principles on which all steam-engines must act; that he gradually elaborated the idea of the condenser, the parallel motion, and numerous other important adjuncts to the steam-engine; that his new steam-engines were used first at the Soho works, near Birmingham, and then in the various mining districts; and that finally every purpose to which windmills, and water-wheels could be applied, and almost every purpose for which horse-power is fitted, have been brought within the mighty range of this motive power. Glasgow, both in the manufacture of such engines, and in the use of them when manufactured, occupies a conspicuous place among the busy industrial spots of our kingdom.

Meanwhile the application of steam-power to water transit advanced step by step; and here Glasgow has been even more distinguished than in respect to the steam-engine *per se*. It was in 1787 that Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton, in Dumfriesshire, employed Mr. Symington, the Scotch engineer, to try whether the steam-engine might not be applied to the propulsion of a boat; and in the following year he had the pleasure of seeing a tiny steam-boat traverse a lake in his own park at the rate of five miles an hour. He next tried the boats of the Forth and Clyde canal, to which he fitted engines and paddles, and with which he attained a speed of six or seven miles an hour. The subject then slept for a time; until Fulton of America, after making himself acquainted with what Miller and Symington had done, succeeded in establishing a regular passenger steam-boat on the river Hudson, from New York to Albany, in 1806. Meanwhile Mr. Henry Bell was carrying on similar attempts in Scotland. He employed Messrs. Wood, of Port Glasgow, to build a little vessel called the 'Comet,' in which he put a steam-engine; and with this vessel he made repeated trips along the Firth of Clyde in 1813. The problem was now effectually solved, of the possibility of moving vessels by steam-power along rivers; and the Clyde towns became busy in the matter. But it was not till 1818 that David Napier put in operation the bold principle of tracking the broad sea by steam. He built engines which enabled a steam vessel (the 'Rob Roy') to go from Greenock to Belfast; then another (the 'Talbot') from Holyhead to Dublin; then the 'Robert Bruce,' the 'Superb,' and the 'Eclipse,' from Glasgow to Liverpool. There was one steamer, however, which was navigated from the Clyde to the Thames, in 1815: a most adventurous voyage, of which a capital description is given in Weld's recent 'History of the Royal Society.' The year 1822 witnessed the complete attainment of the object in view by all these means; and from that time a scene of endless bustle and activity has been presented by the steam-vessel arrangements of the Clyde — a river more connected than any other with the history of this important system.

Marine steam-engines are among the most important pieces of mechanism now made at Glasgow. At the celebrated Vulcan and Lancefield Works of Robert Napier, and at the works of other eminent firms, such engines are made on a vast scale. The beams and boilers, the cylinders and pistons, are at once among the most ponderous and the most carefully executed works in metal. Most of the engine-factories are within a few yards distance of the Clyde; so that, in addition to the bustle on the river and its quays, there are always steamers lying at the Broomielaw to receive their engines and boilers. Some of these steamers are truly magnificent: those on the Glasgow and Liverpool route have cost £40,000 each! The 'Arcadia,' the 'Britannia,' the 'Caledonia,' the 'Cambria,' the 'Berenice,' the 'Niagara,' the 'America,' the 'Europa,' the 'Canada,' and a host of other ocean steamers, whose fame is more than European, had their engines from Robert Napier's works.

A worthy compeer of ships and steam-engines is *Iron*, in respect to the prosperity of Glasgow and its vicinity. The district which borders on Glasgow on the east and south-east is wonderfully rich in iron ore; and this ore happens to be so nearly associated with the coal, and lime, and clay, necessary for its smelting, as to be more than usually profitable to its owners. As the discovery and working of this ore have been comparatively recent, Glasgow as an iron metropolis is still more modern than as a steam-engine metropolis. There were only 7,000 tons of iron produced in the whole county of Lanark in 1809; in 1846 the quantity of pig-iron alone sold in Glasgow exceeded 600,000 tons! With the exception of the immense and finely arranged works of Mr. Dixon, in the southern suburbs, nearly all the great iron-works are at some distance from Glasgow; but almost the entire produce of the county is sent to Glasgow for sale or shipment. This is the secret which explains the

otherwise incomprehensible extent to which the railway companies are carrying their works: they are endeavouring to connect every colliery and every iron-work with the great western metropolis. In the year 1846 there were, in the portion of Lanark eastward of Glasgow, 83 smelting-furnaces, and 14 proposed new ones; while in the western part of the county there were 15 furnaces, and 29 proposed new ones; making a total of 141. There were twice as many erected in Lanarkshire as in all other parts of Scotland taken together. The whole number of furnaces was not only six times as large as in 1825, but the produce of each furnace was about three times as great, owing to improved modes of procedure. Mr. Neilson's beautiful adaptation of the hot-blast to the purposes of smelting has undoubtedly been one of the causes of this advancement.

Coal, too, is not less noticeable than iron, as an element in the commercial activity of Glasgow. The same districts which are so rich in iron are for the most part well supplied also with coal. The domestic consumption of Glasgow is supplied at a cheap rate; the whole county for miles round is equally supplied; the steamers receive all that they require; the smelting-furnaces swallow up their vast masses; and yet the coal of the district is plentiful enough to admit of a large exportation. The arrangements respecting the shipment of iron and coal render the southern quay of Glasgow still more busy than it would otherwise be; for nearly all these commodities are sent from thence. Hence the works now in progress to bring the various southern railways close to the southern quay.

Cotton Factories; Print Works; Chemical Works, etc.

It might appear strange that two such opposite materials as soft delicate cotton and rough hard iron should combine to form the staple of Glasgow industry; but when we consider how closely the steam-engine links them, one with another, we may readily understand the matter. A steam-engine is the child of iron; cotton-spinning is a child of the steam-engine.

Glasgow is now one of the first seats of the cotton-manufacture; not only in respect to the factories therein located, but as a commercial centre for the whole of the cotton manufactures of Scotland. As in all similar cases, the beginnings were humble enough. Down to the time of the Union, the Glasgow folks made linens and woollens for their own use, by the simple spinning-wheel or hand-loom; but there is no evidence that they made more than enough for themselves. Very soon after the Union, however, the prospect of trade with America gave rise to hopes that Glasgow might manufacture for foreign markets as well as for home consumption.

When the spinning of cotton became, by the successive inventions of Arkwright, Hargreaves, and others, an important branch of manufacture in England, the capitalists of Glasgow lost no time in embarking in the enterprize. In the first instance, and before the steam-engine had become uniformly used as a moving power, the spinning factories were built at a distance from Glasgow, in order to obtain the advantage of some running stream as a motive force. Hence were founded the Ballindalloch and Doune Mills in Stirlingshire, the Catrine Mills in Ayrshire, the Lanark Mills in Lanarkshire, and the Rothesay Mills in Buteshire—all in connexion with Glasgow houses. The first steam-engine employed at a Glasgow cotton-work was put up in 1792 by Messrs. Scott and Stevenson, on the south bank of the Broomielaw. It was in 1773 that the first attempt was made at Glasgow to use something different from human power in moving the various parts of a weaving-loom—a *Newfoundland dog*, working in a sort of drum or tread-wheel, was the first power-loom weaver. No sooner, however, did Dr. Cartwright and others bring the steam-loom to perfection, than Glasgow entered with full spirit into this department of the art; and from that moment Glasgow has followed close upon the heels of Manchester in every branch of the cotton-manufacture, though always to a much smaller extent. The muslin trade early attained a high notoriety, which it has never since lost.

At the present day Glasgow is the centre of considerably more than a hundred cotton factories. It is not that any great number of these factories are situated within Glasgow itself, for ground is much more cheaply obtained for this purpose in country districts; but it is Glasgow capital that has set them to work, and Glasgow enterprize and ingenuity that find a market for the manufactured produce and mechanical appliances for effecting the work to be done. Nearly all the cotton spun and woven in the whole of Scotland is sent to Glasgow to be warehoused and sold and shipped: and it is thus that Glasgow becomes at once the Manchester and the Liverpool of Scotland.

Many of the cotton factories now existing within or immediately contiguous to Glasgow are among the finest specimens of such establishments. Some are spinning factories only; some are weaving factories only; some combine both; while there are a few which carry the operations even still farther, to the imparting of colour and pattern to the woven goods. There is one immense establishment, in the south-east part of Glasgow, which perhaps is not excelled by anything of the kind in the kingdom, in respect to the number and completeness of the operations carried on. The raw cotton is carried in in bags; it is opened and disentangled and carded into a regular state; it is roved into a loose cord and spun to a fine yarn; this yarn is woven into a cotton cloth; the cloth is cleansed and bleached, and it is finally dyed and printed. The organization of such an establishment is complete and instructive: the mental, the mechanical, the chemical, the artistic—all are combined.

Some of the calico-printing establishments in the neighbourhood of Glasgow are of a very high order. Indeed calico-printing received some of its greatest advancements at Glasgow. The Bandana Works at

Barrowfield, in the south-east part of Glasgow, are not only the first in their particular line, but were the first also in point of time, on anything like a considerable scale. Not only the Bandana-handkerchief work, but the bleaching and the printing of muslins and calicoes, have been closely dependent on the progress of chemical discovery. A century ago, months were required to bleach a piece of linen or cotton cloth: the cloth was often sent to Holland, where it was exposed on level grassy plains for several months. The problem then presented itself to chemists—how to effect the bleaching process without such an expenditure of time. Home, Scheele, Berthollet, Henry—all made steps in this direction; but it was Glasgow that put the matter on the high road to success: Mr. Tennant discovered the action of chloride of lime, or "bleaching-powder," and he also devised the mode of manufacturing this substance on a scale so vast as to meet any possible demand for it. In that peculiar kind of work, intermediate between dyeing and calico-printing, to which the name of bandana-work has been often given, Glasgow equally holds the place of honour; and it was here, also, that the first successful attempts were made in this country to produce the beautiful Turkey-red dye which was so much admired in the last century. It is upwards of sixty years since M. Papillon and Mr. Mackintosh successfully established the Turkey-red dye process in the still existing Barrowfield Works.

These works lie near the eastern verge of the Green: they cover a vast area of ground, and comprise drying-grounds, bleaching-grounds, cloth dye-houses, yarn dye-houses, printing-houses, and the most interesting part of all—the Bandana Gallery, in which the handkerchief work is carried on. If any one would wish to understand what is meant by "Chemistry applied to the Arts," and if he be fortunate enough to obtain admission into any one of our great Print Works or Bleach Works, either at Glasgow or in Lancashire, he would there meet with one of the best lectures on chemistry he could desire: every vat and every machine is a lecture-table, and every workman is more or less a chemist. The managers of such works are especially proficient in all that relates to the chemistry of colours.

The name of Tennant has been just mentioned: this name is connected with one of the most gigantic establishments—not merely in Glasgow—but in the world. This establishment is the St. Rollox Chemical Works, situated on the high ground in the extreme north of Glasgow, close to the temporary terminus of the Caledonian Railway. From whichever side we approach it, we are forcibly struck with its vastness: area, number, height—all are there: the area of the whole works, the number of chimneys, and the height of the giant 'stalk,' as factory people call the great chimney. From salt and sulphur, by the beautiful combinations and re-actions which modern chemistry points out, a whole series of useful substances may be produced; and it is to these substances that the operations of the St. Rollox Works are mainly directed. Common soda, carbonate of soda, sulphuric acid, muriatic acid, chlorine, bleaching-powder—all are connected by a chain of affinities with these two plentiful and invaluable substances with which Nature has enriched us. When the costly metal *platina* was first used for crucibles and vessels, in the manufacture of acrid liquids which would destroy most other substances, one single apartment at the St. Rollox Works was fitted up with platina vessels which cost £7000! But it is not these products alone: soap is made on a vast scale at the St. Rollox Works; and other drugs and chemicals are also manufactured. The buildings and furnaces are perfectly bewildering: they cover ten or twelve acres of ground (as much as Barclay and Perkins's enormous brewery). They are, necessarily, black and dirty; and some of them are as infernal in appearance as we can well imagine any earthly place to be. The heaps of sulphur, lime, coal, and refuse; the intense heat of the scores of furnaces in which the processes are going on; the smoke and thick vapours which dim the air of most of the buildings; the swarthy and heated appearance of the men; the acrid fumes of sulphur, and of various acids which worry the eyes, and tickle the nose, and choke the throat; the danger which every bit of broad-cloth incurs of being bleached by something or burned by something else—all form a series of *notabilia* not soon to be forgotten. The buildings occupy an immense square, from which shoot up numerous chimneys. Many of these chimneys are equal to the largest in other towns; but they are here mere satellites to the monster of the place —*the* chimney!

There are within a short distance of Glasgow two highly interesting establishments for making alum: these are at Campsie, north of the Clyde, and at Hurlet, south of the Clyde. The alum-shale, or ore, is dug in mines in the same manner as coal and iron, and then goes through some remarkable chemical processes. Numerous other chemical manufactures are conducted in and near Glasgow.

It would be in vain to attempt an enumeration of all the manufactures which are carried on to a vast extent at Glasgow. This city is a world within itself: it can provide us with almost everything—if we have wherewithal to pay for it.

The Pleasure Spots.

Glasgow is, of course, not without its points of lighter interest; its recreative spots; its places of rendezvous for pleasure-seekers. But it must be confessed that our Scottish brethren are not distinguished in this line. The English occupy a middle position between the Irish and the Scotch in such matters: not so rattling and care-nought as the former; but more so than the latter.

Many of the English towns are trying hard to obtain parks for their people, where the smoke can be blown from their cheeks (and their hearts) by good fresh air, and where green trees and green grass may relieve the eye from brick houses and stone pavements. As long as Glasgow possesses her glorious *Green*, she will want

no other park, unless she outgrows all reasonable limits. This Green covers an area of no less than 140 acres, and borders on the north bank of the Clyde for a distance of considerably more than a mile, without a single building to intervene between them. We can wander along the bank, close to the river, as in any well laid-out park; and can look down to the forest of shipping which speckles the Broomielaw, while we have nothing but the blue and green of Nature around us. It may well be supposed that peculiar circumstances must have conspired to keep this spot free from bricks and mortar, smoke and factories, ships and steam-engines, railways and canals—in the midst of such a busy city.

It appears that, about the year 1450, Bishop Turnbull, who then filled the see of Glasgow, asked and obtained from King James IV. the grant of a piece of land called the Laigh or Low Green, just at the foot of the Saltmarket, and bordering on the river: it was to be for the use and recreation of the citizens in general. From time to time after this grant, the Corporation purchased more property further and further east, until the whole comprised a strip of land all along the north bank of the Clyde, from Hutcheson Bridge nearly to Rutherglen Bridge. All these portions collectively form the Green, which obtains in different parts the names of the Low Green, the High Green, the King's Park, and the Flesher's Haugh. Corporations are not always equally patriotic, nor equally rich. Once now and then the city has received tempting offers of purchase, for the sake of building houses or factories on the Green; and once now and then the municipal body has felt disposed to yield to the temptation; but the burghers, much to their credit, have always steadily and resolutely refused to part with their Green; and we have yet to learn that they have suffered any commercial loss through their firmness. Within the last three years the temptations have been very tantalizing: two or three different railway companies have wished to cross the Clyde; and the Green has been looked at with longing eyes, as being just the place which an engineer loves to get hold of—its gradients being *nil*, and its buildings *nil* also. But the iron-man has been repulsed, and the Green has successfully battled against the railway mania. What may be more feared, we think, is the temptation as to coal. Dr. Cleland, in 1822, with the sanction of the authorities, bored to a depth of 366 feet in the Green, and passed through seven seams of fine coal, which contain an aggregate quantity of no less than 1,500,000 tons under the Green itself. If ever the Corporation should yield to the inducement of bringing this coal to market, adieu to the fine Green.



11.—KING'S PARK, FLESHER'S-HAUGH, AND RUTHERGLEN BRIDGE.

The Green was laid out and greatly improved about thirty years ago, and two miles and a half of good carriage-road were formed around it. Time has been when the Green was the resort of the wealthy and fashionable; but the westward march of the city has produced a change in this respect, and the Green is left much more to the humbler classes of society. But the important matter is that *all* may go thither when they will: it has been paid for by all for the good of all. It is a place for rambles and gambols and reviews; and the bare-legged priestesses of the washing-tub claim a portion of it, as their drying-ground. (See the Steel Plate, and also Cut, No. 11.)

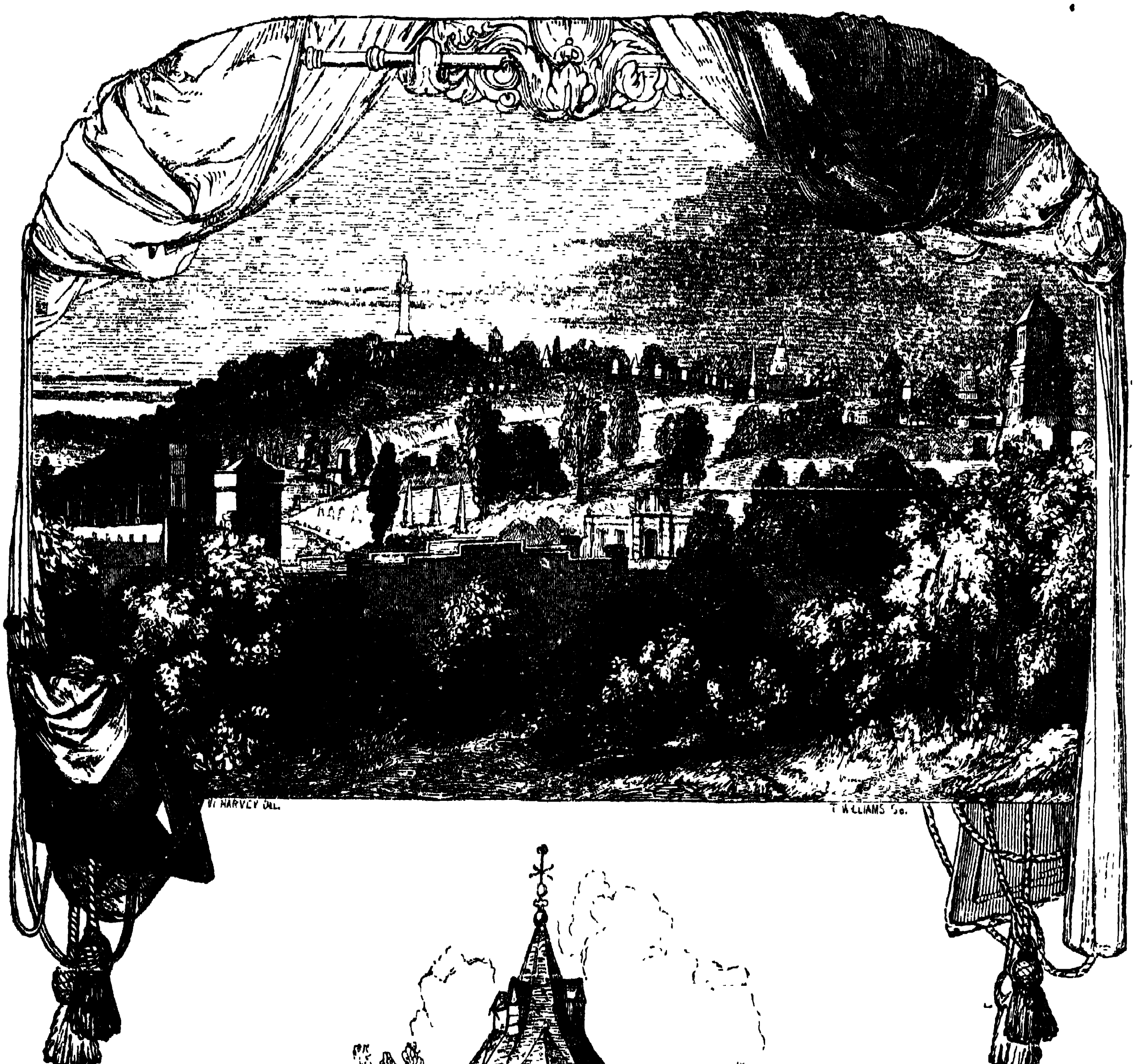
A cemetery can hardly be called a pleasure-spot; and yet such places are so prettily laid out at the present day, that they form an acceptable addition to the scanty plantations with which busy cities are provided. Glasgow, among its many cemeteries and burying-grounds, has one, to which the high-sounding and Greek-like name of 'The Necropolis,' or City of the Dead, has been given. A very happy selection has been made for a site for this Necropolis. Immediately behind the east end of the cathedral is a narrow but rapid rivulet called the Molendinar Burn, running along the bottom of a tolerably deep ravine. On the other side of this ravine rises a wooded height, far too steep for any of the ordinary purposes of building. On this wooded height the Necropolis is formed: the spot was formerly called the Fir Park: it was a thick plantation belonging to a corporate body called the Merchants' House, at Glasgow. The ground rises to a height of no less than 300 feet above the burn, and is planted and planned up to the summit. A bridge with the name of 'The Bridge of Sighs,' crosses the burn, and gives approach to a regular and elegant gateway, within which are the numerous winding walks that gradually ascend to the summit. These paths wind round very tortuously, in order to render easy the ascent of the hill; and the sepulchral monuments are placed between and among the paths, so as to be visible from below, as if they were on the slope of a hill. From above, the view of the city is very commanding. The entire east, north, and south fronts of the Cathedral are brought completely within the scope of the eye—and we may even say, beneath the level of the eye. The monuments exhibit the same mixture of good and bad taste which marks most other cemeteries. There is one to the memory of the stern reformer, John Knox; a very ambitious mausoleum for Major Monteith, more noticeable for size than for taste; and smaller productions out of number put up by the Glasgow citizens over the graves of their relatives. There are not many instances where a cemetery commands a view into four counties. such is the case from the summit of the Glasgow Necropolis (Cut, No. 12.)

If once we begin to speak of the pleasure-spots in the environs of Glasgow, where shall we stop? The antiquated Rutherglen and its church (Cut, No. 13); the beautiful Clyde and its Dale, and its Falls; the islands and water-side towns near the Firth of the same river, where the Glasgow citizens ruralize during the summer and autumn months; the little river Leven which leads so invitingly from Dumbarton to the foot of Loch Lomond; and the magnificent Loch itself with its "Rob Roy's country," and its Ben Lomond; the beautiful Loch Katrine, and the route through the Trosachs, and past Lochs Vennachar and Achray towards Stirling—all these form a belt of attractions, which steam has placed within easy distance of Glasgow.

Besides the small steamers which run up and down the Clyde all day long, at marvellously low fares, between Glasgow and the various river-side towns, there are often summer excursions made to the deeply indented bays near the mouth of the Clyde, such as Loch Long, and Loch Fyne, on the shores of which the tourists are left; and by a bold pedestrian course across a hilly country they reach the upper end of Loch Lomond, where another steamer, at an appointed time, takes them up, and conveys them entirely through that Loch to its southern termination, whence there are easy modes of reaching Glasgow. Provided we make no prophecies about rain, and do not mind it when it comes, these are right pleasant little tours. And so likewise is that in which a circuit is taken by way of Castle-Cary, Stirling, Calendar, the Trosachs, Lochs Vennachar, Achray, and Katrine, the "overland" crossing from the latter to Loch Lomond, and so by way of Dumbarton and the Clyde back to Glasgow. Ayrshire and Renfrewshire, too, have their pleasant spots, which modern locomotion have brought virtually into the vicinity of Glasgow; while Lanark, with its neighbouring "Falls," and the lovely Clyde scenery between it and Hamilton, warn us not to attack so large a subject at the end of our limited space.

In giving a farewell greeting to Glasgow, we will venture to suggest that, if her citizens should ever wish to change the civic arms, (which now comprise a fish, a bird, a tree, a ring, and a bell, and concerning the meaning of which the antiquaries have puzzled their brains for many a generation), they could not do better than to select a lump of coal, a bar of iron, a steam-engine, a spinning-machine, and a ship. These have made GLASGOW what she is.

12.—NECROPOLIS.





13.—RUTHERGLEN OLD CHURCH.

ETON.

"I REALLY think," said Arbuthnot in writing to Swift, a hundred and thirty years ago, "I really think there is no such good reason for living till seventy as curiosity. Did you ever expect to live to see"—it does not much matter what—but did any one, twenty years back, as he was bowling swiftly along the straight Hounslow Road on a crack four-in-hand, expect to see the day when, instead of starting from the 'White Horse Cellar,' he would start from Paddington and make a wide circuit to the north-west, or from the Surrey side of the river, and pass through Wandsworth and Richmond, as the quickest route to Windsor and Eton?

But so it is; and perhaps in another half-century, we, or those who follow us, may have to make a still wider circuit to suit the purpose of some new propelling or tractive power, that shall come into use when the locomotive is found to be too slow.

Be that as it may, the last new way is a pleasant way, which is more than can always be affirmed of new ways. At Richmond you obtain a very pretty flying glance of the Hill and the Thames from quite a new point of view, and one you could only have expected to gain from a balloon. Farther on you get some more pleasant peeps of the river in its more sylvan parts; and you cross the half-dozen arms of the Colne—Milton's Colne—where it makes some quiet Flemish landscapes; and finally, on nearing Datchet, you have a new and remarkably good prospect of Windsor Castle, with the Thames in front.

The extension of the Richmond Railway to Datchet has attracted an unusual number of visitors to Windsor and Eton. We commenced the present volume of 'THE LAND WE LIVE IN,' with an account of Windsor, and the more celebrated or picturesque spots in its immediate vicinity: the opening of the new line of transit suggests the propriety of including in the same volume a companion notice of Eton, and two or three of the more noteworthy places in its neighbourhood.

Whenever Eton is mentioned, the College is invariably what occurs to the memory; and indeed Eton has little beside the College of general interest—certainly nothing sufficient to entitle it to a place in our Sketch-book?

"King Henry the Sixth," says the old chronicler, Edward Hall,—himself an Etonian—"was of a liberal mind, and especially to such as loved good learning; and them whom he saw profit in any virtuous science he heartily favoured and embraced; wherefore he first holpe his own young scholars to attain to discipline, and for them he founded a solemn school at Eton, a town next unto Windsor, in the which he hath stablished an honest college of sad priests, with a great number of children, which be there, of his cost, frankly and freely taught the eruditaments and rules of grammar. Beside this, he edified a princely college in the University of Cambridge, called King's College, for the further erudition of such as were brought up at Eton, which at this day so flourisheth in all kinds, as well of literature as of tongues, that, above all other, it is worthy to be called the Prince of Colleges."

"Indeed it was high time," says quaint Thomas Fuller, in a passage that reads almost like a commentary on the old chronicler,—"It was high time some school should be founded, considering how low grammar-learning ran then in the land; as may appear by the following (Latin) verses made for King Henry, the founder; as good, no doubt, as the generality of that age did afford, though scarce deserving translation; so that the worst scholar in Eton College that can make a verse can make a better." We will not bestow the tediousness of these verses upon the reader; but we may remark, by the way that, if Fuller's suggestion be correct, it may help to account for the attention that has always been paid here to Latin verse-making, and the consequent superiority of the collegians in the art of longs and shorts; for as every Etonian well knows, they as far surpass the Westminster boys in this craft as they do those of all other schools: Latin versification is, indeed, and always has been, the Etonian's crowning accomplishment.

It was in 1440 that King Henry granted the first charter of foundation for "the College of the Blessed Mary of Eton beside Windsor"—a document which is yet carefully preserved and duly prized. A subsequent charter was granted in the following year. The original foundation consisted of a provost, ten priests, four clerks, six choristers, twenty-five poor grammar-scholars, a master to instruct them, and twenty-five poor infirm men. "The king made provision for the completion of his magnificent design from his own demesne lands, and the estates of some of the alien priories, which, though founded in England, were appropriated to religious houses abroad."

The college buildings were commenced in 1441: the first stone of the chapel being laid on the 3rd of July in that year. For the construction of his college the royal founder gave the most definite directions. He says, "Laying apart all superfluity of too curious work of entayle [*i.e.* carving] and busy mouldings, I will that both my colleges, of Eton and Cambridge, be edified of the most substantial and best abiding stuff, of stone, lead, glass, and iron, that may goodly be had and provided thereto; and that the walls of the said college of Eton, of the outer court, and of the walls of the garden about the precinct be made of hard stone of Kent." In little more than two years from laying the foundation-stone the buildings were so far advanced that, on the feast of St. Thomas, (Dec. 21,) 1443, the provost, clerks, and scholars received formal possession of them from the hands of the royal commissioners;

and a solemn service was performed on the occasion. But the buildings were yet far from finished, and they remained in an unfinished condition for a long period, —a circumstance readily accounted for, by the troubles attending the later years of Henry's reign: it was not, in fact, till about 1523, that they were entirely completed. Waynfleete, the munificent founder of Magdalene College, Oxford, was the first head master, and second provost of Eton; and, according to Leland, "a good part of the buildings of Eton College accrued by means, and at the expense of Waynfleete, for he was a very great favourer of the work begun by Henry VI., but left very imperfect and rawly." Waynfleete was undoubtedly a considerable benefactor to the College; and there is little doubt that the statutes for the government of the College were drawn and the whole of its primary arrangements suggested by him. He was head master of Winchester College before the foundation of Eton, and Henry appears to have been in frequent communication with him from the time of his first resolving upon establishing a new college. When Eton was ready, the king succeeded in inducing Waynfleete to remove thither, with five fellows and thirty-five of the scholars of Winchester school.

Edward IV. looked with little affection on the colleges formed and endowed by his unfortunate predecessor. He not only seized on some of the estates which Henry had conferred on King's College and Eton, and curtailed their foundations, but he also despoiled them of "moveables of great value." Eton appeared to be especially distasteful to him. From its possessions he took to the value of a thousand pounds a year, and in 1463 obtained a bull from Pope Pius II., empowering him to "dissolve the College of Eton, and unite it with that of Windsor." But in this project he met with resolute opposition from Westbury, who had succeeded Waynfleete as provost of Eton. Westbury earnestly and prudently defended the rights and privileges of his College; and his efforts were so far successful that Edward thought proper to direct that the two Colleges should send representatives to plead their respective causes before the Archbishop of Canterbury. Westbury urged the claims of his College so forcibly, that Edward applied to the successor of Pius for a fresh bull, revoking the former, and permitting him to dissolve the union. This is the official statement: but there is a college tradition that it was not merely to the eloquence of Westbury that the College owed its restoration. Henry Bost—who afterwards succeeded Westbury as provost—was confessor, it is said, to Jane Shore, and induced that fair lady to use her influence with Edward on behalf of the College. At the dissolution of religious houses the revenues of Eton College were estimated at £1100. The College was specially exempted in the Act for the dissolution of colleges and chantries in the reign of Edward VI. It also escaped with little injury in the civil war between Charles and the Parliament, and during the Commonwealth. This time it owed its impunity to its having the good fortune to fall to the lot of Francis Rous, who was appointed provost of Eton on the resignation of Richard Stuart. Rous is noted by Walker in his 'History of Independency,' as among the more prominent of the Independents who obtained preferments: he received, Walker observes, the provostship of Eton, worth £800 a year, and a lease from the College worth £600 a year more. He had, therefore, substantial reasons for endeavouring to preserve the College; and happily, he had influence enough to preserve it. He was in the confidence of Cromwell, who nominated him a member of the Barebones Parliament, of which he was elected speaker. He was also appointed one of Cromwell's council, and placed at the head of the board of 'Tryers.' When Cromwell created an 'Upper House,' Rous was one of those he called to a seat in it. Rous was greatly disliked by the royalists, by whom he was styled—as Wood mentions—the 'Illiterate Jew of Eton.' But the reproach was hardly deserved; for, though not an elegant scholar, he was certainly far from illiterate. His numerous works—for he was a most prolific writer —are all strongly puritanic, as the titles, which are such as 'Oil of Scorpions,' 'Balm of Love,' 'Mella Patrum,' and the like, would indicate. From the Restoration, Eton College has continued in a course of steady prosperity to the present time, when it is perhaps in as flourishing a condition as at any previous date.

In our accounts of the Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge we spoke of Royal visits with which they had been honoured. We might do the same here; for Eton has received both kings and queens. But we shall content ourselves with a note of the visit made by a very different sort of person. It will afford us a glimpse of the College as it appeared a hundred and eighty years ago. That prince of diary-keepers, Pepys, visited Eton, on the 26th of February, 1665-6. He had been looking over Windsor Castle that same morning with his wife and Dr. Child, the organist of St. George's Chapel, "and so," he says, "giving a great deal of money to this and that man and woman, we to our tavern, and there dined, the Doctor with us: and so took coach and away to Eton and the Doctor with me.

"At Eton I left my wife in the coach, and he and I to the College, and there find all mighty fine. The school good, and the custom pretty of boys cutting their names in the shuts of the window when they go to Cambridge, by which many a one hath lived to see himself a provost and fellow, that hath his name in the window standing. To the hall, and there find the boys verses, 'De Peste;' it being their custom to make verses at Shrovetide. I read several, and very good they were—better, I think, than ever I made when I was a boy, and in rolls as long and longer than the whole hall by much. Here is a picture of Venice hung up, and a monument made of Sir H. Wotton's giving it to the College. Thence to the porter's, and in the absence of the butler, and did drink of the College beer, which is very good: and went into the back fields to see the scholars play. And to the chapel, and there saw, among other things, Sir H. Wotton's stone, with this epitaph—

"Hic jacet primus hujus sententiæ Author:
Disputandi pruritics fit ecclesiæ scabies.

But unfortunately the word 'Author' was wrong writ, and now so basely altered that it disgraces the stone."

The present foundation of Eton College consists of a provost, seven fellows (one of whom is vice-provost,) two conducts, seven clerks, ten lay-clerks, seventy scholars, ten choristers, besides officers and servants. The only qualification necessary for scholarship, in addition to having received sufficient elementary instruction to enable him to take his place in the school, is that the candidate must have been born in England of parents lawfully married. The scholars are admissible between the ages of eight and fifteen. At seventeen they must be elected to King's College, Cambridge, or they are superannuated in the following year. The election of scholars to King's College takes place annually, about the end of July; when the provost, vice-provost, and head master of Eton, with the provost of King's College, and two 'posers' chosen from the fellows, examine the upper class (or 'sixth form') and elect the King's scholars from it. Generally about twelve are, as it is termed, placed on the indenture, and they proceed to Cambridge as vacancies occur there. There are ordinarily about four vacancies, or "resignations," at King's College in the course of the year, but it has occasionally happened that there is not one. The Eton scholars succeed to the vacancies at King's in the order in which their names stand on the indenture. It of course always happens that the number of elected scholars is greater than the number of vacancies. Those who proceed to King's College are admitted at once to a participation in its endowments; and after remaining there three years as scholars, they succeed to fellowships and the degree of B.A. There are two scholarships at Merton College, Oxford, for the foundation scholars who are not elected to King's College, Cambridge. The Merton scholars are called Postmasters. Beside these there are other exhibitions of various value. Among the more important of recent foundation, are three of £50 a year each, tenable for three years, which were endowed by the Duke of Newcastle in 1829; and an annual prize of £50 established by Prince Albert in 1842 for the promotion of the study of modern languages.

The scholars on the foundation of Eton College are lodged within the College walls; but besides these there are always a great many scholars not on the foundation—known as *oppidans*—who either board and lodge with the masters, or in houses in the town duly licensed for the purpose, and subject to the supervision of the College authorities. The number of oppidans, has for some years exceeded six hundred. They belong chiefly to the higher ranks of society; but in school there is no distinction between the oppidans and collegers, as the foundation scholars are generally called. The College consists of an upper and a lower school, and is managed by a head and a lower master, with fourteen assistant masters: there are also teachers of the modern languages, drawing, and the other branches of a complete education.

It would be out of place here to speak otherwise than briefly and generally of the system of education adopted at Eton. By its fruits it must be judged: and the results of Eton teaching are manifested in a noble series of great names. Education cannot impart ability: it can only at best develope and train the capacity that already exists. A good education will fit a man to perform well the duties of a citizen; will prepare him to pursue with success the particular profession or path of life to which he shall devote himself. Thus estimated, Eton teaching will hardly be adjudged other than successful by any one who is competent to pass judgment, and who impartially considers the old and honoured list of Eton names, and recalls those of contemporary date, who by public fame or private observation are known to him. The Eton system was originally based on that already in use at Winchester, and which is more or less that of all our principal grammar schools. It has only been so modified or extended as the changes in the state of learning and of society rendered necessary. It has pursued the even tenor of its way, unallured by the glitter of the thousand schemes that have risen and flourished for awhile on every side of it. But it has not refused to adopt any improvement that has borne successfully the fiery trial of experience: and the scholar who shall have passed through its curriculum an uneducated man will only have his own indolence or incapacity to blame therefore. The system of Eton is eminently a manly one: taking the boy as one who will have to fight his way through a rough and selfish world, it fits him for the struggle by cultivating all his powers, and early inducing habits of self-control and self-dependence. A large share of the public men of England whose names have become famous, have issued from Eton College; and perhaps few schools of any class have had scholars who, as a general rule, look back in after life with more respect and affection upon the place of their education: and we cannot but think that the eminence of the select few of the scholars, the general character of the majority, and the feeling with which the great body when advanced in life regard their old school, afford very fair tests of the educational system of any school.

The principal buildings of Eton College consist of two quadrangles, which contain the chapel, hall, library, schools, provost's and master's apartments, and the lodgings of the fellows: the New Buildings, in which are the boys' library, and sleeping apartments, are attached to the northern side of the older buildings.

King Henry, as we have seen, directed that his college should be built of the "hard stone of Kent"—but the building was left to be effected by other than royal hands, and without the aid of a royal purse. By far the greater part of the buildings are of brick: the chapel being almost the only important part that is of stone. As a whole the buildings have a venerable and appropriate appearance. From a distance they form

a conspicuous and striking group: the massive but graceful chapel rising boldly and proudly above the dark mass of buildings that surround it, destroys the heavy uniformity which they would else exhibit, and imparts a picturesque and pleasing finish, while it stamps dignity and character upon the whole. Our steel engraving represents the college buildings as they appear from the meadows by what is still called Fifteen-arch Bridge, though the bridge to which that name was applicable has been some years replaced by a more substantial one of only three arches. The engraving will convey a better idea of the general appearance of the buildings in that direction than words can, but we may mention that a more favourite view of them with Etonians is from the bridge itself. Our cuts, Nos. 8 and 9, will abundantly illustrate the "distant prospect of Eton College:" they have been selected mainly with a view to show it from opposite points, and in situations that have been least often depicted—though, from the interminable succession of sketches that have been made of the college, it is no easy matter to conceive what are the least known points of view.

But we must look at the buildings close at hand before we speak further of their distant appearance. Let us turn to the well-known elm-walk and enter the central gateway. We are now in the chief quadrangle or school-yard, as it is familiarly called. (Cut, No. 1.) We have chosen a school hour, and the quadrangle is solitary and silent. The sombre edifices that surround us wear a grave academic air. There is a propriety, a suitableness, about their unassuming simplicity that makes itself felt, where the flutter and affectation of a more ambitious pile, would only offend. Three sides of the quadrangle at once announce their domestic or scholastic character; the fourth side is occupied by the chapel. In the centre of the quadrangle is a bronze statue of the royal founder. Directly in front, as you enter, the eye rests on the lofty gate-house or clock-tower—a handsome and characteristic specimen of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century. It is built of dark red brick, with stone dressings. In its general style it reminds the visitor of the gate-houses at St. James's or Hampton Court palaces; but the great central bay-window is of a richer kind than in them. The building on the left hand contains the lower school, and the long chamber: like that we have just noticed it is of red brick, with stone dressings and battlements. On the right hand is the chapel. The arcade under which we are standing supports the upper school.

The chapel is the most generally attractive of the college buildings; and it can usually be viewed by the stranger on application to the porter. It is also the oldest part of the college—unless there be an exception in what we are presently to notice. When Henry founded his college, he purchased for it the advowson of the parish of Eton. The college buildings are believed to have been erected close by, and on the site of the parish church, which, however, was used as the college chapel, till the new one was ready. When Beckyngton, Keeper of the Seals to Henry VI., was raised to the bishopric of Bath and Wells, he received (Oct. 13th, 1443,) episcopal ordination in the old church of Eton; he then proceeded to the college chapel, which was still incomplete and unroofed, and performed his first mass in it,—a pavilion being placed by the high altar for the occasion: the prelates and other of the dignified company were afterwards entertained in the buildings on the north side of the square. The works seem to have advanced very slowly, and often not at all. When Edward IV. applied to the Pope for a bull empowering him to dissolve the college, he urged in support of the application that the college buildings were unfinished and the chapel only just begun: but when Westbury received the royal command for the immediate completion of the works, a roof was hastily raised, and the chapel declared ready for solemn consecration. After the completion of the chapel, the old church of Eton was either pulled down, or suffered to go to decay;* and the parishioners were permitted to attend divine service in the college chapel: a practice that was continued till a recent period, when the increase of the school rendered it extremely inconvenient, and the present parish church—or rather chapel-of-ease—was erected.

In form and general appearance, the chapel of Eton College bears a considerable resemblance to the chapel of King's College, Cambridge, (see vol. I. p. 121;) but it is smaller in its dimensions, and much less elaborate in construction and ornament. There is about it, as its founder wished there to be, "no superfluity of curious work of entail and busy mouldings;" but it is very far from being all that he intended. In his directions he ordered that it should be "in length withinside 207 feet," whereas it is really only 175 feet long, including the ante-chapel. But there is much in the building itself that would suggest that it was finished in a hasty manner. The general construction of the walls, and the form of the massive solid buttresses, appear as though they were intended to support a groined stone roof, similar to that at King's, instead of the flat wooden one that was finally adopted. The windows, too, were evidently finished with arches of a flatter kind than at first proposed,—though that may partly have arisen from the change in architectural taste and style during the period that had elapsed from the commencement of the works. Whatever was the cause, it is plain that the arches were originally meant to be sharper, as may be seen by the outside of the great east window, where the awkward buckling of the voussoirs, and the irregular curve, show that the stones were originally cut for an arch much less depressed than that they now form.

* We have heard it suggested, however, that the building on the east of the chapel, the vault of which serves as the college cellars, may be a relic of the old church. The fragments of windows and some other details certainly appear of an earlier date than the chapel; and lead to the supposition that it is a portion of an old building that was adapted to another purpose.

The chapel was doubtless, when completed, a far less splendid structure than it would have been had the times been more favourable; but it was yet not unworthy of the institution to which it belonged, and subsequent benefactors added something to its grandeur and its beauty. As it was left by the old church architects, it was a stately and impressive pile. But it did not come down so to our times. In 1700, Sir Christopher Wren was employed to repair and adorn it. His alterations were extensive and costly, but were most unfortunate in the result. Sir Christopher—however much it may be the fashion of classical pedants on the one hand, and of mediæval purists on the other, to decry him—was a man of real architectural genius. But unhappily he early formed a prejudice against Gothic architecture, and never took the trouble to acquaint himself with its principles: and still more unhappily, those who should have been the conservators of our Gothic buildings placed them too often in his hands to decorate, or to despoil. Eton College chapel he entirely transmogrified. The carved altar he hid by a huge Corinthian screen: the walls he covered with wainscoting: the roof with a plaster ceiling; and every other part somehow he made conformable. Thus it remained a strange incongruous medley—cheerless, unimpressive—till within these few years, when the authorities resolved to atone for the barbaric deed of their predecessors, by sweeping away all this modern trumpery, and restoring the sacred edifice to something like its primal state. They have steadily prosecuted their work, and brought it nearly to a successful termination. To those who have only seen the Chapel before the restoration, it is really worth a visit to Eton merely to see it as it now is. The work has been well done and thoroughly. The screen, the ceiling, the wainscoting, the mean reading desks, even the seats and forms, have been removed. The walls once more look as they did originally, excepting that there is no colouring or pictures visible. A new and very good open timber roof has been erected. The great east window has been filled with a fine painting of the crucifixion. Handsome seats of dark oak, with well carved poppy-head terminations, occupy the body of the chapel: along the sides, a commencement has been made towards a series of richly carved stalls, with tabernacles of exquisite and very costly workmanship. In the chancel is laid a tesselated pavement of uncommon brilliancy,—we cannot help thinking of too great brilliancy as compared with the sobriety of colour in every other part: it was designed, as well as the painted glass above, by Mr. Willement.

The works are not yet completed, and they can only be completed, if carried out in their integrity, slowly and by degrees. But they have been so far judiciously conducted, and the result is most satisfactory. There has been no straining after archæological trifles: the building is just what the chapel of a great protestant school ought to be. It has at present, of course, too much freshness of appearance to be as impressive as some of those antique piles which have happily escaped desecration, but it will gain yearly in that respect; and the restoration has been so substantially performed, that there is little reason to dread, for some generations, the interference of less tasteful repairers.

Besides the chapel itself, there is much in it that deserves notice. The little chantry chapel, erected in the reign of Henry VII., by provost Lupton, whose rebus, a tun with the word Lup above it, is carved over the door, has many architectural features that will interest the antiquary; who will, of course, not overlook his monument in the interior. Several of the monuments in the body of the chapel are note-worthy: besides the provosts and fellows, a great many eminent men have been buried here, from Grey, Earl of Wilton, henchman to Henry VIII., down to the late Marquis of Wellesley; and most of them have monuments of more or less value. There are also several very good brasses on the floor: and there is a marble statue, by Bacon, of King Henry VI. All these, however, we must be content merely to refer to: but another monument, though no longer visible, we must speak of a little more fully.

On clearing away the wainscoting and lime-wash from the chapel walls, a series of paintings was discovered beneath the windows on each side of the chapel. The paintings were arranged in a double row, one above the other; each picture being divided from its neighbours by niches, in which were female figures. The paintings were at first supposed to be executed in fresco; but on a more careful inspection, it was evident that oil was the vehicle used; it was then suggested that they might have been painted in fresco, and afterwards saturated with oil; but the ultimate and most probable conclusion was that they were painted in oil at first. The composition and drawing prove them to have been painted near the end of the fifteenth century; and the moulding of the walls renders it probable that they formed a part of the original design of the architect. The subject of the pictures was the pretended miracles of the Virgin Mary, (to whom, it will be recollected, the College was dedicated,) taken from her legendary life. There was considerable grace and beauty about parts of the pictures, but the subjects rendered them manifestly inadmissible in a Protestant place of worship: indeed, the treatment of some of the subjects would have rendered them inadmissible in any English place of worship in the present day. They were therefore necessarily removed from the walls, with the exception of a portion on the north wall, which has been covered over with canvass. But before being destroyed, two or three sets of very careful drawings were made of the whole; so that a tolerably faithful record of them has been preserved. They are of considerable importance in the history of art in England, especially as an evidence of the patronage of this branch of art in our country, at a time when it could hardly have been looked for.* Perhaps we ought to add that they are not supposed to have been painted by native artists: they were probably the work of pupils of the school of Florence or of Siena.

The other buildings of this chief quadrangle need not detain us long. On the north side is the Lower School, above which is the old dormitory,—the well-known Long Chamber of Etonians. But the long chamber is now divided, and it has not been used as a dormitory since the erection of the new buildings. Only a few of the juniors now sleep in a common room. The long chamber is still rather a singular-looking room: but its old appearance is matter of history: of the queer old well-hacked chest-like bedsteads only a model is left. The long chamber sports are denied to the present and all future generations.

The Upper School, which forms the western side, is more modern than the other portions of the quadrangle. It was erected early in the last century by Dr. Allstree, the head-master, at a cost of £1500; the architect was Sir Christopher Wren. It is a capacious room, and well adapted for its purpose, but has in itself no very striking or characteristic feature. But the collection of busts of Etonians which was commenced a few years ago, and has advanced so rapidly, is already a great attraction. Gray, Fox, Canning, Wellesley, Morpeth, are a few of the noble heads that seem here to urge those who now occupy their places in the school to follow them in the career of honour.

Passing through the gateway of the clock-tower, we enter the second, or Inner Quadrangle—a much smaller square than the former, and differing from it considerably in appearance. It is a small open court, surrounded by cloisters. The buildings around consist of the hall, the library, and the provost's apartments. The hall resembles generally the halls of the colleges at the two Universities, but it is plainer than most of them, and has lost something of the venerable air of antiquity by eighteenth century alterations. It of course serves as the refectory for the members on the foundation; and though vastly less imposing than Trinity or Christ's, with their three or four hundred robed students and college dons, it yet presents a very respectable and interesting spectacle at the dinner-hour. Collegiate state is of course maintained: the dignitaries sit on the elevated dais at the further end; the 'boys' occupy the body of the hall; a cheerful fire blazes in the centre of the room, abundant viands smoke upon the tables; over all bends the dark umbrous roof;—in truth a picture one who loves a comfortable scene will rejoice to look upon.

A visitor to a college, whether at Oxford or Cambridge, would think his examination very incomplete if he did not peep into the kitchen. Good living seems naturally and necessarily associated with good learning. Eton is quite orthodox in this matter. The kitchen is not made a show of; but it is well used: it is the round funnel-like building noticed from the river, and, like a good many other kitchens of the olden time, shows that the old architects, whether churchmen or freemasons, perfectly well understood and provided for the requirements of this very important part of a monastic establishment. At first sight the kitchen of Eton recalls to the memory that at Glastonbury, or Stanton Harcourt—but it is more modern than either, and more convenient—a Soyer or a Ude might be satisfied with its capabilities. If the archæological visitor desires to push his inquiries farther, he may enter—if he have a sufficient guide—the vaults, and satisfy himself whether they are a part of the ancient church; and then satisfy himself also that our college has not lost the art of brewing that

"joly goode ale and olde"

which Master Pepys so emphatically pronounced to be "very good." He will find that the college ale is as potent as its scholarship, and does it equal credit.

But we must away to the Library. This is a very hadsome suite of rooms, and contains a noble collection of manuscripts and printed books. It is especially rich in oriental manuscripts, but it has also some choice ones of European penning. We cannot stay to mention even the most remarkable of the treasures, but we may just name two or three that recur to our memory. A service book which belonged to Queen Mary of England, and bears her autograph, with a few words addressed to some 'lord' to whom it appears to have been sent with a request for his prayers, is particularly interesting. It is vellum, about duodecimo size, beautifully written and richly emblazoned: almost every leaf of writing has an illumination opposite to it; and these are designed with considerable spirit, and executed with elaborate delicacy. Another of the more curious MSS. is an heraldic history of the world: it is a folio of two or three volumes, full of pictures the size of the page, representing such subjects as the destruction of Babel, or the siege of Troy, each with an infinity of figures; undoubtedly correct views of Jerusalem, and Jericho, Tyre and Carthage, and other cities renowned in sacred or profane history; with equally correct portraits of Adam and Noah:

"And all the heathen gods most rare,
Homer, Plutarch, and Nebuchadnezzar,"

but not "standing naked in the open air," for they are not only every one of them provided with ample clothing, but surcoated each with a full coat—of arms! The author of the book was a German, and we are content to receive it as a proof that in the fifteenth century German writers could dive as deeply into unexpected fields of research as in the nineteenth, and find as unexpected treasures. We should rather like, however, to know in what Herald's College the arms of old Methuselah, father Adam, and some other of the ancient worthies, were discovered: perhaps it was in that library on the hill Amara, wherein was preserved (if the Frere Luys may be credited) a copy of the 'Lectures on Philosophy and Mathematics' which the patriarch Abraham was wont to read in the valley of Mamre. But the work is really an extraordinary example of patient (and misapplied) industry. As a specimen of mediæval art it is of much value. The description is beautifully written in the old German character. The illuminations are well drawn, and have strongly marked the characteristics of the Albert Durer school: the colours are remarkably vivid.

Of printed books the collection is large and valuable. The choicest of the recent treasures is a copy of the Niebelungen Lied, perhaps one of the most beautiful specimens of typography that has issued from the press of Germany. It was presented to the College a year or two back by the King of Prussia, as an acknowledgment of the pleasure he had received from a visit to Eton. It is printed on vellum, of the folio size, and is splendidly bound in green velvet and gold. The type is very large, and by far the handsomest specimen of the German character we ever saw: it is said that only two copies of this kind were struck off, one being for the king of Prussia, and the other for the queen: this one is the king's copy. Among other of the more valuable works is 'Granger's Biographical History of England,'—thought to be one of the most fully illustrated copies of that work in any collection: it is bound in many volumes of the largest folio, and contains a vast number of portraits; but it has suffered a good deal from the eagerness of unscrupulous collectors. The collection of Grecian and Roman authors is of a very high character; and in most other respects the library is well stored both with what is excellent and what is rare. Among the choice manuscript volumes we ought not to have passed unnoticed the 'Album,' which contains a singularly interesting series of autographs of distinguished visitors. Turning over but a few pages, you have 'Victoria,' boldly dashed off, with a more delicate 'Albert,' and a firm 'Wellington' beneath it; 'Frederick William' in a graceful flowing scrawl, and close by, 'Bunsen;' poor Louis Philippe, too, is there with his suite—and by the way his autograph has an interesting addition. The French king visited Eton College when in England, two or three years before the last revolution. He had gone over the college, and was about to leave it, evidently much pleased with his reception. When he descended to the quadrangle the boys, who had mustered in it, gave him so hearty a greeting—such a greeting as only English collegians can give—that the old man was quite overcome: after an effort he asked for the Album, and gave vent to his feelings in two or three simple impromptu verses, expressive of gratitude and esteem.

Of all the odd things which an Englishman meets with in looking over a French newspaper—and he generally finds there a good many things that appear very odd to him—the oddest are the statements respecting English institutions and English customs; and the quiet confidence with which the most extravagant absurdities are jotted down. The strangest things—such as, it would seem, the slightest inquiry would show the impossibility of being as is represented—are stated with a simple unsuspicious gravity that is quite irresistible. The visit of Louis Philippe to Eton was of course duly recorded in the Parisian journals; and of course it appeared a very proper occasion for giving a short notice of this obscure college, and of some of its peculiarities. One of these brief sketches may impart some novel information about Eton College to our readers: we hope at any rate it will a little relieve our dryer details of it; and we beg their gravest attention to those choice passages which we print in italics for their particular delectation:

"After the ceremony of the investiture, the King of the French received the corporation of the city of London, who presented their address to his Majesty. Then the king went to visit the college of Eaton [Eton], as he had promised. This college, one of the most ancient in England, and a *dependence on the University of Oxford*, is situated in the vicinity of Windsor. Built not far from the Thames, and on the old road which led from Windsor to London, its old walls are *seated half-way up the hill*, on the summit of which stand the slender turrets of the Royal Residence. The visit was, therefore, only a short and agreeable walk for their Majesties and their attendants, for Eaton is contiguous to the park of the Castle.

"Their Majesties were received by the *Honourable Dean*, who did the honours of his college, celebrated, among those of Great Britain, for the numerous and brilliant assemblage of youths who congregate thither to study, as well as for certain privileges and immunities which the pupils enjoy at the periods of the examinations. It is at the college of Eaton that almost all the young men who belong to opulent families of England are instructed. *It is also in this college that some of the sons of noble but poor families are gratuitously admitted.*

"In order to meet the expenses incurred for the maintenance of these indigent youths, a custom of a singular nature has been introduced. At certain periods all the scholars of the college *take a bag and go to the neighbouring highways* to beg of the passengers and travellers, who always answer the demands graciously and generously, and *thus supply the necessary means for the support of the college.* Every year, it is said, large sums are collected by this affecting (*touchante*) custom, *and new exhibitions* (*bourses*) *thus founded* for the advantage of those youths without fortune who bear honourable names.

"As to the privileges (*immunités*) of the scholars of the college of Eaton, they extend widely at the time of the examinations. Thus, for instance, at that happy period, *they may abandon themselves, in the city of London, to all the eccentric vagaries of youth, without any fear of the constable's forming an obstacle. They may break furniture and smash windows without the police interfering. If a police agent happens to come in the middle of this havoc* (*dégât*), *the Eaton scholar has but to show his card, and immediately the constable drops his staff respectfully, which he had raised to interpose between the rioters.*"

We might gossip over Eton Library a good while; and perhaps should have been tempted to run on a little longer, if that French story had not led us far aside from it. However, it is too late to return now; and perhaps it is best as it is. Our companions, we fear, are already growing impatient: we must not try their powers of endurance further by turning again to musty old folios. We will on.

"The provostship of Eton," says Thomas Fuller, "is accounted one of the genteelest and entirest preferments in England." And one of the genteelest preferments we hope it is, as assuredly it ought to be. The superior of the most important school in Britain—the school in which a large portion of the youths from whom we are to expect the future legislators and public instructors of the country are trained—is an office of great responsibility, and ought to be one of emolument as well as of honour. Men of the first eminence in their generation have held it; and it has as often received dignity from those who have been appointed to it, as it has conferred dignity upon them. But this by the way;—we are not to look at the provost, but only, by permission, at the provost's house. All the necessary accompaniments supposed, a man might make himself very comfortable here. The rooms are stately, as for the official residence of the head of such an institution is necessary, and they are pleasant as well as stately. From the windows there are some charming though not very extensive prospects of the Thames and adjacent country: the rooms themselves are crowded with a fine assemblage of paintings. It is for these, indeed, we have come to the provost's apartments. The pictures are mostly portraits; they include those of nearly all the provosts; many of the most distinguished scholars of Eton; and some of its benefactors. Among the provosts, Sir Thomas Smith, the able statesman and scholar of the time of Henry VIII., and Queen Elizabeth—a fine speaking portrait in the manner of Holbein; Sir Henry Saville; Sir Henry Wotton, deserving all honour on his own account, but immortalized by Isaak Walton; the puritan Rous, and one or two of later date, are especially noteworthy; Bishop Pearson, Sir Robert Walpole, Canning, Wellington, Wellesley, Hallam, may stand as samples of the scholars; and their portraits are generally deserving attention as pictures, as well as on account of the men they represent. Besides these, there are the pinched face of the Seventh Henry, and the prim one of stout Queen Bess. But it would be idle to pretend to enumerate a few where most are famous. A good many of the pictures are attractive as works of art: several are chiefly interesting as examples of portrait painting in England before the regeneration of the art by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Several are by Sir Joshua himself. Some of them are in excellent preservation; others, painted evidently when he was trying experiments, are strangely faded. The portrait of Wellington is a choice specimen of Lawrence's powers in manly portraiture. Of Romney, and more recent portrait painters, there are also some very fair examples. Here and in the library there are also a few busts, and a great number of engraved portraits. A small room contains, among other antique pictures, two portraits said to be of Jane Shore. The larger has little claim of any kind to the title: the smaller has for many generations borne its present designation, and the College tradition is constant that it was painted for her confessor, Bost, and given by him to the College. But this tradition may have grown out of the story we mentioned before of her interference on behalf of the college—or that (which is just as probable) may have been contrived to account for the College possessing the portrait of a lady with whom grave College chiefs could hardly be expected to be connected. Be that as it may, it is undoubtedly a very old picture, and represents a lady of no very great beauty in very uncanonical costume, or lack of costume. In the head master's-rooms there is another considerable collection of portraits, chiefly of scholars—some who have achieved fame, and some who are labouring for it. Many of these are the offerings of the old pupils. The few pictures which are not portraits are of no particular value as works of art; some are, however, rather interesting in other respects. Among others are some views of Eton College, and of King's and Trinity Colleges, Cambridge. The most curious is a large bird's-eye view of Venice, which was painted for Sir Henry Wotton during his residence at Venice as ambassador from James I.

Before we quit the College we must cast a hasty glance over the New Buildings, which have only been completed within this year or two. They form a handsome pile, having a frontage of about 120 feet. The style is what is commonly called the Tudor; they are constructed of red brick with stone dressings. Their uniformity is broken by a tall tower of pleasing design, which stands at one angle; and further relief is imparted by the well grouped carved chimney shafts. The New Buildings are wholly appropriated to the scholars. Until they were erected, the boys all lodged, as has been stated, in a common dormitory: a practice well enough perhaps in the early establishments where, as in a monastery, every one was under constant superintendence and control, and where a rigid and unhesitating obedience was continually enforced; but which in these freer days, while susceptible of mischief in many a form, has scarcely a counteracting benefit. Now each of the forty-nine senior collegers has a convenient and cheerful apartment allotted to him. These rooms are lofty and airy, and well ventilated, strict attention having been paid by the architect to the purposes for which they were required: they are altogether as pleasant comfortable little cells as young students could desire. The younger boys on the foundation still sleep in a portion of the old dormitory, but separate studies, and also breakfast-rooms and lavatories, are provided for them. "Rooms are annexed for the servants whom the College now hires and employs to attend to the buildings, and to perform all those offices of domestic service which the boys formerly had to do for themselves. And that which is the greatest improvement of all has been also attended to: apartments for one of the assistant masters have been built in communication with those occupied by the boys. One of these gentlemen now permanently resides there. And although the upper boys still are vicegerents of authority, and are responsible for the preservation of order, the prompt superintendence of a higher power is insured

at all hours, and every desirable guarantee of discipline and quiet provided."—*Creasy*.

The gain in opportunities for quiet study and privacy, in cherishing habits of steady industry,—and we may add in permitting habits of cleanliness, an almost impossible point in the old Long Chamber—is admitted on all hands. The only loss on the part of the boys is of that wild mirth which old Etonians used to indulge in so heartily, and sometimes so obstreperously.

Part of the New Building is devoted to the Boys' Library, a room of ample size, good proportions, and luminous, as a library always should be. It is very lofty, and a neat gallery is carried round it. Altogether it is a very handsome room, and it is handsomely fitted up. There is a goodly number of books, in great part the gifts of old Etonians. Among them are of course the ordinary classics,—a royal copy of the 'Regent Delphin' was the gift of George IV.; and there is a fair sprinkling of works in the modern languages; but the staple of the library may be said to be English. The collection is a good one, embracing the best works in general literature. The books are allowed to be taken by the boys to their own rooms, under proper regulations; and they are well read. This, as well as the College library, boasts its jewels. One of these is a translation into French of Gray's 'Bard,' in Gray's own handwriting. It is written, with his customary neatness, on a sheet of letter-paper, and he has added some remarks from a French review. This relic is carefully inserted between two plates of glass, and mounted on a revolving stand, which is placed in the middle of the room. Another of these literary relics is Gifford's own interleaved copy of his translation of 'Juvenal,' which contains multifarious and most minute emendations of the text. The handsome or scarce copies of books it is not worth while to mention. Some good casts of antique statues serve to adorn the room, and guide the taste of the students. Adjoining the library is a sort of museum, or model-room. It contains a choice collection of casts of Greek and Roman cameos; a series of the French papier mâché relievo maps, or models of celebrated districts, and other objects suitable to a school museum. We may add, that along the corridors in this New Building are hung numerous large maps. On the whole, we are disposed to regard this New Building as one of the most valuable improvements that could have been made at Eton: and along with the recent alterations in the course of instruction, and in the 'Election Trials,' as going very far towards remedying the evils which a few years back were so frequently and in many respects so properly complained of, as attendant on an Eton education.

Come with us now—however tired you may be of the College—to the Playing Fields—(sometimes called 'The Shooting Fields.')

> "And feel the gales that from them blow
> A momentary bliss bestow,
> As waving fresh their gladsome wing
> The weary soul they seem to soothe,
> And redolent of joy and youth,
> To breathe a second spring."

Very delightful are these Playing Fields. One needs not be an Etonian to enjoy them. Broad sunny meadows dotted over with noble old elms spreading wide their arms in solitary grandeur, or ranged in cheerful groves; the "silver Thames" watering these pleasant meadows; the spires and antique towers of the neighbouring college rising from amidst the stately elms; "the proud keep of Windsor," with its lesser turrets lifting itself royally aloft, on the opposite bank of the noble river—it hardly requires the recollection that

> "Here once our careless childhood strayed,
> A stranger yet to pain!"

to derive exquisite gratification from contemplating them; but that gratification must, in a genial mind, be both deepened and extended in no trifling measure, on witnessing

> "The sprightly race
> Disporting on the margent green
> The paths of pleasure trace."

There is hardly a happier sight than a field of schoolboys in their full swing of enjoyment; and it is impossible to look on these Eton boys, and fancy for a moment that theirs is not enjoyment:

> "Though some on earnest business bent
> Their murm'ring labours ply
> 'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
> To sweeten liberty.
> . . . .
> Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
> Less pleasing when possest;
> The tear forgot as soon as shed,
> The sunshine of the breast.
> Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
> Wild wit, invention ever new,
> And lively cheer, of vigour born;
> The thoughtless day, the easy night,
> The spirits pure, the slumbers light
> That fly the approach of morn."

One is half ashamed to quote like this from a poem so well known as the 'Distant Prospect,' but what other words could so exquisitely portray the Eton scholars as this last stanza from the pride of Etonians? And in truth he must be a very dull man, or have a sad memory, who does not recall these lines of the Eton bard as he strolls through the Playing Fields.

Well, let "the little victims play"—we need not anticipate, more than they do, the cares and the disappointments that are in store for them. They do well to use the present hour, and draw from it as much of wholesome enjoyment as it is capable of affording them: we, too, should do well not to hasten forward to meet care half-way. There is real philosophy in the practice of a schoolboy. The tasks of the day—the "cold business of life," let us do zealously and thoroughly; but let us not regard them as the only objects of life. "Live pleasant," was the maxim Burke urged on his

friends who were toiling amid the weighty duties of public life, and struggling with the anxieties and acerbities of party politics: and "Live pleasant" is a good maxim for each of us—if we only understand it aright.

But we must not get philosophising in these Playing Fields,—though it is a very proper place for the purpose, and one in which our predecessors have set us the example of so doing; we must proceed on our way. And now whither shall we go next? Shall we stroll up that favourite haunt of the contemplative scholar—the 'Poets' Walk;' or across the fields to Datchet, or Upton; or try for a jack at Black Pots, or return to the 'Christopher?'—Stay: we must see those wherries start, and admire the steady pull and easy sweep of the lads' oars.

And can we leave the Playing Fields with only this slight reference to the most famous of Eton games? The cricketing may pass unnamed, because it may be equalled elsewhere; but what school will attempt to compete with Eton in rowing? We shall, however, only mention when it may be seen in its most brilliant display. If the reader wishes to behold the glories of Eton boating he should come here on 'Election Saturday'—the last in July—when the 'half' is wound up by a grand aquatic procession and regatta, and a good supper. It is one of the most famous of Etona's festivals. Every Etonian feels, as one of the choicest of her youthful poets has sung, that,

> "In our Calendar of Bliss
> We have no hour so gay as this,
> When the kind hearts and brilliant eyes
> Of those we know, and love, and prize,
> Are come to cheer the captive's thrall
> And smile upon his festival."

Then

> "An interdict is laid on Latin,
> And scholars smirk in silk and satin.
> . . . . . .
> And there is nought beneath the sun
> But dash and splash, and falls and fun."
> But what would be the Cynic's mirth,
> If Fate would lift him to the earth,
> And set his tub, with magic jump,
> Squat down beside the Brocas clump!
> What scoffs the sage would utter there,
> From his unpolish'd elbow-chair,
> To see the sempstress' handy work,
> The Greek confounded with the Turk,
> Parisian mixed with Piedmontese,
> And Persian joined to Portuguese;
> And mantles short, and mantles long,
> And mantles right, and mantles wrong,
> Misshaped, miscolour'd, and misplaced,
> With what the tailor calls—a *taste!*
> And then the badges, and the boats,
> The flags, the drums, the paint, the coats;
> But more than these, and more than all,—
> The puller's intermitted call,
> 'Easy!'—'Hard all!'—'Now pick her up!'
> 'Upon my life how I shall sup!'"

The start is from the Brocas, a broad meadow above Windsor Bridge; the procession extends to Surly



2.—SURLY HALL.

Hall, just above Clewer (Cut, No. 2)—a favourite place with fishermen as well as Etonians.

> "Pray, reader, were you ever here
> Just at this season of the year?
> No?—then the end of next July
> Should bring you, with admiring eye,
> To hear us *row*, and see us row,
> And cry—'How fast them boys *does* go!'"*

The supper at Surly Hall and the procession on the return, have been famous for half a century.

And this reminds us of another festival—the pride of every Etonian of every age and degree—which, though now, alas! among the things that were, we fear we should hardly be forgiven if we passed unnoticed. We are not sure, indeed, whether we are not the more bound to notice it on the very account of its having ceased to be. The Montem abolished! how every Etonian would have been horrified by the bare suggestion of such a catastrophe twenty years ago! But so it is; and the Montem must henceforth repose on the page of history, as *un fait accompli.* Its work is done: it has played its part in the great drama.

Is there one of our readers who asks what was the Montem? if one there be, we must satisfy him. We will for him give in our own dull prose a plain account of the thing; and then by means of a few extracts from a vigorous sketch, published some five and twenty years ago in 'Knight's Quarterly Magazine,' help all who have not had the good fortune to be there to realize the scene:

The Eton Montem, then, was a ceremony celebrated, from time immemorial, every third year. Originally the Montem day was the first Tuesday in Hilary term, which commenced on the 23rd of January; but somewhat less than a century back it was changed to Whit-Tuesday. On that day the scholars assembled in fancy dresses — each being habited as his inclination led him—and proceeded in procession to a barrow known as Salt Hill, situated just beyond Slough, on the Bath road. The procession marched in military array, commanded by a marshal, a colonel, &c.; the ensign bearing a large flag; while two 'salt-bearers,' assisted by a number of 'scouts,' or 'servitors,' levied contributions on the spectators, under the name of 'salt-money,' and gave in return a card bearing some quaint motto, as, '*mos pro lege,*' or, as on the last occasion, (1844) '*pro more et monte.*'† On reaching Salt Hill the ensign waved his flag thrice with much formality. Vast numbers of spectators were always present on these occasions. Old Etonians of all ranks and professions liked to be there; the friends of the present generation of scholars were there also; the noble and beautiful, too, honoured it with their presence; and generally royalty also was graciously pleased to smile upon the festival. The sum raised under the name of 'salt' was usually above £1000; on the last occasion it amounted to nearly £1400: and, after deducting the expenses, the surplus was given to the Captain, or senior scholar at the time of the Montem.

Antiquaries have laboured hard to discover the origin of the custom. It has been traced to the festival of the Boy Bishop; to a monkish procession in honour of the Virgin:—what says our guide? "Out upon your eternal hunting for causes and reasons. I love the no-meaning of Montem. I love to be asked for 'salt' by a pretty boy in silk stockings and satin doublet, though the custom has been called 'something between begging and robbing.' I love the apologetical '*Mos pro Lege,*' which defies the police and the Mendicity Society. I love the absurdity of a captain taking precedence of a marshal; and a marshal bearing a gilt bâton at an angle of forty-five degrees from his right hip; and an ensign flourishing a flag with the grace of a tight-rope dancer; and sergeants paged by fair-skinned Indians and beardless Turks; and corporals in sashes and gorgets, guarded by innocent polemen in blue jackets and white trowsers. I love the mixture of real and mock dignity;—the provost, in his cassock, clearing the way for the Duchess of Leinster to see the ensign make his bow; or the head master gravely dispensing his leave till nine, to Counts of the Holy Roman Empire, and Grand Signors. I love the crush in the cloisters and the mob on the mount—I love the clatter of carriages, and the plunging of horsemen—I love the universal gaiety from the peer who smiles and sighs that he is no longer an Eton boy, to the country girl who marvels that such little gentlemen have cocked-hats and real swords. Give me a Montem with all its tom-foolery—I had almost said before a coronation—and even without the aids of a Perigord pie and a bottle of claret at the 'Windmill.'"

Gentle reader do you begin to feel something of the right Montem spirit? Look a little closer with our trusty guide at the gathering, and the ceremonial—and lament over the lack of taste or of opportunity which kept you from witnessing the reality. "The breakfast done, we take our station in the college quadrangle. The captain with his retinue retires to offer his respects to the provost at his levée; and Dr. Keate [then head master] gathers round him in his study a few of those

* 'Surly Hall,' by Winthrop Mackworth Praed, in the 'Etonian.'

† From the following lines, quoted in 'Brande's Popular Antiquities' from 'The Favourites—a Simile' 1712, it appears to have then been the practice to give salt in return for the money:

> "When boys at Eton, once a year,
> In military pomp appear,
>
> . . . . .
>
> The little legion all assail,
> Arrest without release or bail:
> Each passing traveller must halt,
> Must pay the tax, and *eat the salt.*
>
> You don't love salt, you say; and storm—
> Look o' these staves, sir,—and conform."

Towards the end of the century the salt-bearers were a little less exacting: they merely insisted on the passengers taking a pinch of salt in return for his contribution, without compelling him to eat it.

who, in their greatness of birth or station, in the pride of their wealth or the splendour of their talents, have not forgotten their obligations to Eton. Twelve o'clock strikes and the procession is not yet formed. The call of the roll is not an affair of such despatch as the eating of the rolls; and the gathering of salt is not so easily accomplished as the spilling. Blue coats and red coats, white wands and gilt scabbards, velvet caps and silk turbans, are flitting about in wild confusion. * * * We will ride to Salt Hill . . . and see a banner flourished with all the elegance and strength that three months' practice of six hours a day can accomplish. . . . We have at length reached the foot of the mount—a very respectable barrow, which never dreamt in its Druidical age of the interest which it now excites, and the honours which now await it. Its sides are clothed by mechanics in their holiday clothes, and happy dairymaids in their Sunday gear; at its base sit peeresses in their barouches, and earls in all the honours of four-in-hand. The flag is again waived; the scarlet coats and the crimson plumes again float amongst us—'the boys carry it away, Hercules and his load too,'—and the whole earth seems made for the enjoyment of one universal holiday.

"It is a right English scene; there is the staymaker's wife from Thames Street elbowing a Cavendish, and a gentleman-commoner of Cambridge playing the agreeable to the farmer's pretty daughter from Cippenham-green. . . . 'The peasant's toe doth gall the courtier's kibe,' with a glorious freedom. Beneath that elm stands one of our great Etonians; he is evidently pleased. There is a smile of pensive joy playing about his lips, and his eyes are lighted up with a fond recollection of happiness that has passed away. I dare be sworn that George Canning, the first of living orators, the statesman whose genius is piercing its way through the dark clouds of Europe's destiny, is even now looking back with more real pleasure to the triumphs of Gregory Griffin, than to the honours of the most successful policy; and is feeling with a true philosophy, that the swords and plumes of Montem are worth as much, perhaps much more, than the ribbons and stars of a riper age—'a little louder, but as empty quite.' And there stands his acute and sarcastic rival; —and he, too, is pleased. I see no frown gathering like a whirlwind about the brows of Henry Brougham. He is chatting with a happy little hero of buckles and silk stockings, as delighted himself as if he were perfectly unconscious of briefs and Brookes's."

But the *Cui bono?* "I will not attempt to reason about the pleasures of Montem;—but to an Etonian it is enough that it brings pure and ennobling recollections—calls up associations of hope and happiness, and makes even the wise feel that there is something better than wisdom, and the great that there is something nobler than greatness. And then the faces that come upon us at such a time, with their tales of old friendships or generous rivalries. I have seen to-day fifty fellows of whom I remember only the nicknames; —they are now degenerated into scheming M.P's., or clever lawyers, or portly doctors; but at Montem they leave the plodding world of reality for one day, and regain the dignities of sixth-form Etonians."

And why, do you ask, was this pleasant festival abolished then? It was necessary. There was a good deal in the thing itself that was vulnerable to the shafts of the sage scoffers of our day—though their arrows were hardly keen enough to cause a mortal wound. But in truth a great change had come over the character of the affair. The railway was formed; had its station at Slough; and brought down on every returning Montem increasing shoals of undesirable visitors. The merriment lost its harmlessness. Quarrelling, drunkenness, and mischief grew more and more coarse and violent. Eton on that day was nearly as bad as Smithfield on St. Bartholomew's. The authorities of Eton felt that it was time to put an end to it. They knew that it would be an unpopular step; their own feelings were in favour of the festival: but they saw that matters would continue to grow worse: the character and discipline of the school were endangered: and they issued the fiat. And pleasant and harmless in itself as was the old custom, the most recusant Etonians will come to acknowledge that they did well. Education is a serious thing—and it would be worse than childish to chafe about the giving up a mere piece of mirthful folly when *it* is imperilled. Those who regret the suppression of the festival mainly on the ground of the loss to the captain, may be comforted by knowing, that after deducting the cost of broken fences, and other damage by trespass, and of "the substantial enjoyments that their liberal captain provided for the six hundred lads," and the dinners and feastings to select friends—and the other needful outlays—the sum which the captain actually received was reduced to a very inconsiderable figure.

Another and very strange custom, called 'The Hunting of the Ram,' was for a long course of years celebrated annually at Eton, and only laid aside about a century back. The following account is given of it in the very accurate 'History of Eton College,' in Ackerman's Series of Collegiate Histories. It is taken from Huggett's manuscript 'Collections for the History of Windsor and Eton Colleges,' preserved in the British Museum:

"The Hunting of the Ram was an immemorial custom, which has since been more honoured in the breach than it had been in the observance. The college had an ancient claim on its butcher, to provide a ram on the election Saturday, to be hunted by the scholars: but the animal having, on one occasion, been so pressed as to swim across the Thames, it ran into Windsor Market, with the boys after it, and much mischief was caused by this unexpected accident. The health of the scholars had also suffered at times from the length of the chase, and the heat of the season. The character of the sport was therefore changed, about the year 1740, when the ram was hamstrung, and after the speech, was knocked on the head with large twisted clubs, which are now considered as Etonian curiosities.

But the barbarity of the amusement caused it to be altogether laid aside at the election in 1747, and the flesh of the ram given to be prepared in pasties. Browne Willis derives this custom from one of a similar nature then known in the manor of East Wrotham, in Norfolk, [the rectory of which belongs to Eton College,] where the lord of the manor, after harvest, gave an acre of barley and a ram to the tenants; which, if caught, was theirs, but if not, remained with the lord." Whatever the custom may have been derived from, there can be no question about its successor, the Surly Hall procession, being one much more worthy of retention. It is rather curious that so late as 1740, it should have been thought an improvement in a sport to hamstring a helpless ram, and then beat it to death with clubs! But to every age its own amusements: it is easy enough in any century to see the inconsistencies and absurdities in the sports as well as the serious occupations of a preceding century. "The gradual change of manners," as Johnson very truly observes, "though imperceptible in the process, appears great when different times, and those not very distant, are compared."

We have dwelt longer on the lighter matters connected with Eton College than on the more serious; but ours is a book of sketches, not of elaborate pictures. The history of Eton College, and a more minute description of its buildings and their contents, together with a fuller account of its system of education, must be sought for in bulkier and more formal volumes.

The history of Eton College remains to be adequately written: but since the preceding pages were in type, we have seen a little volume just published entitled 'Some Account of Eton College,' by Professor Creasy, of University College, London, that will supply ample details of the state of education in the College as well now as before the recent improvements. Although it is too late for us to embody in the proper place the result of the author's recollections and observations, we may venture to make two or three extracts here, which will let the reader see what is the opinion of so competent an authority on the present condition of Eton—and add powerful support to what we have said on the subject. The sketch of the career of an Eton student we fancy will be not the least interesting to a reader who is unacquainted with the routine of a great public school.

"When a boy is entered at Eton he is examined by the assistant-master who is to be his tutor, and according to the report made of his proficiency he is placed, at first provisionally, and soon afterwards permanently, in the part of the school for which he is considered fit. No boy is however allowed to be placed at first so high as on the fifth form. Each boy is on first coming placed on the list as last of the remove to which he is attached; so that precedency in each remove depends primarily on comparative long-standing at the school. But this is very much modified by the examinations and trials which a boy passes through in most of the forms, and the changes of place among the students which are their results. * * * * The fourth form is the proper part of the school for a boy of eleven or twelve years old, the age at which most lads are sent to Eton. We will suppose a boy of eleven to have entered there, and to be found on examination not grossly deficient in the average standard of acquirements of boys of that age. That is to say, he must not exactly be like Shakespeare, 'knowing little Latin and less Greek,' but he ought to have received instruction for four or five years in the former language, and to have read one or two easy books in the latter. He must know thoroughly the Latin grammar, and be able to apply its rules, and must have made some progress in acquiring a similar familiarity with the Greek grammar. He should be able to do exercises in Latin prose, and also to turn translations from easy Latin elegiacs back into the language and metre of the original by the help of dictionary and gradus, and with the occasional suggestion of a more recondite word or particular idiom. We will suppose a boy thus qualified, and of corresponding acquirements in other respects, to be sent to Eton at eleven years old and to be entered in the lower remove fourth form. Here he will most likely find himself placed the last of a batch of thirty or forty boys, some of whom have come up from the Lower School at the last yearly remove, while others, like our supposed new-comer, have been enrolled in the little company after it emerged into the Upper School. Our tyro will find that every day at Eton has its fixed duties, every school-time its appointed lessons, and every week its fixed exercises in composition, which he will have to prepare under the superintendence of his tutor, in whose pupil-room every lesson is rehearsed and every exercise revised before it is construed or shown up in school. He will remain under the care of the same tutor all the time that he is at Eton, but as he passes through the different ranks of the school he will come under different masters in school-time, each assistant-master presiding exclusively over one particular part of the school, and the sixth form, with ten or twelve of the fifth form, being under the personal authority and teaching of the Head-master. * * * * Supposing our imaginary student to have gone to Eton soon after Easter, he would obtain a step in the following June, and rise with those around him into the middle remove fourth form; in December he would similarly rise into the upper remove fourth form; but neither of these advances would be accompanied by any trials or material alteration in his studies, though of course longer and better exercises, and a better style of construing his lessons, would be gradually required of him. But when he comes to the next step, the step by which he is to advance out of the fourth form into the remove, he undergoes a strict examination together with his companions, and the order in which they pass into the remove is materially regulated by the way in which each passes these trials." We cannot, with the professor, follow the boy through every stage; suffice it that, "after passing into the upper remove of the lower division of the fifth form, a

boy (unless he be a Colleger) has no more trials, but his progress in each department of his studies is carefully recorded, and a report of it, as also of his moral and general character, is half-yearly sent to his parents. This excellent system is, indeed, pursued with respect to every student in every part of the school. By the regular operation of the two half-yearly removes, the student passes into and through the middle division, remaining in it, as in the lower, a year. On reaching the upper division all classification into removes ceases. Many boys leave the school at some part of that period of an Eton career. Others gradually rise higher and higher, by the departure of those above them, till they come to the top of the division, when they are in turn nominated by the Head-master as sixth form boys. * * * * The sixth form boys now receive, separately from the rest of the school, a large amount of valuable instruction from the Head-master in person. They read in the course of a year two or more books of Thucydides, and a similar proportion of Herodotus consecutively through, two or more of the Greek tragedies, some of the orations of Demosthenes, and selections from Lucretius, and also portions of the works of Pindar. Essays are composed by them on subjects of ancient and modern history, for the best of which the Head-master gives prizes: and a very large amount of composition in Greek, including the dramatic, epic, lyric, and elegiac metres, as well as Greek prose, is expected in the sixth form, and is also attended to by the superior boys in the fifth form."

Then come the election trials for the Cambridge Scholarships; of these Mr. Creasy says: "The general result of the old system was to make long-standing more valuable than scholarship, and the boy whose parents had hurried him to Eton as soon as he could scrawl his name, was far more likely to become a Fellow of King's than the boy of the same age who had gone to the school a year or two afterwards, though the latter might be a Porson, a Lloyd, or a Milman, and the former be of very ordinary capacity and acquirements indeed. The whole system of the election trials has now been thoroughly reformed. Gradually during the last ten or twelve years the nature and extent of the examination have been improved; and a far wiser and more just spirit in acting upon the results of that examination has also been gradually introduced. The election-trials, to which the Upper Collegers are subjected, now last several days, and are conducted by the electors with the greatest care, so as fully to exhibit the comparative scholarship of the boys. Strict inquiry is also made (as always was the case) respecting their characters; and the merits of each boy, as to character and scholarship, now mainly regulate the order in which the names are inscribed on the list for King's. The benefit of this change of system is immense both to Eton and to the sister foundation. At Eton it greatly augments a spirit of steady industry in all the Collegers; who now all know for certain that, in order to enable them to have any chance of King's, they must pass through two or three searching and severe annual examinations, and that their prospects of a Fellowship at the Cambridge College will be almost entirely dependent on the manner in which they acquit themselves in those examinations, and on the character for general conduct which they acquire and maintain. And thus also, King's College finds its ranks recruited exclusively by the *élite* of the foundation-scholars at Eton, whom other changes and improvements are tending more and more to make the *élite* of the whole school. * * * * Grossly erroneous is the assertion sometimes hazarded by the disparagers of our public schools, that, 'a boy may pass through Eton with distinction, and yet remain ignorant of the commonest facts of modern history, and unacquainted with the very rudiments of geography.' On the contrary, no boy of ordinary capacity and industry can remain any number of years at Eton without becoming thoroughly well-grounded in these sciences, in addition to the excellent classical and religious education which he receives." To what we before said of the practical equality among the scholars, we are glad to be able to add the following excellent passage: "There is no respect of persons shown at Eton. The son of the proudest peer is on a fair level with the boy of humblest birth in the school. They are on equal terms, not only in school but out of school. The young nobleman, if he is a brilliant scholar, or if he is a good cricketer, a crack oar, or a tough foot-ball player, will be looked up to by his schoolfellows; if he is of a frank and kind nature, he will be liked. But no exemption or pretensions on the score of purse or pedigree are admitted in this admirable youthful democracy. And while the children of the highest and wealthiest in the land thus work their way fairly through the school, the boy of humble rank, if he be right-minded and honourable, finds his industry encouraged, his talents justly rewarded, and no impediment against his becoming foremost among his youthful comrades in study or in sport, save that which arises from fair and friendly competition."

And now we bid Eton College heartily farewell. We have promised to stroll to a few of the more celebrated or picturesque places in the vicinity of the College. It is not worth while to turn back to the town of Eton—it has no lions to exhibit. The College is the only attraction it can boast of. We may as well proceed on our jaunt, therefore, directly from the Playing Fields. We might saunter along the river side, and find abundant amusement; or we might step into one of these skiffs, and row gently up or down the stream, enjoying the rich variety of scenery Old Father Thames can here display, and push ashore from time to time where there is a scene, or a building, or a village of more than common attractiveness. But we prefer rather to lead the stranger a day's ramble over the ground which the Bard of Eton has made classic.

It is an enjoyable ramble we are to have. The country generally is upland, and pleasantly undulated. The scenery for the outward journey is nowhere very



3.—UPTON CHURCH.



4.—GRAY'S MONUMENT.



5.—STOKE CHURCH.

striking, or grand; perhaps not even what is commonly termed picturesque. But then it is of that quiet rural description which every one who escapes into the country for a day or two enjoys so much. Green lanes there are, with their humble but cheerful-looking cottages, substantial farm-houses, still hamlets, and lonely rustic churches; broad fields whereon the plough is busy, and over which the "numerous rooks" are soaring in continuous motion and with never-ceasing noise; and all those other rural sights and sounds that are so refreshing to the eye and the ear of

> "One who long in populous cities pent,
> Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
> Forth issues on a summer's morn, to breathe
> Among the pleasant villages and farms
> Adjoined."

For those who like statelier things there are some noble parks and lordly mansions; and for all who have hearts to admit those generous feelings which the recollections springing up in places which the pen or the presence of genius have made memorable are calculated to excite, there are spots that are for ever connected with our literature, and that few can visit without more than ordinary interest. We are to visit the every-day haunts, and the cherished solitudes, the home, and the grave of Gray. On our return we shall see some localities which other poets have rendered memorable: and scenes which need no associations to render them attractive.

We turn northward. A short and very pleasant walk across the fields brings us within sight of a venerable and very picturesque church. It looks neglected, desolate. We enter the church-yard, and find that the ancient edifice is indeed desolate; and from the

> ————"ivy-mantled tower
> The moping owl may to the moon complain,
> Of such as wand'ring near her secret bower
> Molest her ancient solitary reign."

Upton Church (Cut, No. 3,) has been confidently affirmed to have suggested the imagery of Gray's famous 'Elegy.' Something might easily be said on behalf of the assertion. The appearance of the church, the yew trees, the turf that heaves in many a mouldering heap, all might be adduced; but in truth to little purpose: it is at best a gratuitous fancy. The church, or church-yard, which Gray had especially present to his mind, if indeed he had any particular church in his mind, is undoubtedly that which we are to see presently. Yet, though the honour of having inspired Gray has been unduly claimed for them, the venerable church, and quiet church-yard of Upton, might well in their solemn beauty impress the imagination and the heart of a poet. They do not, however, appear to have very deeply impressed the hearts of the parishioners. The church is very ancient; parts of it are of Norman construction: perhaps it was too old to admit of reparation. It is at any rate cast-off—forsaken—dismantled—well nigh made a ruin of. The parishioners have built for them-

selves in the place of it, and some distance from it, a new brick church. We will not quarrel with the architecture: enough for us, it has not the impressive character of the old church.

Quitting the church-yard that has been claimed for Gray's, let us direct our steps to that which is in so many ways associated with his memory. We must cross a corner of Slough,—a place too well known, and having too little in it, to stay our feet. The only thing at Slough that is rememberable, is the house in which the elder Herschel dwelt so long, and where he effected so many of his important discoveries. The frame that supported his great telescope is yet standing: the telescope itself has long been dismounted.

> "Full fifty years did he laugh at the storm,
> And the blast could not shake his majestic form:
> Now prone he lies where once he stood high,
> And search'd the deep Heavens with his broad bright eye,"

as the present Sir John Herschel tells, in his 'Requiem of the Forty-feet Reflector at Slough,' which he composed "to be sung on the New Year's Eve, 1839-40, by Papa, Mamma, Madame, and all the Little Bodies in the tube thereof assembled;" and which song and family festival Mr. Wild has made known to the world in his 'History of the Royal Society,' recently published.

The distance from Slough to Stoke, the place of our pilgrimage, is little more than a couple of miles. The direct way lies along green shady lanes; it is perhaps a little nearer to take some field paths, but the difference, whether in point of distance or pleasantness, is not sufficient to make the choice a matter of any consequence. The fields show a little more of the surrounding country, but that is not very striking: the lanes, on a sunny day, afford the agreeable company of a succession of hedgerow elms, and the view of two or three picturesque country cottages.

A white spire serves as the landmark of our journey. We have chosen the lane that leads us to the eastern side of Stoke Park. We continue alongside the park railings till we reach the church-way path, which we are about to turn into, when a large stone cenotaph catches our eye. It stands within a neat enclosure, laid out like a pleasure-garden, with gravel walks, and planted with shrubs and flowers. No jealous locks bar our way; we enter, and read on one side of the memorial the following inscription:

This Monument.
In honour of THOMAS GRAY,
was erected A.D. 1799. Among
the scenes celebrated by that
great Lyric and Elegiac Poet.
He died July 30th, 1771, and
lies unnoticed in the churchyard
adjoining, under the tomb-stone on
which he piously and pathetically
recorded the interment of his
Aunt and lamented Mother.

On the other side of the monument are inscribed passages from the 'Elegy,' and from the 'Distant Prospect of Eton College.' The monument was erected by the late John Penn, Esq., the proprietor of the neighbouring mansion. It is at once creditable to his own good feeling, and a handsome testimonial to the memory of the poet who has conferred an undying fame on the surrounding objects. (Cut, No. 4.)

Gray was accustomed to spend his college vacations at Stoke in the house of his aunt. A few years later his connection with the place was rendered more intimate. On the death of his father in 1741, his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached, "with a small fortune, which her husband's imprudence had impaired, and a maiden sister (Mrs. Antrobus), retired to the house of Mrs. Rogers, another sister, at Stoke." It appears to have been soon after his mother's removal thither that Gray commenced the composition of the 'Elegy;' it remained long unfinished, but the death of his aunt Antrobus, whom—as he says in writing to his mother on the occasion—he "loved very much, and had been used to from his infancy," seems to have excited a state of feeling that rendered the completion of his poem a congenial employment.

Several churchyards have been confidently named as the scene of the 'Elegy;' to Grantchester, about two miles from Cambridge, Mr. Mitford, in his edition of Gray's Poems, has assigned the honour. Upton we have already mentioned. Tradition has always been most decided for Stoke, and in this instance tradition seems to be very strongly supported by distinct testimony. The church and churchyard agree with Gray's description as closely as it is possible for any place to agree with the language of a poet like Gray, who describes in such poetic generalities. The scenery of the neighbourhood—'yon wood,' the 'nodding beech,' the 'heath,'—all are accordant with the verses. The residence of Gray here in the most susceptible periods of his life adds greatly to the probability. And then we have his own direct statement that the poem was *finished* here. Writing to Horace Walpole on the 12th of June, 1750, he says—"I have been here at Stoke a few days (where I shall continue a good part of the summer); and having put an end to a thing, whose beginning you have seen long ago, I immediately send it you. You will, I hope, look on it in the light of a *thing with an end to it;* a merit that most of my writings have wanted, and are like to want." That this "thing" was the "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard,' no one ever pretended to doubt; and we do not see what occasion there is to go beyond Stoke churchyard in search of its birth-place—if it be at all needful to give to it a local habitation as well as a name.

Stoke church is within sight of the monument. It stands alone in a still secluded spot, and being surrounded by pines and other trees of sombre hue, seems when you are within the churchyard to be even more secluded than it really is. (Cut, No. 5.) A serene solemn place it is, such as might well befit the more pensive hours of a contemplative mind:

"Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whisp'ring from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace."

How must we regret that the poet thought it necessary, in revising his poem, to leave out these fine lines, and some others equally beautiful, though not attuned to the same grave yet lofty melody.

Gray possessed not the vigorous vehement genius that impels the poet to give utterance to a full stream of

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

"Poetry," says Milton, in one of his mighty parentheses, "is simple, sensuous, passionate." Of such poetry there is little in Gray. In him will seldom be found the fervid expression of joy or sorrow, of love or hatred. His most impassioned effusions appear the result of labour and effort. Even the 'Bard,' notwithstanding the glowing commencement, wants the fierce rush of accumulated ire, the turbulent torrent of invective that would flow from such a spirit. But poetry is not to be confined within the limits of any definition. All poetry is not passionate: the Muse delights to breathe "the still sad music of humanity" in strains of gentle melody, no less than the swelling notes that clarion forth the deeds of "giants of mighty bone and proud emprise," or the vivid imagery that gushes from a heart swayed by some overpowering influence. Sir James Mackintosh declares that "Gray was of all English poets the most finished artist. He attained," he says, "the highest degree of splendour of which poetical style seems to be capable." But it is the finish of the schools, the delicate polish of the well-trained academic scholar, rather than the graceful freedom that distinguishes the perfected work of the original master. The art that conceals art is not reached: the original spark is dimmed, the genuine natural feeling obscured by the artificial atmosphere through which they are beheld. Gray drew too much of his poetic fuel from the classical library. The splendour, if it be "the highest degree of which the poetical style is capable," is too often but a reflection from a distant and foregone luminary; the light is tinged with a colour that belongs to another and inharmonious sphere. Had Gray trusted more to "the light within," he would have been a greater and more original poet. If his verses had lacked somewhat of the mellifluous flow which they have gained from the contributions of foreign affluents, and the lustre which they owe to borrowed gems, they would have come more home to the imaginations and the hearts of ordinary men.

The 'Elegy' is least overlaid with these extraneous graces. It is his truest and most natural poem, and hence it is that which has most deeply impressed itself on the mind of his countrymen: and it will live for ever in their memory. It is such poetry as time does not render obsolete. It appeals to the common feelings of mankind, clothing thoughts that find a response in every heart in words that delight every ear. Breathing throughout the serene meditative spirit best befitting such a composition, it seems alike in the reflective as in the descriptive parts, the sublime utterance of one who has

"learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hours
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of amplest power
To chasten and subdue."

The church and churchyard of Stoke, we have said, answer to the description in the 'Elegy.' The church is a venerable timeworn edifice. The massive ivy-mantled tower now supports a wooden spire, but it is of modern date. A huge old wooden porch stands on the south side, and serves as the entrance to the church. Not far from it are a couple of yew-trees: they are of vast girth, and the boughs overshadow a broad space; but though evidently of great antiquity, they are yet vigorous. From the hackings of the prosaic and the vulgar, however, they have suffered somewhat. Elsewhere the architectural and monumental antiquities of the church might claim a passing notice; but here they must be left unregistered. One simple, modern, monument outside the church alone demands our attention.

In the churchyard, near the chancel of the church, is a plain tomb which Gray erected over the vault that contains the remains of his mother and his aunt: and in the same grave, in accordance with his last will, the poet himself was laid. The inscription which he placed upon the blue slab (now broken) that forms the top of the tomb, is so impressive in its simple pathos, that we think it claims insertion in this brief notice of Gray's resting-place:

In the vault beneath are deposited,
in hope of a joyful resurrection,
the remains of
MARY ANTROBUS.
She died, unmarried, Nov. V. M.DCC.XLIX.

In the same pious confidence,
beside her friend and sister,
Here sleep the remains of
DOROTHY GRAY,
Widow; the careful tender Mother
of many children, one of whom alone
had the misfortune to survive her.

When Gray himself was laid in the same vault, no epitaph recorded the circumstance. A plain slab has, however, within these few years, been affixed on the church wall, immediately under the east window, which points out his burial-place.

But it is not the churchyard alone that here recalls the memory of Gray. The manor-house of Stoke-Poges was the scene of his 'Long Story.' The old house, independent of the attraction our poet threw around it, had a history and associations of more than ordinary interest. Lysons, in his account of Buckinghamshire in the 'Magna Britannia,' thus gives its history:

"Amicia de Stoke brought the manor of this place in marriage to Robert Poges, who was chosen one of the knights of the shire in the year 1300; his grand-daughter and heir, Egidia, married Sir John Molins, knight-baronet and treasurer of the chamber to King Edward III. In 1331 he had the royal licence for fortifying and embattling his mansion at Stoke; and in 1346 he procured a charter that Stoke and Ditton, where also he had a seat, should be exempt from the authority of the king's marshal. From Sir John Molins this manor descended by female heirs to the families of Hungerford and Hastings. Henry Hastings, earl of Huntingdon, rebuilt the manor-house in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The estate was soon afterwards seized by the crown for a debt. King James the First, about the year 1621, granted the manor in fee to Lord Chief Justice Coke, who appears to have held it many years before as lessee under the crown. In 1601, being then Attorney-General, he entertained Queen Elizabeth very sumptuously at this place, and presented her Majesty with jewels to the value of 1000*l*., or 1200*l*. In 1625, this celebrated lawyer, having quitted his high station, and being out of favour with the court, was obliged, much against his will, to serve the office of sheriff for the county; and it was thought by his friends a great degradation that he, who had filled one of the highest situations on the bench, should attend on the judges at the assizes. Sir John Villiers, elder brother of the Duke of Buckingham, married Sir Edward Coke's only daughter, and this manor (then held by lease) having been settled on him at the time of his marriage, he was, in 1619, created a peer by the title of Baron Villiers of Stoke-Poges, and Viscount Purbeck. Lord Purbeck succeeded to this estate after the death of Sir Edward Coke, which happened in 1634, at his seat at Stoke-Poges. The house, it appears, was settled on his lady, who was a relict of Sir William Hatton.

"In 1647, Stoke House was for a short time the residence of the unfortunate King Charles, when he was a prisoner in the power of the army. Not long after the death of Lord Purbeck, which happened in 1656, the manor of Stoke was sold by his heirs to John Gayer, Esq., elder brother of Sir Robert Gayer, K.B., who afterwards possessed it. It was purchased of the Gayers, about the year 1720, by Edward Halsay, Esq., one of the representatives of the town of Buckingham, whose daughter Anne married Lord Cobham. Stoke House and the manor were sold by her heirs to William Penn, Esq., chief proprietor of Pennslyvania."

Gray supposed that the Lord Chancellor was once its owner, and he has told in oft-quoted lines how

> "Full oft within the spacious walls,
> When he had fifty winters o'er him,
> My grave lord-keeper led the brawls;
> The seals and maces danced before him.
> His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
> His high crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
> Moved the stout heart of England's queen,
> Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."

But Sir Harris Nicolas showed, in his recent 'Life of Hatton,' that the Lord Keeper never resided at Stoke.

When Gray wrote his 'Long Story,' Lady Cobham was the owner of the manor-house. The 'Elegy' was then in the full current of its popularity; and Lady Cobham wished to become acquainted with the author. Her niece and Lady Schaub called in consequence at the cottage where Gray resided; he was not at home, and they left a note of invitation. He in return called at the great house, and, the parties being mutually pleased with each other, the acquaintance continued. "And as the beginning of this acquaintance," says one of his commentators, "bore some appearance of romance, he soon after gave a humorous account of it in the copy of verses which he entitled 'A Long Story.'" The humour is not very sparkling nor very original; but there are some spirited verses among many more of a common-place character; sufficient, certainly, to preserve the poem, even though it had not been the production of the author of the 'Bard:' Gray, it will be recollected, omitted the 'Long Story' from the collection of his poems published by himself.

The 'Ancient Pile' no longer stands to receive the homage of the poet's admirers. The

> "Rich windows that exclude the light,
> And passages that lead to nothing,"

are gone. About sixty years ago, the old house was, with the exception of one of the wings, pulled down. It was a fine brick mansion, with those projecting wings and pointed gables, sunny bays and oriels, which allowed of so rich a play of light and shadow; and it displayed the tall roofs and quaintly arranged stacks of carved brick chimney-shafts, and the other characteristic features of an Elizabethan manor-house of the better class, which, with the deep colour of the bricks, always form so picturesque and striking an object, especially when, as here, set in a noble park and surrounded by stately old trees.

Not far from the churchyard may be seen the wing that was left standing when the greater part of the old house was demolished. As you approach it, the quaint old gable, half covered with ivy, and the handsome chimney-shafts rising above it, make quite a picture, standing out from the back-ground of dark foliage. The interior retains some evidence of its original splendour and ancient hospitality. There may yet be seen a kitchen "capacious enough for the hospitality of an attorney-general who had a queen for his guest; and the wide fireplace is still remaining with its heraldic sculptures."

"In a small room on the second-floor there are some rude paintings, also heraldic, on the plastered walls, with the initials E. R.; on another side are some quaint inscriptions, amongst which may be deciphered—

> 'FEARE THE LORDE.
> OBEY THE PRINCE.
> LOVE THINE ENMIS.

BEWARE OF PRIDE.
SPEKE THE TRUTH.
BEWARE OF MALLIS.'"

The present mansion has no architectural merits: it is one of Wyatt's so-called classic structures, but it has been considerably altered since Wyatt's time. The old house, like most of the old manor-houses, was placed in a rather low sheltered situation: the new one stands on a more commanding site. In such matters, as in most others, the change in point of taste has widely varied. Stoke Park is extensive, and well wooded. It was carefully laid out in accordance with the prevalent style of the latter part of the last century; but, like the house, it has been a good deal changed since then. Among other of the works of art that adorn it is a lofty fluted column, having on the summit a statue of Sir Edward Coke.

The house in which Gray's mother lived, and where he wrote, yet remains: it is called West-end Cottage, and will be found about half a mile from the churchyard. It has, however, been so much enlarged and modernized, as to bear little resemblance to its original appearance. What it was when Gray lived in it he describes in a letter dated Stoke, Sept. 6, 1758, which he addressed to Mr. Palgrave, who was making a tour in Scotland:—"I do not know how to make you amends, having neither rock, ruin, nor precipice near me to send you: they do not grow in the south; but only say the word, if you would have a compact neat box of red brick, with sash-windows, or a grotto made of flints and shell-work, or a walnut-tree with three mole-hills under it, stuck with honey-suckles round a basin of gold-fishes, and you shall be satisfied; they shall come by the Edinburgh coach." The neat box of red brick is now a handsome villa, the basin of gold-fishes has become a good-sized piece of ornamental water, and so far from being within the compass of the Edinburgh coach, it would be found too bulky for the Great Western Railway. The grotto and the walnut-tree are still standing.

We once more take to the lanes. "I have," said Gray, in writing to Horace Walpole, September, 1737, "I have at the distance of half a mile, through a green lane, a forest, (the vulgar call it a common) all my own; at least as good as so, for I spy no living thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover Cliff; but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous. Both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches, and other very reverend vegetables, that like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds:

'And as they bow their hoary tops, relate
In murmuring sounds the dark decrees of fate;
While visions, as poetic eyes avow,
Cling to each leaf, and swarm on every bough.'

"At the foot of one of these squats me I, (*il penseroso*)



6.—BURNHAM BEECHES.

and there grows to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise before he had an Eve; but I think he did not use to read 'Virgil,' as I commonly do there." This common is Burnham Common, the wooded part is known as Burnham Beeches.

If the Londoner were to see nothing else, it would be worth his while to come hither for the sake of seeing this place. He would hardly believe, if he had never been here, that such a wild spot could be found within an hour's ride of the smoky city. It is still all that Gray described a hundred and eleven years ago. While all around has been, or is being, enclosed or 'improved,' it remains unvitiated, and scarcely at all encroached upon.

The way to this pleasant place lies, as Gray says, along one of those green, shady, unfrequented lanes, that are so common in our pleasant land, but always so delightful. We have chosen an autumn day; a few women gossipping here and there at a field-gate remind us that the harvest is nearly got in; a few children busy about the hedges tell us that the nuts are ripening. These we notice without stopping; and nothing else is met to tempt us to stay, till we reach the end of the lanes and find ourselves suddenly on a broad, open, breezy heath, which is glowing under a clear sky in all the splendour of the purple heather,—yet in full flower, and the fern that is varying its hue from a light cheerful verdure into an orange-yellow that seems to kindle in the slanting rays of the afternoon sun; while the deep sombre brown of the furze enriches yet subdues by its contrast their vivid tints. The ground too is broken into very picturesque roughness, here and there a tree relieves the level, and towards the opposite extremity is a good-sized sheet of water, while a low mass of dark foliage bounds the view. Around the skirts of this common may be seen numerous rude cottages and humble tenements, that have grown by successive additions of sheds and lean-to's into combinations of quite indescribable forms; and which, with the noisy geese, rough donkeys, and wild colts about them,—and children rougher, wilder, and noisier than all the geese, donkeys, and colts put together—make pictures such as painters stay to copy, townsmen to wonder at, and political economists to philosophise over:

> "A common overgrown with fern, and rough
> With prickly gorse, that shapeless and deform'd,
> And dangerous to the touch, has yet its bloom,
> And decks itself with ornaments of gold,
> Yields no unpleasant ramble,"

as Cowper has said. But the common is not the remarkable thing here. Cross the common, and you find yourself at once in a forest—of no very great extent indeed, but of very respectable wildness. The hills, as Gray very truly observes, do not pierce the clouds, nor do the declivities rival the chalky cliffs of the southern coast; but the beeches are such as will bear comparison with those in the most famous of our forests. When Gray wrote they were of "most venerable" antiquity, and since then that

> "hoary
> Old aged sire, with hour-glass in hand,
> Hight Time."

has been for above a century enlarging their girth, and scoring their bark, and gnarling their roots, and covering their trunks with gray lichens, and otherwise adding to their reverend character. In truth it would be hard to say where else we might look for such trees. In Windsor Forest there are some that are, if not of larger bole, of more magnificent proportions; and so there are in many of our parks—but there they mostly stand apart and throw out their arms freely in an open area. The New Forest has beeches of noble size; and, growing in a soil well adapted for them, they form pictures that dwell in the memory as the ideal of the scenery of beechen woods. No one will readily forget them who has wandered among those gloomy avenues just at the hour when the last streak of sunset is hanging on the horizon, and the heavy masses of foliage overhead are deepening into a solemnity of shadow that is felt to be sublime; or when the full moon is working its magic among the interwoven tracery. Sherwood, too, boasts of its beeches, though sadly thinned. But there is a character about the Burnham beeches that is distinct from all of these. They are not lofty, for they appear to have been headed down at some time or other; but they are of enormous size, and the pruning of the heads seems to have thrown a superfluous amount of vigour into the trunks. Nowhere else do the trunks of beeches, as a rule, burst into such strange forms, or so "wreath their old fantastic roots on high"—though they everywhere do so to some extent. Every second beech trunk here, is a study for a painter. The long knotted roots, and the base of the huge twisted and contorted trunks, are covered with vivid dark green and brown mosses, which again are contrasted with bright white lichens. And then what splendid bits of forest scenery do they make in combination!—Now you are shut in on every side by these gray old sylvan giants, and the sky is barred out by the thick foliage over head; anon there opens a glade of living verdure which the rugged boles and interlacing branches enclose as in a wild frame; and then you see a quiet scrap of irregular avenue along which a narrow beaten path winds deviously, or a rough and deep-rutted cart-track with a sturdy peasant strolling idly down it. (Cut, No. 6.)

You might loiter away hours, about the perplexing labyrinth of paths, admiring one and another of those varying scenes, noting how some magnificent old bole stands grandly out from the light sky; or like Gray "grow to the trunk for a whole morning, watching the timorous hare and sportive squirrel," and listening to the harmony of the feathered minstrels, for

> "Every tree impeopled is with birds of softest note:"—
> *Wyatt.*

or make acquaintance with the old keeper of the forest,

—a good-natured chatty sort of person, who will be found very willing to tell all he knows, and a good deal more, about the wood and its traditions.

This is indeed a delightful place to ramble about either on a summer's day, when the deep green leafy woods form thick impenetrable canopies, and gloomy recesses, into which hardly a ray of the mid-day sun can struggle; or in autumn, when the beech leaves are changing into brilliant yellow and red, and the sunlight works a flickering pattern over every foot of rough path, and softly swelling glade. And when you are tired of the beeches, you may find around the borders of the wood some of those fine large old farm-houses which always look at once so picturesque, and so suggestive of comfort and prosperity, with their huge array of barns and out-houses, and stables, and corn-stacks, and ricks; their live stock about the yards, the pigeons about the roofs, the ducks about the ponds, and rosy maids and sturdy labourers everywhere. In one of the farm-houses by Burnham are some remains of Burnham Abbey—a monastery for Augustine nuns; but the remains are of little importance.

Burnham was once a market town. In ancient days it was a place of considerable importance: part of it was the property of the crown, and the kings of Mercia are said to have had a palace there. But it appears to have been a Royal dwelling-place at a much later period: for in the thirteenth century it contained a palace, in which Henry III. must have occasionally resided, as he dated the charter for the foundation of Burnham Abbey from it. Burnham Church contains some old monuments worth looking at, if the visitor have a spare half-hour. The old market-town has dwindled into a long straggling village, wearing the drowsy picturesque sort of air that seems proper to a decayed town. The houses have a worn-out look. The people are idling about the street. Nought is active. And yet it is a place that you regard with more curiosity and interest than the busier every-day market-town.

Jacob Bryant—the learned and paradoxical—spent the last years of his life at Cippenham, in Burnham; where he died, when verging on ninety, from an accident he met with whilst reaching a book down from an upper shelf—a death, which, as has been well remarked, "was for a literary man to expire on the field of honour."

A sturdy pedestrian, if he were here early in the day, might proceed on his literary pilgrimage to Beaconsfield, the residence and the resting-place of two very different men, and of very different intellectual rank, but both eminent alike in the annals of English politics and literature—Edmund Burke and Edmund Waller. The house in which Waller dwelt, Hall Barn, a stately-looking red-brick mansion, is still standing. Gregories, the residence of Burke, was accidentally destroyed by fire in 1813. Waller's remains were deposited in the church-yard, where a large showy monument is erected to his memory. The monument is overshadowed by a walnut-tree, a very unusual object in a church-yard, but in this instance accounted for by a walnut-tree being the family crest. Burke lies in the church, in the same grave with his wife, his son, and his brother. A plain mural monument marks the spot. The inhabitants of the village still carefully cherish the memory of Burke; and many traditional anecdotes are related of him. Beaconsfield is a place worth making a pilgrimage to; but it is too far for us to-day; we merely mention it, that the reader may remember it if he be in the neighbourhood. We will now make a circuit back to our starting-place: we may just glance at one or two of the more notable places on our road, but we cannot stay long anywhere.

Yonder is Dropmore—a very pretty place, which the late Lord Grenville found little better than a cottage, and left a noble house and romantic domain. One of his feats was almost oriental in its boldness: the view from the house was bounded by a hill, which excluded a fine prospect of Windsor Castle: his lordship had the hill pared down till the castle was seen rising grandly above it. Dropmore is one of the most celebrated of the 'show-places' in this neighbourhood. It is worth visiting. The views from both the mansion and the grounds are of great extent and variety. The grounds of Dropmore are very beautiful, and they are open to those who make application at the lodge. Dropmore is one of the places especially famous among horticulturalists. The fruits and the flowers are in high repute; and the collection of pine-trees is said to be one of the finest in the kingdom. The arrangements of the garden, and the designs of the rustic ornaments, are the result of the taste of Lady Grenville.

A little further is Hedsor, a village chiefly notable for the very picturesque situation of its little rustic Church, and the many pleasant walks and fine views there are about it. Nathaniel Hooke, the author of the 'Roman History,' is buried in the church-yard. Hedsor Lodge, the seat of Lord Boston, is celebrated for the beauty of the grounds, which are very varied in surface, well wooded, and afford some most extensive views over the valley of the Thames. But though very beautiful, they are far surpassed by those of Cliefden, which we have now arrived at.

Cliefden was the property of the too celebrated George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham—one of the wittiest and most profligate of the witty and profligate courtiers of the second Charles:

> "A man so various that he seem'd to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
> Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong,
> Was everything by fits, and nothing long;
> But in the course of one revolving moon
> Was poet, statesman, fiddler, and buffoon:
> Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
> Besides a thousand freaks that died in thinking."
>
> *Dryden, 'Absalom and Achitophel.'*

Buckingham has come down to posterity portrayed by four of the cleverest and most eminent masters in satirical portraiture, Hamilton, Burnet, Dryden, and Pope; and it is hard to say whether he has suffered

most from the witty courtier, the Scotch bishop, 'Glorious John,' or 'Great Alexander;' or whether the quaint jottings of Master Pepys are not as severe upon his memory as either. The house he erected here will be remembered by Pope's lines—

> "Cliefden's proud alcove,
> The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love."

This allusion is of course to the infamous Countess of Shrewsbury, whose husband Buckingham killed in a duel, while she stood by and held his horse, disguised as a page.

Cliefden was for awhile the summer residence of Frederick Prince of Wales, the father of George III. The only memorable circumstance connected with his abode here is of a literary nature. "He was at this time," says Johnson, in his 'Life of James Thomson,' "struggling for popularity, and by the influence of Mr. Lyttleton professed himself the patron of wit; to him Thomson was introduced, and being gaily interrogated about the state of his affairs, said that 'they were in a more poetical posture than formerly;' and had a pension allowed him of one hundred pounds a year." Thomson repaid his patron with some prophetic flattery that has never been realized. He wrote, in conjunction with Mallett ("the only Scot whom Scotchmen do not commend," according to Johnson), 'The Masque of Alfred,' which was played for the first time at Cliefden in 1740; and therein it is hinted that the prince will prove another Alfred! The 'Masque' is forgotten, but one song in it has escaped oblivion: 'Rule Britannia' is not likely to perish while our wooden walls last.

Villiers' house was burnt down in 1795. The present mansion was erected on the site of the old one, some portions of which have been retained in it. Although a much less ambitious structure than the former, it is yet a spacious and imposing building. Cliefden is built on a lofty cliff that rises steeply from the Thames, and the views from the summit both up and down the river are of the most magnificent description—probably not surpassed along its banks. Awhile back the public were admitted to the grounds, and a little cottage was built by a spring of delicious cool water, mainly for the accommodation of visitors. It was the paradise of pic-nic parties. But the grounds are closed now, and the cottage is pulled down. Cliefden has lost a good deal of its charm in our eyes. Happily, however, the river cannot be locked up, and the Thames is here of exquisite beauty. "It is to Cliefden that the river here owes its chief loveliness; and whether we view the valley of the Thames from it, or float leisurely along the stream, and regard it as the principal object, we shall alike find enough to delight the eye and kindle the imagination. The path lies along the Berkshire side of the river, and Cliefden, which is on the opposite side, is a magnificent object from it: but the rambler should here by all means take a boat—and there are two or three places near Maidenhead at which one can be hired—and row gently along, if he would see this part in all its varied beauty. Cliefden runs along the summit of a lofty ridge which overhangs the river. The outline of this ridge is broken in the most agreeable way, the steep bank is clothed with luxuriant foliage, forming a hanging wood of great beauty, or in parts bare, so as to increase the gracefulness of the foliage by the contrast, and the whole bank has run into easy flowing curves at the bidding of the noble stream which washes its base. A few islands deck this part of the river, and occasionally little tongues of land run out into it, or a tree overhangs it, helping to give vigour to the foreground of the rich landscape. In the early morning, when the sun has risen just high enough to illumine the summit of the ridge and highest trees, and all the lower part rests a heavy mass of shadow on the sleeping river, the scene is one of extraordinary grandeur." ('Rambles by Rivers: the Thames.')

The heights of Taplow—the next place to Cliefden—are only less beautiful than those of that famous domain. Taplow Court, the seat of Lord Orkney, is among the more celebrated of the many princely estates that lie along the banks of the Thames. The grounds contain all that can be desired either for pleasure or retirement. The views, though not as extensive as those of Cliefden, are of exceeding loveliness—the Thames, in this its finest part, uniting easily and gracefully with the general landscape. But as these grounds are not generally open to the public, we need not say more about them.

Had we time we might find some pleasant walks about the village and by the river; but it must suffice now to point attention to the mills that connect the eyots with the shore. And very pretty they look, too. The mills themselves are not exactly the most picturesque on the Thames—whereon, to confess the truth, there are not many picturesque water-mills; but they are rendered picturesque by the willows and alders that fringe the river and half conceal the buildings. Then beyond them is the splendid hanging wood of Cliefden, forming a glorious back-ground. Add to this the foaming weir, and the clear broad stream, and "the blue sky bending over all," and you have a picture such as old Ruysdael might have imagined in one of his happiest hours of inspiration, or have painted when his hand and eye were most vigorous and sensitive.

We are at Maidenhead now. We have not time to look at the place—and if we had, there is nothing worth looking at in it;—nor to inquire whether the town owes its name to its having been made, as Camden relates, the depository of the head of one of the ten thousand maidens whom Attila caused to be slain, or to there having been in Saxon days a great wharf, or mayne-hithe, for timber here:

> "The dews of eve do gently fall."

Our day is closed. We will avail ourselves of the Maidenhead Station, and return by the first train. While however we wait for the train, let us just step down to the noble bridge that carries the railway over the Thames, and look at the pretty picture that is seen through the arches. (Cut, No. 7.) How different is the



7.—RAILWAY BRIDGE, AND BRAY.

scene looking down the river through this railway bridge, to that we have when we look in the opposite direction from the stone bridge which here crosses the Thames! There we see an upland tract of richly wooded country rising boldly from the water on one side, and broad fertile meadows on the other: here the river is skirted merely by long beds of osiers, and the level line is only broken by the steeple of a church, which in the distance lifts itself above a clump of trees. We confess we should not have observed how pleasing this little bit of landscape might become, had not one with a finer artistic eye shown us it through this noble span which serves so well as a frame to display it to advantage. The tower belongs to Bray Church, whose vicar has so often been called in to sharpen the zest of a pithy sentence. We cannot now explore Bray for ourselves, and will therefore hear what is said about it in the work we have recently quoted:

"The name of Bray is sure to recal the memory of its 'vivacious vicar' who 'whatsoever king did reign would still be vicar of Bray.' Fuller, after quoting the proverb,—'the sole one of this country'—'The vicar of Bray will be vicar of Bray still,' gives this account of both parish and parson. '*Bray*, a village well known in this county, so called from the Bibroces, a kind of ancient Britons inhabiting thereabouts. The vivacious vicar thereof, living under King Henry VIII., King Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, was first a Papist, then a Protestant, then a Papist, then a Protestant again. He had seen some martyrs burnt (two miles off) at Windsor, and found this fire too hot for his tender temper. This vicar being taxed by one for being a turncoat, and an inconstant changeling,—"Not so," said he, "for I always kept my principle, which is this, to live and die the vicar of Bray." Such many, now-a-days, who though they cannot turn the wind will turn their mills, and set them so that wheresoever it bloweth their grist shall certainly be grinded.' ('Worthies—Berkshire.')

"The well-known ballad makes the vicar to have lived in later times, turning windward from the days of Charles the Second to those of the Second George. For the honour of Bray it must be added that the church records refute both: but, barring specialities, there is truth in the story, and the race is not extinct yet. Bray itself has not much in it that is of interest, but about a mile from it, at Ockwells, formerly Ockholt, there is a very curious manor-house, now used as a farm-house: it is of the time of Henry VI., and is one of the most interesting relics of the kind left. The old house is of a singularly picturesque appearance, with a number of projecting wooden gables and some curious windows. In the interior is a fine hall belonging to it, in which there is an open wooden roof, now hidden by a flat ceiling; a handsome bay-window; and a large old fire-place. In the hall windows is some painted glass. There was formerly a chapel attached; but it and some portions of the house were burnt down about sixty years ago, through the carelessness of a beggar, who having been permitted to sleep there, shook the lighted ashes from his pipe among the straw. What remains of the chapel is used as a pigeon-house." ('Rambles by Rivers: the Thames.')

For the sake of those who may be here, and be inclined to go on to Eton by the river, we may just mention that it is a very delightful route, whether they

proceed by the foot-paths, or take a boat. The scenery improves all the way to Windsor: hardly could more charming little passages of river scenery be desired. The stream winds in many a doubling turn, and every turn affords a new and pleasing prospect. The banks are generally well wooded, but of continuous variety. The river itself is diversified by the eyots that occur frequently along it, and almost always where they would add most to the beauty of the landscape. The first of these eyots is well known to those who frequent this part of the Thames. It bears the very pretty name of Monkey Island, from a "pavilion," or pleasure-house which the late Duke of Marlborough, then Marquis of Blandford, erected upon it. The dining-room is decorated with representations of monkeys in every variety of attitude and occupation which the human (monkey) tribe love to indulge in. It is said that the marquis expended near £10,000 upon this 'folly.' The island is now let to a fisherman who rents the water for fishing, and this and some of the neighbouring eyots for the purpose of growing osiers; and who lives with his family in a cottage on the island. The Monkey-House is almost a ruin—and is only preserved from becoming entirely ruinous by the tenant of the island, who adds to his gains by the visitors, for whom he supplies boiling water and the like. Soon after leaving Monkey Island, the "proud keep of Windsor" becomes an important feature in the prospect; and every turn of the river shows the majestic edifice under a new aspect. Down Place, which we notice on the right bank, near Queen's Island, was originally the residence of Jacob Tonson the bookseller—a name familiar to every reader of Pope and Johnson:—it is said that the meetings of the celebrated Kit-Cat Club were at first held here. The house has been much enlarged and altered since Tonson owned it. A little further, on the left, is the village of Dorney, with its little rural church half-buried among trees; and an old mansion which once belonged to Burnham Abbey, and yet retains some traces of its ecclesiastical character. Opposite, again, is Surly Hall, of which enough has already been said: and then somewhat lower is Clewer, where is a plain country Church, and a Roman Catholic chapel, the richly decorated interior of which attracts many a visitor from Windsor. At Clewer we have a remarkably good view of Eton, and the College chapel. (Cut. No. 8.)

We must have a second day's stroll: yesterday Gray's was the shrine we sought; to-day it is Milton's we are to visit.

Our hostel is at Eton, but this time we shall consider Datchet to be the starting-place. For the present the Windsor and Eton Railway does not proceed beyond Datchet; and it may not be amiss to point out one of the new and pleasant rambles which is opened to the Londoner who avails himself of this line for "a little fresh air," even if he does not approach either Eton or Windsor. Datchet itself has little to attract or repay curiosity. A quieter, or, in truth, a duller village it would not have been easy to meet with—at least before the railway was brought to it. Then indeed, on some of the few fine days of this past summer it was for a while full enough both of noise and bustle: but even then neither the bustle nor the noise lasted long. The train came in: there was a great commotion among the 'busses' and the 'flys;' the crowd of pedestrians poured out of the station and marched towards the bridge; a few of the more curious paraded as far as the common, and, having "wondered there were no shops," turned back to seek after them; two or three straggled off to the lanes: occasionally one of an antiquarian turn insisted on his lady friend walking as far as the Church, in order that he might display his lore in discoursing on cusps and transoms, and stoups and piscinas, and his taste by railing at modern Vandalism: and then in ten minutes the village was as quiet as ever, and the last ancient dame had dismounted her spectacles and gone back from the street door to which the unwonted crowd had brought her, and the last rosy damsel had withdrawn from the window. And soon even this occasional bustle will be at an end. The railway will be extended to Windsor, and Datchet will be only disturbed by the shrill whistle of the locomotive flying through it.

But if Datchet has but few sights, it has some associations. Ah! Falstaff and Datchet Mead. Not exactly. The "muddy ditch at Datchet Mead, close by the Thames side," into which the fat knight who has added so much to the world's stock of enjoyment was plunged "hissing hot," and having "a kind of alacrity in sinking, had been drowned but that the shore was shelvy and shallow"—that place was on the other side of the river, near the end of Datchet Lane.

If the reader be a lover of the angle, he will not need to be told that its associations are for him. Within the whole extent of angling memory, or the reach of tradition, has the Thames about Datchet been the favourite haunt of Thames anglers. Honest Izaak himself was wont here to fish for "a little samlet or skegger trout, and catch twenty or forty of them at a standing:" and along with him used often to be seen his famous friend, "that undervaluer of money, the late provost of Eton College, Sir Henry Wotton . . . a most dear lover and frequent practiser of the art of angling." And here, on one of these occasions, did Sir Henry, "when he was beyond seventy years of age, make that description of a part of the present pleasure that possessed him, as he sat quietly in a summer's evening a fishing:

> "While stood his friend, with patient skill,
> Attending of his trembling quill."

"It is a description of the spring," says the inimitable old gossip, "which glided as softly and sweetly from his pen, as the river does at this time by which it was then made."

The place where Walton and his friend used to fish was about a mile above Datchet. Wotton, who found, as Master Izaak tells, that "angling was, after tedious study, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a

calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderater of passions, a procurer of contentedness; and that it begat habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it;" ('Complete Angler,' c. i.)—built himself a fishing-box about midway between Eton and Datchet; and there it was that Walton annually spent some days with him in the fishing season. The site is still occupied by a fishing-house, though not of course the same as Wotton built. Black Pots and its owner are both well known to Thames anglers: its fame is no way dimmed in our day. Black Pots is situated by one of the pleasantest bends of the river; and from the grounds which are connected with the neighbouring eyot, we have a fine view of the College buildings. (Cut, No. 9.)

But Datchet was the resort of a more important fisherman than either Walton or the Provost: the 'Merry Monarch' used sometimes to angle here, as is told in some rather bitter verses, which have been attributed, perhaps unduly, to the Earl of Rochester:

> "Methinks I see our mighty Monarch stand,
> His pliant rod now trembling in his hand;
> Pleased with the sport, good man, nor does he know
> His easy sceptre bends and trembles so.
> Fine representative, indeed, of God!
> Whose sceptre 's dwindled to a fishing-rod!
> Such was Domitian in his Roman's eyes,
> When his great godship stoop'd to catching flies:—
> Bless us, what pretty sport have deities!
> But see: he now does up from Datchet come,
> Laden with spoils of slaughter'd gudgeons, home;
> Nor is he warn'd by their unhappy fate,
> But greedily he swallows every bait,
> A prey to every kingfisher of state."

Here is matter for cogitation on the part of the contemplative angler, while trolling along the pleasant meadows between Datchet and Eton, or as his punt is being pushed along the willowy bank or while watching the trembling quill. Did Charles come to angle at Datchet with any such hope of "the world of blessings attending it," as Wotton expected and found? Charles, it will have been noticed, was a fly-fisher: he must not be classed with the honourable and patient fraternity of quill-bobbers.

But to our ramble. We will continue eastward. We shall soon find a path that will carry us at no great distance from the river. It is a right pleasant one. After the first half-mile or so, we come upon delicious quiet closed-in bits of river scenery, that it is quite refreshing to linger by. The river, here, is neither grand nor strictly beautiful; but it has a tranquil, companionable loveliness that is no less agreeable. It is just the place to delight the angler who with the proper taste for his craft, cares less for the fish than the recreation, and enjoys far more than either the pleasant scenery which the pursuit opens to him. At every curve in our river we see, on looking back the lofty keep of Windsor adding a finishing grace to the landscape. Following the path, we come to a very noticeable house—something in character between a farm-house and a mansion, or the parsonage of some wide-spread glebe. We have only seen it as we now see it from the outside: we will borrow, therefore, the account which Mr. Jesse gives of it in his 'Favourite Haunts, and Rural Studies:'

"On the right-hand side of the road in going from Datchet to Wraysbury, and about a mile from it, some high trees may be seen, across two fields, and a farm-house near, or rather amongst, them. This is called King John's Hunting Lodge. The lands around the neighbourhood are rich and well cultivated, and the meadows smile with beautiful verdure; but in former times I cannot imagine a country better suited for the purposes of the chase. Here the hawk might be followed as it pursued the heron or bittern, when started from the reeds of the adjoining rivers. The hare might be followed by the fleet greyhounds, and the stag chased by the staunch sleuth-hound. On approaching the house it is impossible not to be struck with its very ancient appearance. There was the rude porch, the primitive windows, the curious gables, all betokening the architecture of bygone times. In the inside were the huge oaken timbers, the low roofs, and the grotesque carvings. Two of the windows of the bed-rooms contained some stained glass of the arms of a king of England of an early period; but I was not sufficiently versed in heraldry to determine which of them. It is, however, evidently of great antiquity. But what struck me most were two enormous walnut-trees at the back of the house, measuring at three feet from the ground twenty-four feet in circumference, and still flourishing. If King John held a Parliament under the Tetsworth chesnut in Gloucestershire, he might well have done the same under the trees in question. They are, indeed, noble trees, and I believe the largest of the species in England. It is evident, from the old foundations and the appearance of the adjoining ground, that this was a very considerable place in former times. It is also curious that an underground passage has been traced for some distance from the house leading directly towards Windsor Castle. In this passage some very early specimens of English pottery have been found, and which are now in the possession of Mrs. Buckland, the tenant of the farm. Similar specimens were discovered in the foundation of the oldest house at Kingston-on-Thames, one of which I now have. With reference to the underground passage, I recollect the late Sir Jeffery Wyatville informing me that he had discovered, and traced for a short distance, an underground passage at the lower part of the round tower at Windsor Castle leading in the direction of the one already mentioned, and that there was an old tradition of such a one existing. Should this ever prove to be the case, the projector of the celebrated Thames Tunnel cannot claim the merit of originality. I must not forget the huge oak-beams and rafters in the garrets of this house. Their size is quite enormous, and they appear perfectly sound, although they must be of a very ancient date. Mrs. Buckland, who showed us everything, and entertained us hospitably, informed me that her family had



8.—ETON COLLEGE, FROM CLEWER.

resided on the farm some two or three hundred years."

A little further we come upon the secluded village of Wraysbury (or, as it used to be spelled, Wyrardisbury), where there is a church that is a very respectable sample of a small village church: it has lately been carefully repaired and restored. Wraysbury is opposite to Runnimede (described in our account of Windsor), and a footpath by the church leads down to the ferry by which Magna Charta Island, as it is called, is reached. This used to be always open to the visitor; but now, as a board informs you, "in consequence of the increasing annoyance experienced from visitors straying into the private walks, the island can only be visited twice a week." It is perhaps hardly worth going to at all.

Magna Charta Island is said to have been fortified by the Barons; but the popular tradition makes the Charter to have been signed upon it, and it is in consequence much visited by the curious. The little stone building that peeps out from among the willows with which the island is covered, was erected about fourteen years ago by S. Harcourt, Esq., to whom the manor belongs. It is neatly fitted up, has windows of stained-glass with appropriate emblems, and contains a stone, upon which—as an inscription testifies—the Charter was there signed. Recent investigations have brought to light the treaty by which Louis of France agreed to evacuate the country with his foreign followers, after John had made peace with the Barons; and that treaty *was* signed on this island as the attestation records: from which circumstance, no doubt, arose the tradition that the Great Charter was there signed

Ankerwyke-house, the lion of Wraysbury, stands on the site of a priory for Benedictine nuns, founded by Sir Gilbert Montfichet, the owner of the manor in the reign of Henry II. Soon after the suppression of religious houses, a mansion was erected where the monastery stood; but with the exception of the hall, which still remains, it has given place to a more modern structure. A yew-tree, of vast size and great fame, stands near the house. It stood there when the Barons met in the opposite mead, and it is still vigorous. At three feet from the ground the trunk is twenty-eight feet in girth, and the branches overshadow a circle of above two hundred feet in circumference.

And now by cross-roads, and green lanes

> "Where blending elms dispense a checkered day,"

we journey towards Horton: a place dear to every lover of poetry—to every one who honours genius. The poet of 'Paradise Lost' and 'L'Allegro' has described the scenery as it opens itself to one who wanders trustfully about it:

> "Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
> While the landscape round it measures;
> Russet lawns and fallows gray
> Where the nibbling flocks do stray.

> Meadows trim with daisies pied,
> Shallow brooks and rivers wide:
> Towers and battlements it sees
> Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
> Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
> The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
> Hard by a cottage chimney smokes,
> From betwixt two aged oaks."

The mountains he speaks of are of course not to be seen here, but all else may be. It is pretty plain that the young poet described from what he saw. In a Latin poetical epistle he wrote at this time to Charles Diodati many of these touches occur in describing his place of residence;—even the 'Beauty' is not left out. His residence at Horton had no little influence on the poet's future career.

In the seclusion of this lowly spot did John Milton prepare himself for the labour of his life. Milton's father had a house at Horton, and thither the young poet retired when he left the University. Five years he spent there; and in that time, as he himself has told us, he read through all the Greek and Roman classics —an amount of labour that has excited some questioning. That the time he spent at Horton was emphatically a time of preparation we know. He who would be a poet, he said, his own life must be a poem. The discipline necessary to be undergone by him who would "build the *lofty* rhyme," the youth Milton was not disposed to regard as a light one: and he already contemplated a flight into the highest regions of poetry. "I had," he says ('Reasons of Church Government'), "an inward prompting, which grew daily upon me, that by labour and intent study (which I take to be my portion in this life), joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written as they should not willingly let it die." It was no trifling task, he knew, to add one more poem fit to rank with those of the mighty men of old, and he was not inclined to underrate the exertion necessary, or shrink from the labour of preparation. The enterprise he sought to accomplish he regarded as one requiring the severest exercise of a well-trained, as well as a strong intellect. "He meant not to write" (as Warburton says of Virgil) "for the amusement of women and children over a fire, but for the use of men and citizens." He felt, as he had already written, that

> "Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
> (That last infirmity of noble minds)
> To scorn delights, and live laborious days."

"You ask me of what I am thinking," he wrote to his friend Diodati about the termination of his abode here. "As God shall help me, of immortality! But how shall I attain it? My wings are fledging, and I meditate a flight." He added, that his "Pegasus as yet soars on but feeble pinions,"—but they were flights heavenward. The choicest of his lighter pieces were all written here. That most poetical of masques, the enchanting 'Comus,' in which, as Johnson as truly as finely observes, "may very plainly be discovered the dawn or twilight of 'Paradise Lost;'" the classic dirge, 'Lycidas,' and those most exquisite companions, 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso,' all were the divine fruit of his residence at Horton; and never did youthful poet breathe sweeter melody: in all of them the exuberant richness of a young imagination appears chastened by recent reverential intercourse with the great masters of Greece and Rome, while his lyre is tuned to richest harmony by the softer genius of modern Italy.

A house is still shown as Milton's, but that in which he resided was destroyed near the close of the last century. The only relic of him that remains, and that of but doubtful authority, is the bole of an old apple-tree, under whose shade, there is a tradition, he was accustomed to compose.

Horton is a beautiful neighbourhood, and must have been in those days a most fitting place for the rural studies of a youthful poet. Just the place was it that would seem to have been most suitable for such a mind to undergo its initiation into the arcana of the mysteries of nature, and to prepare it for its intercourse with the stern world of human action. What a contrast must the quiet of these happy days have been to the fearful turmoil of his following years. And doubtless, in those evil days, while "In darkness, and with danger compass'd round," he often thought of the time when

> "He knew each lane, and every valley green,
> Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
> And every bosky bourn from side to side,
> His daily walks, and ancient neighbourhood."
>
> *Comus.*

Horton Church will be visited by the tourist. One cannot but connect Milton with it, as we look upon its venerable ivy-mantled tower, and the two yews in the church-yard that were goodly trees when he walked under their shadow. A marble slab to the memory of the mother of Milton is the only inscription that reminds the visitor of the connection of our great poet with the place. The church itself is a very good specimen of a village church, but it has suffered somewhat from recent repairs.

The river Colne, which adds so much to the beauty of Horton, is itself a stream of more than usual interest: every part of it is more or less connected with the memories of famous men. But it is especially the river of Milton. A dozen miles above Horton is Harefield, where dwelt the Countess Dowager of Derby, at whose house Milton was a frequent visitor; and it will be recollected that his 'Arcades' was written as the poetic part of an entertainment to be presented before the countess "at Harefield by some noble persons of her family." But Harefield is also associated with the memory of a greater than Milton. Shakspere was here, and his 'Othello' was performed by his company, perhaps for the first time, before Queen Elizabeth in 1602. The grounds that may have inspired Milton remain, but the house which had been thus doubly honoured was burnt down in 1665: according to a tradition preserved by Lysons the fire was "occasioned by the carelessness of the witty Sir Charles Sedley, who was amusing himself by reading

in . . . A little below Harefield, the Colne receives the Misbourn, which little affluent passes by Chalfont St. Giles, where still remains the cottage to which Milton retired in the year of the great plague, 1665; and wherein he wrote the greater part, if not the whole, of the 'Paradise Regained.' The Colne in its upper course (under the name of the Verlam) flows by St. Albans and Gorhambury, the famous seat of Lord Bacon; and in its lower by Denham, where Sir Humphrey Davy found good fishing and excellent cheer.

Again we renew our journey. Along by-lanes and field-paths—from which we have occasional glimpses of the Colne, and always pretty peeps over the neighbouring country—we reach Colnbrook: but there we need not stay. That respectable-looking but apparently not very flourishing town, with its four bridges, is too well known to travellers on the western road—how few are they now!—to need description. We are to visit Richings, which also has a place in our literature. It once belonged to Lord Bathurst, the patron and friend of Pope, Swift, Addison, and the other most eminent men of their day, and who outlived them long enough to hail Sterne as their successor. While Ritchings was the property of Lord Bathurst its fame was sounded by Pope: when it passed into the hands of Lord Hertford, Shenstone sang its praises. A pleasant story is told by Johnson of Thomson's visit here. He had dedicated his poem of 'Spring' to Lady Hertford, and celebrated in sonorous verse her "unaffected grace,"

> "With innocence and meditation join'd
> In soft assemblage;"

and he entreats her to "listen to his song,"

> "Which thy own Season paints; when Nature all
> Is blooming and benevolent, like thee:

but he did not play the courtier as well in deeds as in verse. Lady Hertford was herself of a literary turn as well as the patron of literary men. It was her practice, says Johnson, "to invite every summer some poet into the country, to hear her verses and assist her studies. This honour was one summer conferred on Thomson, who took more delight in carousing with Lord Hertford and his friends than in assisting her Ladyship's poetical operations, and therefore never received another summons." The bard's insensibility to the lady's poetry was sufficiently provoking, but considering in what an elegant strain of flattery he had addressed her, her wrath does seem a little excessive. Shenstone managed matters better. He went, listened patiently to her rhymes, and then on his return home, in a poem entitled 'Rural Elegance,' celebrated her "genius graced with rank," and the place

> "Where from gay throngs and gilded spires
> Her philosophic step retires."

We, too, will give place to the lady. She shall tell in her own way the character of her country house: and repeat one of her verses—(she is writing to the Countess of Pomfret.) "We have just now taken a house by Colnbrook. It belonged to my Lord Bathurst, and is what Mr. Pope calls in his 'Letters' his *extravagante bergerie.* The environs perfectly answer that title, and come nearer to my idea of a scene in Arcadia than any place I ever saw. The house is old, but convenient, and when you are got within the little paddock it stands in you would think yourself a hundred miles from London, which I think a great addition to its beauty. * * * *

"I cannot discover who were the first builders of this place. My Lady Bathurst brought it in marriage to my Lord. Sir Peter Apsley, their common grandfather—for they were cousin germans—purchased it of an ancestor of Mr. Britton, but the family had not long been in possession of it. On the spot where the green-house now stands, there was formerly a chapel dedicated to St. Leonard, who was certainly esteemed a tutelar saint of Windsor Forest and its purlieus: for the place we left (St. Leonard's Hill) was originally a hermitage founded in honour of him. We have no relics of the saint, but we have an old carved bench with many remains of the wit of my Lord Bathurst's visitors, who inscribed verses upon it. Here is the writing of Addison, Pope, Prior, Congreve, Gay, and, what he esteemed no less, of several fine ladies. I cannot say that the verses answered my expectations from such authors; we have, however, all resolved to follow the fashion, and to add some of our own to the collection. That you may not be surprised at our courage for daring to write after such great names, I will transcribe one of the old ones, which I think as good as any of them:

> 'Who set the trees, shall he remember
> That is in haste to fell the timber?
> What then shall of thy woods remain,
> Except the box that threw the *main*.'

There has been only one as yet added by our company, which is tolerably numerous at present. I scarcely know whether it is worth reading or not:

> 'By Bathurst planted, first these shades arose,
> Prior and Pope have sung beneath these boughs.
> Here Addison his moral theme pursued,
> And social Gay has cheered the solitude.'"

Exit Madam. What think you of the lady's rhyme? Do you wonder at poor Thomson preferring his lordship's claret?

There have been several places we have been obliged to pass unnoticed in this second day's stroll, but we hope that we have pointed out enough to show that it will make a very pleasant holiday walk.